



2 June. Inv. Sculp.

Po

of
Son

To

T.L.

THE
London Songster;
OR
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P R E F A C E.

THE great Encouragement that has been given to works of this kind (most of which are much indebted to the *London Songster* for a great part of their materials) leaves room for little to be added in their commendation: We shall therefore only observe, that such are the effects of music on the human mind, that it has often dissolved into love the most flinty heart, civilized the most uncultivated savage, and disarmed the most obdurate tyrant of his fury, rage, and cruelty.

The Proprietor of this Work, desirous of preserving the approbation of the

iv P R E F A C E.

Public, has now published a new edition, in which are inserted the most favourite Airs in the modern Operas, &c. and such pieces as have lately received applause at the public places of entertainment.

Upon the whole, we may venture to assert, that this Work has more uses than one. It is not Songsters alone that will here meet with the satisfaction they may seek for; since those also, who, though they cannot sing, may love to converse with the Muses, are here presented with a choice collection of the productions of our best modern Poets; and the youthful Student will here find, what he has perhaps in vain sought for in Poetical Dictionaries, a variety of natural Similes, of bold but just Metaphors and Allegories, and the most beautiful Flights of the Favourites of the Muses.

T H E

LONDON SONGSTER.

I. *Sung by Mr. Wilson in the Duenna.*

A BUMPER of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar :
So fill a chearful glass,
And let good-humour pass.
But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
A bumper, &c.

II. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

A Few years ago, in the days of my Grannum,
(A worthy good woman as ever broke bread)
What lectures she gave ! in the morning began 'em,
Nor ceas'd till she laid herself down on her bed ;
A She

She never declin'd what she once undertook ;

But twisted,

Persisted,

Now flatter'd,

Now spatter'd,

And always succeeded, by hook or by crook.

Said she, Child, whatever your fate is hereafter,

If married, if single, if old, or if young,

In madness, in sadness, in tears, or in laughter,

But follow my maxims, you cannot do wrong :

Each passion, each temper, I always could brook ;

When scolded,

I moulded,

When heated,

Retreated,

And manag'd my matters, by hook or by crook.

Ensnar'd by her counsels, I ventur'd to marry,

And fancy'd a wife, by my grandmother's rules,

Might be taught like a spaniel to fetch and to carry,

But soon I found out that we both had been fools :

In vain, I show'd madam the wonderful book ;

I coax'd her,

I box'd her ;

But truly,

Unruly

Wives cannot be govern'd, by hook or by crook.

III. *Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.*

A Gain Britannia smile,

Smile at each threat'ning foe :

To save this drooping isle,

See Rodney strikes the blow :

For

For Rodney quickly will regain
Thy sov'reign empire o'er the main.

Against thee treach'rous foes,
And false allies combine;
But vainly they oppose,
If Rodney still is thine:
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The British empire o'er the main.

Long may he plough the main,
Long may he victor prove,
Rewards still sure to gain,
Of king and people's love:
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The British empire o'er the main.

IV. *Sung by Miss Slack, in the Capricious Lovers.*

A Gain in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid;
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wild their merry notes,
While we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain, and happy maid.

Thy hand shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r;
While joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy Phoebe kind, thy Colin true.

V. *Sung by Miss Harper, in the Spanish Barber.*

A H how hapless is the maid
Who too late descries her ill!
To a faithless swain betray'd,
Knows him false, yet loves him still!

Cruel nature, thus to clothe
Falsehood in an angel's guise!
Carlos, whom I most should loath,
Carlos I too dearly prize!

VI. SONG. *By Mr. Hamilton.*

A H! the shepherd's mournful fate [guish,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to lan-
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover,
While rapture trembling through my eyes
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.
For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So artfully beguiling!

Thy ev'ry look, and every grace
So charms whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'erake me in the chase
Still will my hopes pursue thee:

Then

Then when my tedious hours are past
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

VII. SONG.

AH! why must words my flame reveal?
 Why needs my Damon bid me tell
 What all my actions prove?

A blush, whene'er I meet his eye,
 Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh,
 Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,
 Mine eyes still fix'd on him remain,
 And him alone approve;
 The rest unheeded dance or play,
 From all he steals my praise away,
 And can he doubt my love?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess
 The joys that all my soul possess,
 And every care remove:
 Still, still too short appears his stay,
 The moments fly too fast away,
 Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise,
 So pleas'd am I with all he says,
 I ev'ry word approve;
 But is he blam'd, although in jest,
 I feel resentment fire my breast,
 Alas! because I love.

But ah! what tortures tear my heart,
 When I suspect his looks impart

The least desire to rove !
 I hate the maid that gives me pain,
 Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
 For ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,
 Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
 My passion these will prove ;
 Words oft deceive, and spring from art,
 The true expressions of my heart
 To Damon, must be love.

VIII. SONG. *By Mr. Gay.*

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew ?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
 The cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 He drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest Captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan !

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me wipe off that falling tear:

We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:
Her leas'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

IX. *Written by the Earl of Rochester.*

ALL my past life is mine no more,
 The flying hours are gone ;
 Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store
 By memory alone.

The time that is to come, is not ;
 How, then, can it be mine ?
 The present moment's all my lot,
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts, and broken vows ;
 If I, by miracle, can be
 This live-long minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that Heaven allows.

X. *Sung by Miss Poitier, in Thomas and Sally.*

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a
 lass,
 Learn how the affair's to be done ;
 For if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
 You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all
 As far as you please you may run ; [that,
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
 But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine !
 But, mark you the consequence, mun ;
 The baggage will think herself really divine,
 And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no opportunity shun; [out;
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry
 But mum—she's as sure as a gun.

XI. *Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Banditti.*

A Master I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
 With a haily,
 Gaily,
 Gambo raily,
 Giggling,
 Niggling,
 Galloping galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
 With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
 With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 By the Lord, says the friar, you are both astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 We wander alone, like the babes i' the wood,
 With our haily, &c.

I heard

I heard a shot fired, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 But now I think better—I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily, &c.

XII. *Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Agreeable
 Surprise.*

*A*MO, *amas,*
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender;
 Sweet cowslips grace
 Is her nom'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

C H O R U S.

Rorum corum,
Sunt divorum,
Harum scarum!
Divo!

Tag rag, merry derry, perriswig and hatband,
Hic, hoc, borum genetivo!

Can I decline
 A nymph divine?
 Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*;
 Her *oculus* bright,
 Her *manus* white,
 And soft, when I *taeto*, her pulse is.
Rorum corum, &c.

Oh, how *bella*
 My *puella*!
 I'll kiss *secula seculorum*;

If I've luck, Sir,
 She's my *uxor*,
O dies benedictorum!
Rorum corum, &c.

XIII. *Sung by Mr. Dunstall, in Love in a Village.*

A Plague of those wenches! they make such a
 pother

When once they have let'n a man have his will;
 They're always a whining for something or other,
 And cry he's unkind in his carriage.

What tho'f you should speak them never so fairly,
 Still they keep teasing, teasing on:

You cannot persuade 'em,
 'Till promise you've made 'em;
 And after they've got it,
 They'll tell you—*ad rot* it!

Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone:

And then to be sure, Sir,
 There is but one cure, Sir;

And all their discourse is of marriage.

XIV. SONG. *Strephon's Perfidy.*

ARE these my Strephon's vows of love,

His oaths of future bliss,
 Is this the honest love and truth,

He seal'd with many a kiss?

Can Strephon, who so oft hath sworn

He liv'd but in my charms,

Say, can my Strephon traitor prove,

And cast me from his arms?

But

But oh ! his words are nought but air,
 For Strephon's not the same :
 With infamy he'd lead my life,
 And blast my virgin fame !
 Was this the honest love you meant,
 To heap on grief and care,
 In base seduction to delude,
 And plunge me in despair ?

My love was pure as chrystal stream,
 No other swain possest ;
 When absent you have often been,
 How oft I've Strephon blest !
 Hence, faithless wretch ! my love was true,
 While your's was art and wile,
 Whose thoughts as Erebus were black,
 And lov'd but to beguile.

Go, treach'rous youth, and learn to know
 The vengeance from above,
 Which ever waits the villain's fate
 Who deals in perjur'd love :
 Hence, know, the chaster soul of love
 To me shall e'er be known ;
 Sooner than shame shall brand my name,
 I'll wear the virgin zone.

XV. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

A Sailor's voice, though coarse, can raise
 A note to melodize his lays,
 And quit the swelling seas to praise
 The charms of Highland Nelly.

The droning bagpipe shall be mute,
 Such music with such charms can't suit,

When

When ev'ry muse shall tune her lute
In praise of Highland Nelly,

Ye tinkling rills, ye fertile plains,
Where bly the Content for ever reigns,
Repeat abroad the honest strains
Which flow in praise of Nelly.

Still be the Lowland lasses fair,
Still be they proud of golden hair ;
But where's the grace, the mien, the air,
That shines in Highland Nelly ?

Amidst her nymphs when Venus stood,
Fair as she left the briny flood,
Unless she mov'd, no gazer could
Discern the queen of beauty.

So at a Lowland ball I've seen
Unmov'd this pretty Highland queen ;
But when she danc'd, ye gods ! I've been
In love with Highland Nelly.

XVI. SONG.

AS bringing home, the other day,
Two Linnets I had ta'en,
The little warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again :
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I sung across the mead ;
In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage stood,

B

I thought

hen

I thought I saw the queen of love,
 When Clora's charms I view'd :
 I look'd, I gaz'd, I press'd her stay,
 To hear my tender tale ;
 But all in vain—she fled away,
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon, thro' the wound which love had made,
 Came pity to my breast :
 And thus I (as compassion bade)
 The feather'd pair address'd :
 Ye little warblers, cheerful be,
 Remember not ye flew ;
 For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you.

XVII. *Sung in the Masque of Alfred.*

AS calms succeed when storms are past,
 And still the raging main ;
 So Love will have its hour at last,
 And borrow sweets from pain.

No more we'll shun the face of day,
 Within these shades to mourn ;
 All joys with Alfred fled away,
 All meet in his return.

XVIII. SONG. *By Mr. Prior.*

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began, Where so long could you
 stay ?
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour ;
 You promis'd at two, but—look, child ! 'tis four :
 A lady's

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and
seals :

A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
Thus far I went on with a resolute air,
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me! says she, let a body but speak,
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck :
It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree ;
Look here, for you never believe me—pray see,
On the left side my breast what a mark it has
made !

So saying, her bosom she careless display'd :
That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

XIX. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

AS Colin rang'd early one morning in spring,
To hear the wood's choristers warble and
Young Phœbe he saw supinely was laid, [sing,
And thus in sweet melody sung the fair maid :
And thus, &c.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count !
Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd
To live to these years, and yet still be a maid ?
To live, &c.

Ye heroes triumphant by land and by sea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me ;
Of prowess approv'd, of no dangers afraid,
Will you stand by like dastards, and see me a
Will you, &c. [maid ?
Ye

Ye counsellors sage, who, with eloquent tongue,
Can do what you please, with right and with
wrong ;

Can it be or by law, or by equity said,
That a comely young girl ought to die an old
That a comely, &c. [maid?

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill ;
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a maid.
Who is sick, &c.

Ye fops, I invoke not to list' to my song,
Who answer no end, and to no sex belong,
Ye echoes of echo, ye shadows of shade ;
For if I had you, I might still be a maid.
For if, &c.

Young Colin was melted to hear her complain,
Then whisper'd relief, like a kind-hearted swain ;
And Phoebe, well pleas'd, is no longer afraid
Of being neglected and dying a maid.
Of being neglected and dying a maid.

XX. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

A Scholar first my love implor'd,
And then an empty titled Lord ;
The pedant talk'd in lofty strains—
Alas ! his lordship wanted brains :
I listen'd not to one or t'other,
But strait referr'd them to my mother.

A poet next my love assail'd,
A lawyer hop'd to have prevail'd ;

The

The bard too much approv'd himself,
The lawyer thirsted after pelf :
I listen'd not to one or t'other,
But still referr'd them to my mother.

An officer my heart wou'd storm,
A miser sought me too, in form ;
But Mars was over free and bold,
The miser's heart was in his gold :
I listen'd not to one or t'other,
But still referr'd them to my mother.

And after them, some twenty more,
Successless were as those before.
When Damon, lovely Damon came,
Our hearts both felt an equal flame :
I vow'd I'd have him and no other,
Without referring to my mother.

XXI. *Sung by Mrs. Scott, at Ranelagh.*

RECITATIVE.

AS Delia, blest with ev'ry grace,
Invok'd soft music's needless aid,
Completely conquer'd by her face,
Thus gentle Strephon, smiling, said :

A I R.

Where partial nature may deny
The power of beauty's melting glance,
Let tedious labour toil and try
To swell the song, or form the dance ;
But let your charms alone suffice,
And trust the music of your eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who chanc'd to overhear,
Thus spoke, as he approach'd more near;
He flatters, do not trust the swain,
But listen to my honest strain.

A I R.

Wonders are told of beauty's pow'r,
Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay;
Your voice and person ev'ry hour
By dozens steal our hearts away:
Then how trifling is the prize,
Since fops have ears, and fools have eyes!
Ah! lovely nymph, indeed to bless
Select the worthiest swain you've won;
Who, prizing sound and colour less,
Admires you for your sense alone;
Then leave all little arts behind,
And study to improve the mind.

XXII. SONG. *Gramachree* Molly.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one ev'n-
ing in May,
The little birds, in blytheft notes, made vocal
ev'ry spray:
They sung their little tales of love, they sung them
o'er and o'er.
Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly
ashore!
The daisy py'd, and all the sweets the dawn of
nature yields,
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue, lay scatter'd
o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I
Ah! gramachree, &c. [adore.
I laid

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad
fate,

That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel
Molly's hate ;

How can she break the honest heart that wears her
in its core ?

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear : ah ! why
did I believe ?

Yet who could think such tender words were
meant but to deceive ?

That love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, Heav'n
could give no more.

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

Oh ! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder
yonder hill,

Or lov'd for me the num'rous herds that yon
green pasture fill ;

With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and
fleecy store.

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves, above my head, sat courting
on a bough,

I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill
and coo ;

Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now
alas ! 'tis o'er.

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well my Molly dear, thy loss I
e'er shall moan ;

While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill
beat for thee alone ;

Though

Though thou art false, may Heav'n on thee its
choicest blessings pour.

Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly
aflitore!

XXIII. *Sung by Mrs. Weichsell.*

AS down the cowslip dale I stray'd
One morning in the dawn,
Young Damon, for the fair array'd,
Came tripping o'er the lawn;
His auburn locks, with manly grace,
In flowing ringlets hung;
The bloom of health glow'd on his face,
And blithe the shepherd sung.

Thus onward drew, and as he pass'd,
He smiling bade good-day;
Entranc'd I gaz'd, till, oh! at last
I gaz'd my heart away.
That moment all to love resign'd,
Each sense seem'd to declare,
Though hapless I was left behind,
My heart went to the fair.

In vain, my anguish to remove,
To once-lov'd scenes I fly;
The rose deck'd bow'r, the pine-top'd grove,
Seems fading to my eye:
Thou gentle youth, by nature kind,
A maiden's blushes spare;
Perceive, though she was left behind,
Her heart went to the fair.

XXIV. SONG.

RECITATIVE.

AS in a pensive form Myrtilla sat;
 Revolving on the will of fate,
 A sprightly youth, devoid of care,
 Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair.

A I R.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree,
 I'm come to buy a heart of thee :
 With transport I receiv'd the tale,
 That such a gem was up for sale.
 Could I command the starry train,
 For thee I'd give it back again ;
 And if I could, to make thee mine,
 The universe should all be thine.

Go hence, the maid with softness cries ;
 Merit the best deserves the prize :
 The tale you've heard was falsely told ;
 Myrtilla's heart can ne'er be sold.

XXV. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

AS Jockey was trudging the meadows so gay,
 So blithe and so bonny his air,
 He met a young lass who was going his way,
 Her face all so clouded with care :
 He ask'd her what made her so moping and sad ?
 'Twas pity if she were in pain :
 She sigh'd, " I have lost the very best lad,
 " And I never shall see him again ! "

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,
 Quoth Jockey, who troubles you so ?

Or

Or else, where on earth he can never appear,
Where you and I surely must go ?

"No, he's fled (she reply'd) with another fond

"Tho' to me he was plighted for aye, [The,

"O'er the mountains he's gone with another

"And therefore I cannot be gay." [from me,

If that's all, quoth Jockey, your wailing give o'er,

He's a loon, who is not worth your pain ;

Let him go, since he's chang'd, be you wretched
no more,

Nor think of a false-hearted swain :

But take, if you will; for the lad of your heart,

Whom fortune has thrown in your way,

I'll soothe all your grief, and I'll banish your

Here I'm ready to do as I say. [smart,

Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he sung her

Her face look'd no longer despair ; [a song,

He whisper'd of love as they saunter'd along,

And she thought him a lad worth her care :

She smil'd and grew pleas'd, late a stranger to joy,

And Jockey, perceiving her kind,

More pressing was grown, and the lass was less coy,

So he drove the false loon from her mind.

XXVI. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

AS I was ganging o'er the lee,

I chanc'd to look behind,

And wha, right glancing, shou'd I see

But woodland Joe the hind :

When we had gang'd the braes awhile,

He said to me, My dow,

May I not sit upon this stile,

And kiss your bonny mow.

Kind

Kind sir ye are a wi mistane,
 For I am none of these,
 I hope ye some more breeding ken,
 Than ruffle lasses claithes :
 The lad was check'd, and vow'd to seek
 Young Jane wi blithesome brow,
 She'd let him clasp her round the neck,
 And kiss her bonny mow.

I ca'd him then proud-hearted swain,
 And laith to be said nay;
 A sonsy thought he started then,
 And nam'd the wedding-day:
 He's braw and blithe, I lik'd him weel,
 Nor frown'd upon him now,
 Though bolder grown, his vows to seal,
 He kiss'd my bonny mow.

XXVII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

AS I went to the wake that is held on the green,
 I met with young Phœbe, as blithe as a
 queen;

A form so divine might an anchoret move,
 And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten with
 love :

So I ask'd for a kiss; but she, blushing, reply'd,
 Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be deny'd.

Lovely Phœbe, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy,
 I vow I will kiss you—here's nobody by;

No matter for that, she reply'd, 'tis the same,
 For know, silly shepherd, I value my fame:

So pray let me go, I shall surely be mis'd;

Besides, I'm resolv'd that I will not be kiss'd.

Lord bless me ! I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you refuse;
 A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse :
 The month it is May, and the season for love,
 So come, my dear girl, to the wake let us rove :
 No, Damon, she cry'd, I must first be your wife,
 You then shall be welcome to kiss me for life.

Well, come then, I cry'd, to the church let us go,
 But after dear Phœbe must never say no.
 Do you prove but true, (she reply'd) you shall find
 I'll ever be constant, good-humour'd, and kind.
 So I kiss when I please, for she ne'er says she won't,
 And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't.

XXVIII. SONG. *In* Susanna.

ASK if yon damask rose is sweet
 That scents the ambient air ?
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
 And warble through the grove ?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine ;
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
 Be fair Susanna mine.

XXIX. SONG.

ASK not the cause why sullen spring
 So long delays her flowers to bear ;
 Why warbling birds forget to sing,
 And winter storms invert the year :

Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair ;

She cast not back her pitying eye,
But left her lover in despair,

To sigh, to languish, and to die ;
Ah! how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure !

Great god of love, why hast thou made

A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,

And change the laws of ev'ry land ?
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,

Adoring crowds before her fall ;
She can restore the dead from tombs,

And ev'ry life but mine recal ;

I only am by love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

XXX. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

A Shift me, all ye tuneful Nine,
With numbers soft and witty ;

To Bessy I inscribe the line,

Then raise my humble ditty.

To Bessy I inscribe the line,

Then raise my humble ditty.

Catch, catch, ye groves, the am'rous song ;

And, as ye waft the sound along,

Attend ye list'ning sylvan throng,

To praise my charming Bessy ;

My lovely, charming Bessy.

Let others sing the cruel fair,
 Who glories in undoing,
 And proudly bids the wretch despair,
 Rejoicing in his ruin ;
 And proudly, &c.

Such haughty tyrants I detest ;
 And let me scorn them, while I rest
 Upon thy gentle-swellling breast,
 My lovely, charming Bessy ;
 My lovely, &c.

The rose I'll pluck to deck her head,
 The violet and the pansy ;
 The cowslip too shall quit the mead,
 To aid my am'rous fancy.
 The cowslip, &c.

Ye fragrant sisters of the spring,
 Who shed your sweets on zephyr's wing,
 Around my fair your odours fling,
 Around my charming Bessy ;
 Around, &c.

When ev'ning dapples o'er the skies,
 The sun no longer burning ;
 Methinks I see before my eyes
 Thy well-known form returning.
 On hill or dale, by wood or stream,
 Thou art alone my constant theme,
 My waking wish, my morning dream,
 Thou lovely, charming Bessy ;
 Thou lovely, charming Bessy.

XXXI. SONG.

RECITATIVE.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did cry,
He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;
In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waist:
Tom, with up-lifted hands, the occasion blest,
And thus, in soothing strains, the maid address'd.

A I R.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
You take up dust, and steal our hearts:
That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you,
And dwells among the dust with you:
Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain;
Give me my heart, you stole, again;
Give me my heart, out of your cart;
Give me my heart, you stole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about;
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as floe,
And look'd disdain on little folks below:
To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop, John.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry crowd oppress?
Ambition now my soul does fire;
The youths shall languish and admire,

C 2

And

And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart,
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

XXXII. SONG.

AS t'other day milking I sat in the vale,
 Young Damon came up to address his soft
 tale,
 So sudden, I started, and gave him a frown,
 For he frighted my cow, and my milk was kick'd
 down.

Lord bless me! says I, what a-deuce can you mean,
 To come thus upon me, unthought of, unseen!
 I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend;
 For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may end.

I little thought now he'd his passion advance,
 But pretty excuses made up the mischance:
 He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him, I vow,
 And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my cow.

How many ways love can the bosom invade!
 His bait prov'd too strong, alas! for a maid:
 He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at,
 But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter all over whene'er he comes nigh,
 For if he should press, I should surely comply;
 And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,
 Though he flings down my milk, or does any
 thing else.

XXXIII. *Sung by Master Suet, at the Grotto
Gardens.*

AS t'other day young Damon came,
Where Chloe sat demure ;
He sigh'd and gaz'd to own his flame,
For love had stuck him sure.
His aukward mien amaz'd the fair,
Which he no doubt seem'd shy at ;
And when he prais'd her shape and air,
She answer'd, Swain, be quiet.

My dear, he cry'd, O! be not coy,
Nor deem my meaning rude ;
Let love like mine thy mind employ,
True love can ne'er intrude.
Her hand he then essay'd to kiss,
Which, frowning, she cry'd fye at ;
And when he struggled for the blifs,
'Twas, Be a little quiet.

The Swain perceiv'd her alter'd tone,
And boldly grasp'd her hand ;
The nymph was forc'd to own the flame,
And join'd in Hymen's band.
Alas! how chang'd each wedded pair!
The power of words they try at ;
Now Damon has not one to spare,
But, Pray, dear wife, be quiet.

XXXIV. *Sung by Miss Thornton.*

ASweet-scented beau and a simp'ring young cit,
An artful attorney, a rake, and a wit,
Set out on the chace in pursuit of her heart,
Whilst Chloe disdainfully laugh'd at their art,

And rous'd by the hounds to meet the sweet morn,
Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the beau by his face,
The lawyer with quibble set out on the chace,
The cit, with exactness made up his account,
The rake told his conquests how vast the amount;
She laugh'd at the follies, and blithe as the morn,
Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Their clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young swain,
Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd over the plain,
He distanc'd the wit, the cit, quibble, and beau,
And won the fair nymph with hollo hillio ;
Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn.
Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

XXXV. SONG.

AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's soft hammocks to swing
ev'ry night, [prove,
If you hope that your voyage successful should
Fill your sails with affection, your cabin with love.
Fill your sails, &c.

Let your heart, like the main-mast, be ever upright,
And the union you boast, like our tackle, be tight;
Of the shoals of indifference be sure to keep clear,
And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.
And the quicksands, &c.

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
They must reckon themselves, give the helm to
their wives;

For the evener we go, boys, the better we sail,
And on shipboard the helm is still rul'd by the tail.
And on shipboard, &c.

Then list to your pilot, my boy, and be wise;
If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

XXXVI. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

AT once I'm in love with two nymphs that are
fair, [pare;
And to sweets in my garden these nymphs I com-
Nor can shrub, nor can blossom, be better than
those;
And Jenny's my myrtle, and Chloe's my rose.

My Chloe is fond all her charms to display;
With the rose in her cheek, she to all would be gay;
On all paler beauties she looks down with pride,
And can bear not a flow'ret to grow by her side.

She thinks not how quickly these charms will ex-
pire, [retire;
That with May they first came, and with Summer
That pride, so soon over, is foolish and vain,
And love built on beauty can't hold with a swain.

But Jenny, my myrtle, ne'er changes her face,
No season nor age can her features displace;
She covets no praise, nor with envy is stung,
She always is pleas'd, and is pleasing and young.

Then, Chloe, I sudden must make my retreat,
Thy rose is too blooming, too short-liv'd and sweet;
But,

But, Jenny, thy myrtle is lasting and green,
And all the year thro' thou the same still art seen.

XXXVII. *Sung in The Way to keep him, by
Miss Macklin.*

Attend, all ye fair, and I'll tell you the art
To bind ev'ry fancy with ease in your chains;
To hold, in soft fetters, the conjugal heart,
And banish from Hymen his doubts and his
pains.

When Juno accepted the cestus of love, [came;
She at first was but handsome, yet charming be-
It taught her with skill the soft passions to move,
To kindle at once and to keep up the flame.

'Tis this magic secret gives the eyes all their fire,
Lends the voice melting accent, impassions the
kiss;

Gives the mouth the sweet smiles that awaken de-
fire, [bliss.

And plants round the fair each incentive to

Ye fair, take the cestus, and practise its art;
The mind unaccomplish'd, mere features are
vain; [heart,
Exert your sweet pow'r, you'll conquer each
And the loves, joys, and graces, will walk in
your train.

XXXVIII. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

Attend, ye nymphs, while I impart
The secret wishes of my heart;
And tell what swain, if one there be,
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,
 Let honour all his actions guide;
 Stedfast in virtue let him be,
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,
 With pure good-nature sweetly join'd;
 Sure friend to modest merit be
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,
 Where grief bedews the drooping eye,
 Melting in sympathy I see
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Let sordid av'rice claim no part
 Within his tender, gen'rous heart:
 Oh! be that heart from falsehood free,
 Devoted all to love and me.

XXXIX. SONG.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;

'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
 A hermit his nightly complaint thus began;
 Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was refin'd,
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe?
 Why thus, lovely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain:
 Yet

Yet if pity inspire thee, oh! cease not the lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer; man calls thee to
mourn; [away,

Oh! sooth him, whose pleasures, like thine pass
Full quickly they pass, but they never return.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent dis-
plays;

But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze;
Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory no change shall renew,
Ah! fool, to exult in a glory so vain.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more,
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring
with dew:

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
Kind nature the embryo blossom shall save;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the
grave?

XL. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Thomas and Sally.*

Auspicious spirits guard my love,
In time of danger near him 'bide;
With out-spread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, though hearts of steel,
Oh! may you then with me accord;

A sym-

A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave;
Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,
Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,
From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
My sailor views his native shore,
And harbours safe in these fond arms.

XLI. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

A Way with soft sighs, for our danger alarms,
Our country solicits our smiles to its aid;
Let our beauty inspirit our lovers to arms,
And heroes alone win the hearts of each maid:
Love shall nerve the bold arm to secure their own
bliss,
If you promise, ye fair, to reward with a kiss.

Last month my dear Colin, with tear-swimming
eyes, [of woe;
Press'd my hand while he look'd a whole volume
Even then, for my heart never wore a disguise,
If you love me, I said, go and conquer the foe:
Defending your country receive your own bliss,
For the ruin of France shall secure you a kiss.

If by my example my sex were inspir'd,
No nation wou'd dare to provoke British rage,
Our swains with true courage wou'd always be fir'd,
And our smiles create heroes in every age:
Love

Love will nerve the bold arm to secure their own
bliss,
Then promise, ye fair, to reward with a kiss.

XLII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh.*

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the god of wine address,
Sure refuge of a wounded breast.

A I R.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and cheer his heart.

RECITATIVE.

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd;
And thus the jolly god reply'd:

A I R.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking form away:
With dauntless mien approach the fair;
The way to conquer is—to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The swain pursu'd the god's advice,
The nymph was now no longer nice:

A I R.

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind;
When you grow daring we grow kind;
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

XLIII.

XLIII. *Sung in the Mask of Alfred.*

A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine posselt,
In secret mine posselt:

The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straightest grows,
His face and shape exprest;
His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale,
That wake the flow'ry year,
That wake, &c.

What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
Whom love had made sincere?
Whom love, &c.

At morn he left me—fought and fell;
The fatal ev'ning heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed,
And saw, &c.

Tears that must ever, ever fall;
For ah! no sighs the past recall;
No cries awake the dead,
No cries awake the dead.

XLIV. *Sung by Mr. Hudson.*

A Youth belov'd by all the plain,
A lovely, bright, and blithesome swain,
Till first he saw fair Jessy's eyes,
And now the swain for Jessy dies.

D

To

To silent groves thus did he cry,
 Must Thyrsis for sweet Jessy die?
 Say, will she use me with disdain?
 And must I live to love in vain?
 But why should I still sigh and moan,
 And not to her my passion own?
 How can I think her heart to move,
 Before she knows how much I love?
 On wings of love I'll fly, and tell
 Fair Jessy all the pangs I feel:
 Shou'd she be kind and pity me,
 For ever blest will Thyrsis be.

XLV. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

BE gone, dull Care! without delay,
 To gloomy desarts haste away.

A I R.

Hither haste, ye sons of pleasure,
 Joy here knows no bound nor measure;
 Banish care, and drowsy thinking,
 Now's the reign of love and drinking:
 Care and sorrow's toil and trouble,
 And the world an empty bubble.

RECITATIVE.

While thus the jolly god invites
 The neighb'ring swains to his delights,
 Cupid receives the gath'ring throng,
 And as **they** nimbly haste along,
 Bacchus again resumes his song.

A I R.

'Tis wine and women life employ,
 Wine and women are our joy;

We

We're hither sent to drink and love,
These are the blessings from above.

XLVI. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in Artaxerxes.*

BEhold on Lethe's dismal strand
Thy father's troubled image stand!
In his face what grief profound!
See, he rolls his haggard eyes!
Hark! "Revenge! revenge!" he cries,
And points to his still-bleeding wound.
Obey the call, revenge his death,
And calm his soul that gave thee breath.

XLVII. SONG.

BEhold the sweet flowers around,
With all the bright beauties they wear;
Yet none on the plains can be found,
So lovely, so lovely, as Celia is fair,
So lovely as Celia is fair.
Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,
No longer in silence remain,
No longer in silence remain,
Oh! lend a fond lover your notes,
'To soften, to soften my Celia's disdain,
'To soften my Celia's disdain.
Oft-times in yon flowery vale
I breathe my complaints in a song,
Fair Flora attends the sad tale,
And sweetens, and sweetens the borders along,
And sweetens the borders along.
But Celia, whose breath might perfume
The bosom of Flora in May,
The bosom of Flora in May,

Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
 Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
 Regardless of all I can say.

XLVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.*

RECITATIVE.

BEhold the heav'ns, how beauteous and serene!
 Now not a breeze disturbs the placid air,
 And on the branch the leaf untrembling hangs,
 All nature now enjoys the happy calm;
 All but this throbbing bosom, doom'd no more
 To taste repose whilst absent is the fair
 Whose radiant eyes with boundless love inspire.

A I R.

The morn-returning ray
 Each op'ning flow'ret cheers,
 In purple lustre gay
 Its head exulting rears:
 When night obscures the sky,
 Its transient glories die.

RECITATIVE.

Thus Thyrsis was lamenting
 The absence of his fair,
 When Daphne strait appear'd,
 Who banish'd all his care,
 And thus reply'd:

Cease, gentle swain, to pour
 Thy soft complaint;
 See Daphne comes,
 To sooth thy anxious fear, and share thy pain:
 Thy ardent love she hears;
 Thy love sincere with equal love repays.

A I R.

A I R.

The rising blush, the dying sighs,
 My secret passion prove,
 While rapture, trembling, thro' my eyes,
 Betrays how much I love.

Take whate'er of bliss or joy
 You fondly fancy mine;
 Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,
 Love renders wholly thine.

XLIX. SONG.

BEhold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
 Which, oh! my sweet Shakespear, was plant-
 ed by thee;

As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
 What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree;

Bend to thee

Bless'd Mulberry;

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high,

Who spread round your branches, whose heads
 sweep the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,

To root out the natives at prices so dear:

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,

Pictur'd once our king, and will always our coast:

D 3

Of

Of the fir we make ships : there are thousands that
fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write,
All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs ;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of
All shall yield, &c. [fruit.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church ;
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree ;
From him and his merits this takes its degree :
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.
All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright
day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.
All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.
All shall yield, &c.

L. Surg

L. Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

BELIEVE me, dear aunt,
If you rave thus, and rant,
You'll never a lover persuade;
The men will all fly,
And leave you to die
(O, terrible chance!) an old maid.

How happy the last,
Must she come to this pass,
Who ancient virginity 'scapes!
'Twere better on earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than in hell be a leader of apes.

LI. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won;
Believe my vows to you sincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone.

You say I'm false, and apt to change
At ev'ry face that's new:
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
Till warm'd by your bright eye,
And then it kindled in a trice,
A flame that ne'er can die.

Then take and try me—you shall find
That I've a heart that's true:
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

LIL

LII. *Sung by Mr. Tenducci.*

BENEATH a green shade a lovely young swain,
 One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his vow,
 The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
 flow; [plain,
 Rude winds with compassion could hear him com-
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

LIII. SONG.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

BENEATH this sad and silent gloom,
 I waste in sighs my youthful bloom;
 But not the shades that banish day,
 Drive Lydia's brighter form away.
 Her easy shape, her lovely mien,
 Th' attractive smile of beauty's queen,
 Her sparkling eyes, her flowing hair,
 A wit so smart, so soft an air,
 The spiteful gods contriv'd for ruin,
 And deck'd her thus for my undoing.

A I R.

Lovely maid, all charms adorning,
 Born to give supreme delight,
 Fairer than the rosy morning,
 Or the silver queen of night!
 Why, ungrateful, dost thou leave me
 Stay, thou cruel fair one, stay:
 Death attends if you deceive me—
 Lydia, why so far away?

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

I dream, or her unequall'd charms
 Are folded in my rival's arms:

See!

See! she clasps the happy boy,
 Anguish waste,
 Lightning blast,
 Tortures rend him,
 Death attend him,
 Ere he taste the rising joy.

RECITATIVE.

No—let him triumph, let him prize
 The faithless wretch whom I despise.

A I R.

Wander, Lydia—so will I,
 And to nobler conquests fly:
 Roving, ranging,
 Ever changing,
 Gay and airy,
 Born to vary,
 Soon the treacherous fair shall see
 I can be false as well as she.

LIV. SONG.

B Lab not what you ought to smother,
 Honour's laws should sacred be;
 Boasting favours from another,
 Ne'er will favour gain with me.

But, inspir'd with indignation,
 Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,
 Ere I trust my reputation
 With such fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure,
 Never should the same reveal:
 He whom beauty crowns with pleasure,
 Cautious should his joy conceal.

Him

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
 Shall my fame from censure save;
 One where truth and prudence center,
 And as secret as the grave.

LV. *Sung in* As you like it.

BLow, blow, thou winter's wind!
 Thou art not so unkind,
 Thou art not so unkind,
 As man's ingratitude:
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Altho' thy breath be rude,
 Altho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky;
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,
 As benefits forgot:
 Tho' thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp;
 Tho' thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friends remember'd not,
 As friends remember'd not.

LVI. SONG.

She. **B**Low, gentle winds, and waft my love
 Acroſs the wide and dang'rous main;
 Protect him, all ye pow'rs above,
 From cruel Neptune's boiſt'rous train!
May

May storms ne'er rise, nor tempest roar,
Till my love's reach'd his wish'd-for shore!

He. May guardian angels hover round
Lucinda, mistress of my heart,
And, when she speaks, convey the sound
To me in earth's remotest part!
May hope and peace possess her breast,
And lull her anxious mind to rest!

She. Of comfort hence I'll think no more,

He. To happiness I bid adieu,

She. Till western winds my love restore,

He. And bring me back again to you.

Both. O cruel fate, then must we part!

Farewell!—O cease, my trembling heart.

LVII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

BReathe soft, ye winds, be calm, ye skies,
Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise;
Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,
Call forth a blooming waste of flowers.
The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest,
Shall flourish on my fair one's breast,
Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.

LVIII. *Sung by Mr. Bradshaw, at the Grotto Garden.*

BRight dawns the day, with rosy face,
That calls the hunters to the chase!
With musical horn, salute the gay morn,
These jolly companions to cheer;
With enlivening sounds encourage the hounds
To rival the speed of the deer.

If you find out his lair,
To the woodlands repair;
Hark! hark! he's unharbour'd, they cry,
Then, fleet o'er the plain,
We gallop amain;
All, all is a triumph of joy!

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,
Through forests and floods,
The stag flies as swift as the wind!
The welkin resounds
With the cry of the hounds,
That chaunt in a concert behind.

Adieu to old care,
Pale grief and despair,
We ride in oblivion of fear;
Vexation and pain
We leave to the train,
Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo! the stag stands at bay,
The pack's at a stay,
Then eagerly seize on the prize;
The welkin resounds
With the chorus of hounds,
Shrill horns wind his knell, and he dies.

LIX. SONG.

BRitain, hail! thou glory's pride,
And envy of th' astonish'd world;
Still thy bold fleets triumphant ride,
Still are thy vengeful thunders hurl'd:
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

For heroes thou renown'd of old,
And mighty chiefs of ancient fame;
Thy sons still flourish great and bold,
To guard the honours of thy name ?
Rule, &c.

A Rodney thine ! call'd forth by God
Thy dear-bought laurels to defend ;
Nations all tremble at his nod ;
Lo, Western Isles before him bend !
Rule, &c.

Behold, he tramples to the ground
That old perfidious Belgic friend !
See, how he stabs, with deadly wound,
Ingratitude, that hellish fiend !
Rule, &c.

Let France, Spain, Hell, and Dutch unite
Against thy Heav'n-protected land ;
Brave Rodney rushes on to fight ;
Who can his conqu'ring arm withstand !
Rule, &c.

LX. *Sung in Comus.*

BY dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry (merry) wakes and pastimes keep ;
What has night to do with sleep ?

Night has better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love ;
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

LXI. SONG.

BY him we love offended,
How soon our anger flies !

E

One

One day apart, 'tis ended :
 Behold him, and it dies !
 Last night your roving brother
 Enrag'd I bade depart,
 And sure his rude presumption
 Deserv'd to lose my heart :——
 Yet were he now before me,
 In spite of injur'd pride,
 I fear my eyes would pardon——
 Before my tongue could chide.
 By him we love, &c.
 With truth the bold deceiver
 To me thus oft has said,
 “ In vain would Clara slight me ;
 “ In vain she would upbraid !
 “ No scorn those lips discover,
 “ Where dimples laugh the while :
 “ No frowns appear resentful,
 “ Where Heav'n has stamp'd a smile !
 By him we love, &c.

LXII. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

BY the dew-besprinkled rose ;
 By the blackbird piping clear ;
 By the western gale, that blows
 Fragrance on the vernal year ;
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 Nor let me longer sigh in vain ;
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 Nor let me longer sigh in vain.
 By the cowslip, clad in gold ;
 By the silver lily's light ;
 By those meads, where you behold
 Nature rob'd in green and white ;

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LXV. SONG.

CAN love be controul'd by advice,
 Can madness and reason agree?
 O Molly! who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee?
 Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste;
 Let me seize old time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.
 Dull wisdom but adds to our cares;
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy;
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
 Too late may repent being coy:
 Then, Molly, for what should we stay,
 Till our best blood begins to run cold?
 Our youth we can have but to-day;
 We may always find time to grow old.

LXVI. *Sung in the Sorcerer.*

He. CAsT, my love, thine eyes around,
 See the sportive lambskins play;
 Nature gaily decks the ground,
 All in honour of the May:
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

She. DAMON, thou hast found me long
 List'ning to thy soothing tale;
 And thy soft, persuasive tongue
 Often held me in the dale:
 Take, oh! Damon, while I live,
 All which virtue ought to give.

He. Not the verdure of the grove,
 Not the garden's fairest flow'r;
 Nor the meads where lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal hour;
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,
 If Florella is not by.

She. Not the water's gentle fall,
 By the bank with poplars crown'd;
 Not the feather'd songsters all,
 Nor the flute's melodious sound,
 Can delight Florella's ear,
 If her Damon is not near,

Both. Let us love, and let us live
 Like the chearful season gay;
 Banish care, and let us give
 Tribute to the fragrant May:
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

LXVII. *Advice to a Lover.*

CEase, fond Damon, cease to languish,
 Cease thy wayward fate to moan;
 Soothe thy heart-enthralling anguish,
 Flavia may be still thy own.
 Let not Flavia's frowns affright thee;
 Clouds may dark the solar ray:
 Tho' she now may seem to slight thee,
 Time will chase the clouds away.
 Storms make ocean's waters purer,
 Tho' they fill the soul with fear:
 Flavia's coy—if you endure her,
 She may yet thy heart endear.

Cease,

Cease, fond Damon, cease to languish,
Cease to nurse corroding woe ;
Hearts which never felt an anguish,
Never can a rapture know.

LXVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.*

Cease, gay seducers, pride to take
In triumphs o'er the fair,
Since clowns as well can act the rake,
As those in higher sphere.
Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
Shall haplets beauty go ?
In ev'ry station, ev'ry state,
Poor woman finds a foe.

LXIX. SONG.

Celia, hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;
Still the vain possessor's poor,
What are riches without pleasure ?
Endless pains the miser takes
To increase his heaps of money,
Lab'ring bees his pattern makes,
Yet he tears to taste his honey ;
Views with aching eyes his store,
Trembling lest he chance to lose it ;
Pining still for want of more,
Though the wretch wants power to use it.
Celia thus, with endless arts,
Spends her days, her charms improving,
Lab'ring still to conquer hearts,
Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving ;
Views

Views with pride her shape and face,
 Fancying still she's under twenty ;
 Age brings wrinkles on apace,
 While she starves with all her plenty.
 Soon or late they both will find
 Time their idol from them sever ;
 He must leave his gold behind,
 Lock'd within his grave for ever.
 Celia's fate will still be worse,
 When her fading charms deceive her,
 Vain desire will be her curse
 When no mortal will relieve her.
 Celia, hoard thy charms no more,
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure,
 Taste a little of thy store ;
 What is beauty without pleasure ?

LXX. *Sung by Mr. Bannister.*

Come bustle, bustle, drink about,
 And let us merry be,
 Our can is full, we'll pump it out,
 And then all hands to sea.
 And a sailing we will go,
 Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught
 The minuet to tread ;
 But we go better when we've brought
 The fore-tack to cat-head.
 The jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
 And swiftly rides the race ;
 But swifter far we shape our course,
 When we are giving chace.
 When horns and shouts the forest rend,
 His pack the huntsman cheers ;

As loud we hollow when we send
 A broadside to Monfieurs.
 The what's-their-names, at uproar squall,
 With music fine and soft ;
 But better sounds our boatswain's call,
 All hands, all hands aloft !
 With gold and silver streamers fine
 The ladies rigging shew ;
 But English ships more grander shine,
 When prizes home we tow.
 What's got at sea we spend on shore,
 With sweethearts, or our wives ;
 And then, my boys, hoist sail for more ;
 Thus pass the sailors lives.
 And a sailing we will go.

LXXI. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, and Mrs. Arne.*

RECITATIVE.

Come, Cheerfulness ! triumphant fair !
 Shine thro' the painful cloud of care !

D U E T.

O sweet of language ! mild of mien !
 O virtue's friend ! and pleasure's queen !

D U E T.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
 Best banisher of home-bred strife !
 Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
 Detorm the scene when thou art by.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

No sick'ning husband blames the hour,
 That bound his joy to female power ;
 No pining mother weeps the cares,
 That parents waste on hopeless heirs :

Th'

Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend,
The brother rises to the friend.

DUET.

By thee their board with flow'rs is crown'd,
By thee with songs their walks resound;
By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
And ev'ning hours in peace decline.

CHORUS.

Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils,
With all thy garlands, all thy smiles.

LXXII. *Sung by Mr. Champness, in Harlequin's*
Invasion.

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we flee,
To add something new to this wonderful
year:

To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

CHORUS.

[men;

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady;

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;
They never see us, but they wish us away:
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, and children, and
beaux;

But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
them sweat,

In spite of the devil, and Bruffels gazette :

Then chear up, my lads, with one voice let us
sing

Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king,
Heart of oak, &c.

LXXIII. *Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.*

Come, Colin, pride of rural swains,
O come and bleis thy native plains ;
The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
The songsters warble in the wood.

Come, Colin, haste, O haste away,
Your smiles will make the village gay ;
When you return, the vernal breeze
Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.

Oh ! come and see the violets spring,
The meadows laugh, the linnets sing ;
Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
O haste ! and make us happy here.

LXXIV. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

Come, come, my companions, be jocund and
gay,
Forget ev'ry care, and drive spleen far away ;
No doubts for to-morrow our bliss shall controul,
But ev'ry dull thought shall be drown'd in the
bowl.

Nor wealth, nor ambition, those plagues of the
great,

Our joy shall depress or embitter our state ;

He's

He's king for to-night who reigns highest in mirth,
 And he that laughs most is possess'd of most worth.
 The miser sits plodding from morning 'till night,
 And places in gold all his hopes and delight:
 Our pleasures are greater and nobler's our crime,
 He robs but poor mortals, whilst we cheat old
 Time.

The fool who sits gazing all night at the skies,
 And fancies himself to be wonderous wise,
 Was he here, would confess his pursuits had been
 vain, [paigne.
 For he ne'er saw a star shine like sparkling cham-
 The hermit, grown sick of this world's cares and
 strife,

Makes solitude his summum bonum of life;
 But could he once meet such a frolicksome throng,
 He'd quit his dull cave and wou'd join in our song.
 Wou'd the learned physician so formal and grave,
 Who twenty destroys for each one he can save,
 But alter his plan, and good liquor prescribe,
 No man but would doat on the physical tribe.

When you're low, take the doctor which I re-
 commend,
 Who'll not tire you with talk, but will prove your
 best friend;

He's very well known, and one of great fame,
 A rosy-check'd fellow, and Port is his name.

Let the bowl and the bottle go briskly about,
 For others are ready when these are drank out;
 In mirth and good-humour our bumpers we'll
 drink, [think.

Since thoughts bring but plagues, 'tis a folly to
 LXXV.

LXXV. *Sung by Mr. Mattocks, and Mrs. Pinto,
in Thomas and Sally.*

Mr. Mattocks.

Come, come, my dear girl, I must not be deny'd;
Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it
away;

I'll give you this purse, and, hark you, beside
We'll kifs, and we'll toy, all the long summer's
day.

Mrs. Pinto.

Of kissing and toying you soon will be tir'd,
Should poor hapless Sally consent to be naught;
Beside, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;
The heart's not worth gaining which is to be
bought.

Mr. Mattocks.

Fear not, my dear Sally, the world's busy tongue;
Soon above scandal my girl shall be put;
Then laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
At draggle-tail Chastity walking on foot.

Mrs. Pinto.

If only the fear of the world made me shy,
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown;
Their pardon 'twere easy with money to buy;
But how, tell me how, I could purchase my own?

Mr. Mattocks.

Leave morals to grey-beards; those lips were de-
For better employment—— [sigh'd]

Mrs. Pinto.

—— I'll not be a whore!

Mr. Mattocks.

O fie, child!—love bids you be rich, and be kind;

Mrs. Pinto.

But virtue commands me, Be honest and poor.

LXXVI. *Sung by Mrs. Cibber, in the Winter's Tale.*

COme, come, my good shepherds, our flocks
we must shear ;

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear :

The happiest of folks are the guileless and free ;

And who are so guileless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught ;

We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught :

What we think in our hearts you may read in
our eyes,

For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;

But we all the children of nature are bred :

By her hands alone we are painted and drest,

For the roses will bloom when there's peace in
the breast.

The giant Ambition we never can dread,

Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;

Content and sweet chearfulness open our door ;

They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;

Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we
feel ;

So harmless and simple we sport and we play,

And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

LXXVII. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

COme, give your attention to what I unfold,

The moral is true, tho' the matter is old,

The moral is true, tho' the matter is old :

My

My honest confession's intended to prove;
 How tasteless, insipid, is life without love;
 My honest confession's intended to prove,
 How tasteless, insipid, is life without love.

In works of old sophists my mind I employ'd;
 My bottle and friend, too, by turns, I enjoy'd,
 My bottle, &c.
 I laugh'd at the sex, and presumptuously strove
 Their charms to forget, and bid farewell to love:
 I laugh'd, &c.

I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great,
 A patriot in politics, fond of debate,
 A patriot, &c.
 Each passion indulging, my doubts did remove;
 They center'd in pleasure, and pleasure in love:
 Each passion, &c.

How sweet my resolves, I confess'd with a sigh,
 When Phillis, sweet Phillis, tripp'd wantonly by,
 When Phillis, &c.

I caught her, and mention'd a turn in the grove;
 Consenting, she made me a convert to love:
 I caught her, &c.

Ye lovers of freedom, no longer complain;
 We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's soft chain,
 We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's soft chain;
 My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove,
 That life is not life when divided from love;
 My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove,
 That life is not life when divided from love.

LXXVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Dorman,
in the Elopement.**Mrs. Scott.*

Come haste to the wedding, ye friends, and ye
neighbours,

The lovers their bliss can no longer delay;
Forget all your sorrows, your care, and your la-
bours,

And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day:
Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call,

Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy.

Chorus. Come, see rural felicity,

Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Mrs. Dorman.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,

Still crowd to, and beat at the breast of the great;

To such wretched passions we give no admision,

But leave them alone to the wise-ones of state:

We boast of no wealth, but contentment and
health,

In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.

Chorus. Come, see rural felicity,

Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Mrs. Scott.

[sure,

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring plea-

With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl,

Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,

For fatal excels will enslave the free soul.

Duetto. 'Then come at our bidding to this happy
wedding,

No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy.

Chorus. Come, see rural felicity,

Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

LXXIX.

LXXIX. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

Come list to me, ye gay and free,
 And you whom cares molest,
 War, wine, and love but tend to prove,
 That second thoughts are best.

The queen of charms, the god of arms,
 Young Bacchus, and the rest,
 When ask'd, ne'er flounce, yet all pronounce
 That second thoughts are best.
 The queen of charms, &c.

The jealous boy, if Daphne's coy,
 'Gainst Cupid will protest;
 His nymph disdain, then thinks again;
 For second thoughts are best.

The fair one too, unus'd to wooe,
 Drives Henry from her breast;
 Then seeks the elf, makes love herself,
 For second thoughts are best.

And Mars, who doats on scarlet coats,
 I'm sure will stand the test;
 Nor frowns on her, who dares aver,
 That second thoughts are best.

E'en Neptune too, our fleet in view,
 Kept Gallia's fleet in Brest:
 They meant to fight, he put them right;
 Their second thoughts are best.

Again, but mark the tipling spark,
 When seated as a guest,
 At first resign his darling wine;
 But second thoughts are best.

And you, I see, will side with me,
 Some louder than the rest,
 Will cry "No more," and then "Encore;"
 But second thoughts are best.

LXXX. *The Words from Shakespeare.*

Come, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountain yields;
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 Near shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies;
 A cap of flowers, with a girdle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;
 A belt of straw with ivy buds,
 And coral clasps, and silver studs:
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

LXXXI. *Sung by Mr. Gaudry, in Robinson
 Crusoe.*

Come, come, my jolly lads,
 The wind's abast,

Brisk gales our sails shall crowd ;
 Come bustle, bustle, bustle boys :
 Haul the boat,
 The boatswain pipes aloud ;
 The ship's unmoor'd,
 All hands on board,
 The rising gale
 Fills ev'ry sail ;
 The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.
 Then sling the flowing bowl,
 Fond hopes arise ;
 The girls we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul :
 The can, boys, bring,
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
 We're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain ;
 Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
 Soon we'll see

Old England once again :
 From shore to shore
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall shew
 The haughty foe,
 Britannia rules the main.
 Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

LXXXII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

Come now, all ye social pow'rs,
 Shed your influence o'er us,
 Crown with joy the present hours,
 Enliven those before us.

Bring

Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.
 Friendship, with thy pow'r divine,
 Brighten all our features ;
 What but friendship, love, and wine,
 Can make us happy creatures ?
 Bring the flask, &c.
 Love, thy godhead I adore,
 Source of gen'rous passion ;
 But will ne'er bow down before
 Those idols, wealth and fashion.
 Bring the flask, &c.
 Why the plague should we be sad,
 While on earth we moulder ?
 Whether we're merry, grave, or sad,
 We ev'ry day grow older.
 Bring the flask, &c.
 Then, since Time will steal away,
 Spite of all our sorrow ;
 Brighten ev'ry joy to-day,
 And never mind to-morrow.
 Bring the flask, &c.

LXXXIII. SONG.

C Ome rise, English boys,
 To sing and rejoice,
 Our honour and glory display ;
 For Rodney the brave
 Reigns lord of the wave,
 And the French England's flag must obey,
 My brave boys,
 And the French England's flag must obey.
 For Rodney, &c.

Long

Long our insolent foes
 Our arms did oppose,
 Insulted by land and by sea ;
 Yet all was parade,
 They still were afraid,
 As at present appears boys, huzza.

My brave boys, &c.

From the east to the west
 We have trimm'd them confest,
 And their Admiral taken, De Graffe ;
 Now the Dutch, like the French,
 Must their boating retrench,
 While we sing aloud, boys, huzza.

My brave boys, &c.

On the wide-spreading main,
 Our rights to maintain,
 The bold British thunder did roar ;
 From morning till night
 They continued the fight,
 And like jolly boys cried encore.

My brave boys, &c.

Tho' a long time disinay'd,
 By losses in trade,
 Yet our spirit you find is not broke ;
 Though our insolent foes
 Together oppose,
 They ne'er can enslave hearts of oak.

My brave boys, &c.

To Rodney and Hughes,
 Then sing now, my muse,
 Who England have held up in glory ;
 They have fought on the wave,
 Like Englishmen brave,
 And will be renown'd in story.

My brave boys, &c.

LXXXIV. SONG.

Come, Rosalind, oh, come and see
 What pleasures are in store for thee ;
 The flow'rs in all their sweets appear,
 The fields their gayest beauties wear,
 The fields their gayest-beauties wear.

The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,
 Now warble out their songs of love,
 Now warble out their songs of love ;
 For thee they sing, and roses bloom,
 And Colin thee invites to come,
 And Colin thee invites to come.

Come, Rosalind, and Colin join ;
 My tender flocks and all are thine :
 If love and Rosalind be near,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.

Come, see a cottage and a swain :
 Canst thou my love or gifts disdain ?
 Canst thou my love or gifts disdain ?
 Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For Colin calls, then haste away,
 For Colin calls, then haste away.

LXXXV. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

Come, ye lads who wish to shine
 Bright in future story,
 Haste to arms, and form the line
 That leads to martial glory.
 Charge the musket, point the lance,
 Brave the worst of dangers ;
 Tell the blust'ring sons of France,
 That we fear no strangers.

Britain,

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
 And her flag is rearing,
 Always finds her sons dispos'd
 To drub the foe that's daring.
 Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of oak, with speed advance,
 Pour your naval thunder
 On the trembling shores of France,
 And strike the world with wonder.
 Charge the musket, &c.

Honour for the brave to share,
 Is the noblest booty ;
 Guard your coasts, protect the fair,
 For that's a Briton's duty.
 Charge the musket, &c.

What if Spain to take their parts,
 Form a base alliance,
 All unite, and English hearts
 May bid the world defiance.
 Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
 Manly, and united ;
 Danger face, maintain your ground,
 And see your country righted.

LXXXVI. SONG. *By Mr. Hughes.*

CONSTANTIA, see thy faithful slave
 Dies of the wound thy beauty gave :
 Ah ! gentle nymph, no longer try
 From fond pursuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
 Pity my bleeding, aching heart ;
 Regard my sighs, and flowing tears,
 And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou wouldst be,
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the western sun decline,
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

LXXXVII. *Sung by Mr. Beard, and Mrs. Vernon, in the Chaplet.*

Damon.

Contented all day I will sit at your side,
Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the
cool tide ;
And, while the clear river runs purling along,
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song,
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

Laura.

While you are but by me, no danger I fear ;
Ye lambs, rest in safety, my Damon is near ;
Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may
please,
For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease,
For my shepherd, &c.

Damon.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay ;
Ne'er yield to the swain till he makes you a wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for life,
For he who, &c.

Laura.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of
the fair ;
'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care ;
'Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to
Nor betray, &c.

[defend.
Duetto.

For their honour and faith be our virgins re-
nown'd; [found:

Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their
youth,

To preserve in their age what, &c.

LXXXVIII. *Sung by G. A. Stevens.*

Contented I am, and contended I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd ?

My brave boys, &c.

My vault-door is open'd, descend ev'ry guest,
Tap that cask, ay, that wine we will try,
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be stro'd,
I sit my companions among,
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,
And a sentiment give, or a song.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops seem
The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,
From the arch mouldy cobwebs in gothic taste
Like stucco-work cut out of moss. [stream,

G

My

My cellar's my camp, my soldiers my flasks,
 All gloriously rang'd in review;
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
 As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

I charge glass in hand, and my empire maintain,
 No ancient more patriot-like bled;
 Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
 And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe—'tis in tune, and those binns are
 well fill'd,

View the heap of Champagne in your rear;
 Yon bottles are Burgundy, see how they're pil'd
 Like artillery, tier over tier!

'Tis my will, when I die not a tear shall be shed,
 No *Hic jacet* be grav'd on my stone;
 But pour o'er my coffin a bottle of red,
 And write, that *His drinking is done*.

LXXXIX. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

Corinna was lovely, was witty and young,
 And all o'er the town had her praises been sung
 The beaux and the fops paid their court to her
 eyes, [praises]

And the belles, tho' her rivals, beheld with surprise
 Yet to all, who in praising her charms did excite
 Her answer was only—Indeed! very well.

Lyfander amidst her admirers preste,
 And the true flame of love found to glow in his
 breast;

With awe he approach'd, and with modesty spoke
 Yet his passion she treated as only a joke; [tears]
 Tho' the pangs he endur'd no tongue could express
 Yet her answer to all was—Indeed! very well.

Denial

Denials provok'd him to try other ways,
Nor barely to kneel, and to utter her praise ;
He boldly embrac'd the bright nymph in his arms,
And kiss'd her, and feasted himself with her
 charms ;

She thought of her lovers he did all excel,
But answer'd Lyfander, as yet—Very well.

As she faintly repuls'd him, the swain grew more
 bold,

That soon she consented to have and to hold ;
At Hymen's bright altar receiv'd her fair hand,
Attended by Cupids, a choice little band ;
Her face sweetly smiling, she dares now to tell,
That Lyfander she loves—ay, indeed, very well.

XC. SONG.

Could I her faults remember,
Forgetting ev'ry charm,
Soon would impartial reason
The tyrant Love disarm :
But when enrag'd I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love still suggests her beauty,
And sees—while Reason's blind.

XCI. *Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.*

CRuel Strephon will you leave me ?
Will you prove yourself forsworn ?
Can, ah ! can you thus deceive me ;
Can you treat my love with scorn ?
O behold your Chloe pleading,
Turn and see your once-lov'd maid ;

Let soft pity, interceding,
 Ease a heart your vows betray'd.
 Cruel Strephon, &c.
 Must I hopeless pine and languish,
 Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain?
 See, he triumphs in my anguish!
 See, he glories in my pain!
 Cruel Strephon, &c.

XCII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

Cupid, god of love and joy,
 Wanton rosy-winged boy,
 Guard her heart from all alarms,
 Bring her, deck'd in all her charms,
 Blushing, panting, to my arms!
 All the heav'n I ask below,
 Is to use thy darts and bow;
 Could I have them in my pow'r,
 One sweet smiling happy hour,
 One sweet woman I'd secure.
 She's the first which Venus made,
 With her graces full array'd;
 When she treads the verdant ground
 We feel the zone with which she's bound,
 All is paradise around.

XCIII. SONG.

Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
 Teach the enamour'd Swain to languish,
 Teach him fierce desires to know.
 Heroes would be lost in story,
 Did not love inspire their glory,
 Love does all that's great below.

XCIV.

XCIV. *Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.*

Cupid, god of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part:
Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion
To reward a faithful heart.
Cupid, god, &c.

Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enlral;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those who would enslave the mind.
Cupid, god, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to rest;
Childish mummary at best.
Happy I in humble state!
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait,
Cupid, god, &c.

XCv. SONG.

Cupid, instruct an amorous swain
Some way to tell the nymph his pain,
To common youths unknown:
To talk of sighs, and flames, and darts,
Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts,
Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell? (the god reply'd)
That love the shepherd cannot hide,
The nymph will quickly find;
When Phœbus does his beams display,
To tell men gravely that 'tis day,
Is to suppose them blind.

XCVI. *Sung in the Character of Careful, in the
Press-Gang.*

DAughter, you're too young to marry,
'Tis too soon to be a wife ;
Yet a little longer tarry,
Ere you know the cares of life.
Wedlock is a fickle station,
Sometimes sweetness, sometimes strife ;
Oh ! how great the alteration,
'Twixt the maiden and the wife !
Love and courtship are but stupid,
Glory has superior charms ;
Mars should triumph over Cupid,
When Bellona calls to arms.
As for you, Sir, do your duty :
Oh ! were I but young again,
I'd not linger after beauty,
But go play my part with Spain.

XCVII. SONG.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave ;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have ?
I am not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind :
For since I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.
Count the bees that on Hybla are playing ;
Count the flowers that enamel the fields ;
Count the flocks that on Tempè are straying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields ;
Count how many stars are in heaven,
Go number the sands on the shore.

And

And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine ;
In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
And twist round thy neck like a vine :
What joy can be greater than this is !
My life on thy lips shall be spent :
But the wretch who can number his kisses
Will always with few be content.

XCVIII. *Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in the Padlock.*

DEar heart ! what a terrible life am I led !
A dog has a better, that's shelter'd and fed ;
Night and day 'tis the same,
My pain is dere game ;
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,
Poor Blacky must run ;
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where.
Above or below,
Sirrah, come, sirrah, go ;
Do so, and do so,
Oh ! Oh !

Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

XCIX. *Damon and Sylvia. A Dialogue.*

He. DEar Sylvia, no longer my passion despise.
Nor arm thus with terror those beautiful eyes ;
Nor arm thus with terror those beautiful eyes ;
They

They become not disdain, but most charming
would prove,

If once they were soften'd with smiles and
with love; [with love.

If once they were soften'd with smiles and

She. While I with a smile can each shepherd subdue,
Oh Damon, I must not be soften'd by you:
Oh Damon, &c.

Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded hour,
The pride of us women—unlimited pow'r;
The pride, &c.

He. Tho' pow'r, my dear, be to deities giv'n,
Yet generous pity's the darling of Heav'n:
Yet generous, &c.
O then be that pity extended to me,
I'll kneel and acknowledge no goddess but
I'll kneel, &c. [thee;

She. Suppose to your suit I should listen a while,
And only for pity's sake grant you a smile;
And only, &c. [prove,

He. Nay, stop not at that, but your kindness im-
And let gentle pity be ripen'd to love;
And let, &c.

She. Well then, faithful swain, I'll examine my
heart,
And, if it be possible, grant you a part;
And, if, &c. [press'd,

He. Now that's like yourself, like an angel ex-
For grant me but part, and I'll soon steal the
For grant, &c. [reit;

Both. Take heed, ye fair maids, and with caution
believe,
For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive;
For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive;
When

When once the least part the sly urchin has
 gain'd,
 You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole is obtain'd;
 You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole is obtain'd.

C. SONG.

DEfend my heart, ye virgin pow'rs,
 From am'rous looks and smiles,
 And shield me, in my gayer hours,
 From love's destructive wiles !
 In vain let sighs and melting tears
 Employ their moving art,
 Nor may delusive oaths and pray'rs
 E'er triumph o'er my heart !
 My calm content and virtuous joys
 May envy ne'er molest ;
 Nor let ambitious thoughts arise
 Within my peaceful breast !
 Yet may there such a decent state,
 Such unaffected pride,
 As love and awe at once create,
 My words and actions guide !
 Let others, fond of empty praise,
 Each wanton art display,
 While fops and fools in raptures gaze,
 And sigh their souls away :
 Far other dictates I pursue,
 (My bliss in virtue plac'd)
 And seek to please the wiser few,
 Who real worth can taste.

CI. SONG.

Delightful is a rural life,
 Where peace and plenty reign,
 Where

Where faithful ev'ry man and wife,
 And true each nymph and swain.
 The plain of plains, the rural plain,
 Where such pure raptures flow ;
 But may I ne'er see town again,
 If such a plain I know.

Believe me, false the country clown
 As any London beau ;
 The rustic lass, like miss in town,
 Can favours too bestow.
 The town of towns, dear London town,
 Thy pleasures then be mine ;—
 Deceit may dress in linen gown,
 And truth in diamonds shine.

CII. SONG.

DEspairing, beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid,
 And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head ;
 The wind that blew over the plain
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply,
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.
 Alas ! silly swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd ;
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd ;
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue,
 When she smil'd 'twas a pleasure too great ;
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How

How foolish was I to believe

She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folks of the town!
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove,
To go clad like our maidens in grey,
And live in a cottage on love!

What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd!
What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah! Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy fair one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid:
If thro' the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be false, and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day;
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

CIII. *Last Chorus in the Rose.*

F Air and sweet,
 Trim and neat,
 Springs the blushing rose in May:
 Summer past,
 Autumn's blast
 Shrinks its beauteous leaves away.
 But the mind,
 Chaste, refin'd,
 Warm'd by virtue's cheering ray,
 Ever blows:
 That fresh rose,
 Time itself can ne'er decay.

CIV. DUETTO. *Sung by Mr. Tenducci, and Mrs. Pinto, in the English Opera of Artaxerxes.*

F Air Aurora, pr'ythee stay;
 O retard unwelcome day;
 Think what anguish rends my breast,
 Thus caressing, thus carest,
 From the idol of my heart
 Forc'd at thy approach to part.

CV. SONG.

FAirer than the op'ning lilies,
 Sweeter than the morning rose,
 Are the blooming charms of Phillis ;
 Richer sweets does she disclose.
 Long secure from Cupid's pow'r,
 Soft repose had lull'd my breast,
 Till in one short fatal hour
 She depriv'd my soul of rest.

Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
 From whose shafts I bleed and burn !
 Teach, O ! teach the maid to languish !
 Strike fair Phillis in her turn.
 From that torment in her breast,
 Soon to pity she'll incline,
 And, to give her bosom rest,
 Kindly heal the wound in mine.

CVI. SONG.

FAir Iris I love, and I hourly die,
 But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye ;
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
 For I am as false and as fickle as she ;
 We neither believe what either can say,
 And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear and say things of course,
 We mean not the taking for better for worse ;
 When present we love, when absent agree,
 I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me ;
 The legend of love no couple can find,
 So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

H

CVII.

CVII. SONG.

F Air is the swan, the ermine white,
 And fair the lily of the vale;
 The moon, resplendent queen of night,
 And snows that drive before the gale:
 In fairness these the rest excel,
 But fairer is my Isabel.

Sweet is the violet, sweet the rose,
 And sweet the morning breath of May;
 Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
 And sweet the winding woodbines stray:
 In sweetness these the rest excel,
 But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the poets call the dove,
 And am'rous they the sparrow call:
 Fond is the sky-lark of his love,
 And fond the feather'd lovers all:
 In fondness these the rest excel,
 But fonder I of Isabel.

CVIII. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

F Air Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd;
 Inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordain'd,
 And sorely vex'd to play the faint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd,
 While wit and beauty reign'd.
 And sorely vex'd to play the faint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins ?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens ?
 What has she better, pray, than I,
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast ?
 While I am scarce a toast ?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast ?
 Dear, dear mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.
 Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way,
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire,
 And set the world on fire.
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

CIX. *Sung by Mr. Squibb, in Artaxerxes.*

F Air Semira, lovely maid,
 Cease, in pity, to upbraid
 My oppress'd, but constant heart ;
 Full sufficient are the woes
 Which my cruel stars impose ;
 Heav'n, alas ! has done its part:

CX. *Sung in Comus.*

Fame's an echo, prattling double,
 An empty, airy, glitt'ring bubble ;
 H 2 A breath

A breath can swell, a breath can sink it ;
 The wise not worth their keeping think it :
 Why, then, why such toil and pain,
 Fame's uncertain smiles to gain ?
 Like her sister, Fortune, blind,
 To the best she's oft unkind,
 And the worst her favour find.

CXI. *Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.*

FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
 And all the meadows fill :
 Much fairer than the lily blows,
 More lovely than the blushing rose,
 Is Patty of the mill.

The neighbouring swains her beauty fir'd ;
 With wonder struck, they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the hill ;
 Each strove, with all his rustic art,
 To soothe and charm the honest heart
 Of Patty of the mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
 A fixed heart, more true to love
 Than turtles when they bill ;
 A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,
 And sweet content smiles in the face
 Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
 Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
 And guards it from all ill :
 Ye fair, for ever constant prove,
 Be ever kind, be true to love,
 Like Patty of the mill !

CXII.

CXII. SONG.

FArewell, Ianthe, faithless maid,
 Source of my grief and pain ;
 Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
 And fann'd love's kindling flame;
 Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,
 To Corydon's rich heir,
 Who with gay vestments did adorn
 Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.
 Adieu, my native soil; ye vales,
 High woods, and tufted hills :
 Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,
 Clear streams and crystal rills :
 Adieu ; ye bring into my mind
 Those past, those happy days,
 When Iphis found Ianthe kind,
 And pleasure strew'd his ways.
 Ere dawn, my homely steps I'll bend,
 Where distant mountains rise,
 In hopes that Reason there may send
 That aid she here denies ;
 That time and absence may efface
 Her image from my breast,
 Which, while she there maintains a place,
 Can never taste of rest.

CXIII. *Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.*

FArewell, noise and fancy's riot,
 Let soft whispers sooth my mind ;
 Welcome peace, and welcome quiet,
 Let me here a harbour find.

A harbour find, &c.

H 3

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Where nightingales warble their loves,
And nature is dress'd without art :

No pleasure ye now can afford,
Nor music can lull me to rest ;

For Phillis proves false to her word,
And Strephon can never be blest.

Oft-times, by the side of a spring,
Where roses and lilies appear,

Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
For Strephon was all she held dear :

But as soon as she found, by my eyes,
The passion that glow'd in my breast,
She then, to my grief and surprize,
Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too late, to my sorrow, I find,
The beauties alone that will last,

Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blast :

Beware, then, beware how ye trust
Coquettes, who to love make pretence ;

For Phillis to me had been just,
If nature had blest'd her with sense.

CXVI. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

Fine ladies may tell us

They hate pretty fellows,

Despise little Cupid—his quiver, and dart ;

But when love's only by,

Not a prude will deny,

That man tho' a tyrant's the lord of her heart.

So bewitching a creature !

So noble each feature !

My bosom commands me to take his dear part;
 Then how can I conceal
 What my eyes will reveal?—
 That he must, and he will be the lord of my heart.

CXVII. TRIO. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

FLY hence, grim melancholy's train!
 Hence, wasting thought, and years of pain!
 What to us is age and care,
 Eyes of grief, and looks of fear?
 Join the laughter-loving train,
 This is pleasure's boundless reign.

Mind not what the stoics say;
 Life is only for a day:
 Banish far reflection's pow'r;
 Lose not one important hour:
 Fly the meagre hideous train;
 This is pleasure's boundless reign.

Make the most of beauty's pride;
 Youth and beauty soon subside:
 Courted, yield, while yet you may,
 Cupid else will fly away:
 Join the sportive, harmless train,
 This is pleasure's golden reign.

Bacchus all his treasure lends,
 (Mirth and wine are constant friends)
 Lifts on high the human soul;
 Dread no poison in the bowl.
 Seek the jovial rosy train;
 This is pleasure's boundless reign.

In the meadows safely stray,
 Innocence shall guard the way;

And

And by moon-light, on the green,
View the fairies, with their queen:
Go where love directs the train,
For 'tis pleasure's golden reign.

Envy's snakes, all-murd'ring war,
With phantom honour, hence are far;
Hope, and peace, and joy sincere,
And love, maintain their revels here:
Haste to join the festive train,
This is pleasure's golden reign.

Nor to scornful airs inclin'd,
Know the season to be kind:
What would all your beauty do,
Should shepherds once neglect to woo?
See, the beck'ning, sportive train,
Hark! they cry, 'tis pleasure's reign.

Freedom, with immortal shield,
Guards the blessings we can yield;
Freedom hails thee to resign
All thy cares in love and wine;
Stay no longer, join the train,
This is pleasure's golden reign.

Hymen's graceful altars smoke;
Haste, and wear the filken yoke:
Endless peace, unfading youth,
Rise the sure rewards of truth:
Hasten then to join the train,
For 'tis pleasure's golden reign.

CXVIII. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in Comus.*

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty can
give;

The

The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she, in return, yield the raptures of love
 Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain;
 Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain :
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave:
 Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what
 ye gave.

CXIX. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

FOR twice twelve moons had Harry sued,
 With downcast looks and sighing;
 Yet never caught me in the mood
 For softness or complying :
 'Till told by Phillis of the grove
 (And she I hope was joking)
 Her sister Susan heard his love ;
 Now was not that provoking ?
 Till told by, &c.

Next ev'ning, ere the sun was down,
 To Susan's cot I hied me,
 A little after came the clown ;
 He simper'd when he spied me :
 Convinc'd what Phillis said was true,
 With passion almost choaking,
 I bit my lips—he smil'd on Sue ;
 Now was not this provoking ?
 Convinc'd what Phillis, &c.

When, whisper'd in the ear by pride,
 To see me vex'd wou'd please him ;
 My anger I resolv'd to hide,
 To flirt, be gay, and tease him ;
 To laugh as well as he, I try'd,
 While Sue his cheek was stroaking,

But

But somehow 'twas, I believe I cry'd;
Now was not that provoking?
To laugh as well, &c.

Since when, I've found out to my cost,
At home I'd best have tarry'd;
For Harry's love I've surely lost,
As he and Sue are marry'd.
Lead apes! no, that I will not do;
But I must end my croaking,
Lest I should lose your patience too,
And that would be provoking.
Lead apes, &c.

CXX. *Sung by Mrs. Clive, in the Capricious
Lovers.*

FOR various purpose serves the fan:
As thus—a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.
Each action has a meaning plain—
Resentment's in the flap;
A flirt expresses strong disdain,
Consent, a gentle tap.
All passions will the fan disclose,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shows
The hand, if not the heart.
'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

CXXI.

CXXI. SONG.

Free from confinement and strife,
 I'll plow through the ocean of life,
 To seek new delights,
 Where beauty invites,
 But ne'er be confin'd to a wife.
 The man that is free,
 Like a vessel at sea,
 After conquest and plunder may roam:
 But when either confin'd
 By wife or by wind,
 Tho' for glory design'd,
 No advantage they find,
 But rot in the harbour at home.

CXXII. SONG.

FRiday in the morn, of April the twelfth,
 Fore'er to be recorded, the glorious Eighty-two,
 Great Rodney did discern, with awful stealth,
 The lofty fleet of France that from him flew;
 All hands aloft, he cry'd, spread ev'ry swelling sail,
 See, see the Monsieur flies, he fears we shall prevail:
 Let ev'ry man supply his gun;
 Follow me, you shall see,
 That the battie it will soon be won.
 De Grasse, who on the main indignant roll'd,
 Fear'd to meet the gallant Rodney in combat on
 the deep,
 Though he led a mighty train of heroes bold,
 To sink the English admiral and his fleet:
 Now ev'ry gallant mind to vict'ry did aspire,
 The bloody fight began, the sea was all on fire,

And

And mighty Fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood, all of blood,
 Thro' the dazzling Ville de Paris run.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air, [fleet;
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic
 Their vet'ran troops on board, quite chill'd with
 fear,

Try from our glorious admirals to retreat;
 At five o'clock, brave Hood again to drub them
 stood,

And gave the second blow, the fatal overthrow,
 While death and horror equal reign:

Now, they cry, run or die,
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd to rocks and sands!

Sure danger they grasp at, to shun a greater fate;
 In vain for aid they cry to distant lands,

The nymphs and sea gods mourn their lost estate.
 For Europe now prepare, thou mighty Paris Ville,
 The voyage to England sure thy monarch's blood
 shall chill.

Enough, thou mighty god of war!

Now let's sing, bless the king!
 Here's a health to ev'ry British tar.

CXXIII. SONG.

Friendship is the bond of reason,
 But if beauty disapprove,
 Heav'n absolves all other treason
 In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,
 As a civil oath I view:

I

But

But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to one I false must be ;
Can I doubt which to prefer——
A breach of social faith with thee,
Or sacrilege to love and her ?

CXXIV. *Sung by Miss Slack, in the Capricious Lovers.*

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted ;
While she who pleases most to-day,
To-morrow shall be slighted.

CXXV. DUETTO. *Sung in Comus.*

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
We follow sweet variety ;
By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
Time for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
Transports of the jovial soul ?
No dull flinting hour we own,
Pleasure counts our time alone.

CXXVI. *Sung by Mrs. Arne.*

GAY Laura, who once was a blithe happy maid,
Now seeks the sad grove, or retires to the shade!
By

By Strephon undone,
She's now left alone,

Yet loves the false swain who her peace has be-
tray'd.

The nightingale thus, with a thorn in her breast,
Complains when rude hands snatch her mate from

Tho' sweet is the strain, [the nest;

She warbles in pain,

The loss of her mate, is the loss of her rest.

CXXVII. *Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone.*

'G AINST the destructive wiles of man,
Your hearts, ye fair ones, guard;

Their only study's to trepan,

And play a trickster's card:

With strange delight poor girls they slight,

Amuse, cajole, belye:

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;

For men are wond'rous fly.

That Proteus man, like him of old,

A thousand forms will take;

His venal soul is all for gold,

A crocodile, or snake.

See his dire thread this spider spread!

To catch the female fly:

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;

For men are wond'rous fly.

A porcupine, with rage inspir'd,

At nymphs he darts his quills;

A basilisk, by frenzy fir'd,

His glance by poison kills:

With fraudulent arts he steals their hearts,

Then throws the baubles by:

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
For men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
In one wide spreading plain,
Of constancy, of faith to treat,
And virtue's spotless train;
To find a youth renown'd for truth,
Whole ages we might try:
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
For men are wond'rous fly.

CXXVIII. SONG. *By the Queen.*

GEnteel is my Damon, engaging his air, [fair;
His face, like the morn, is both ruddy and
Soft love sits enthron'd in the beam of his eyes,
He's manly yet tender, he's fond and yet wise:
He's ever good-humour'd, he's gen'rous and gay,
His presence can always drive sorrow away:
No vanity sways him, no folly is seen,
But open his temper, and noble his mien.
By virtue illumin'd his actions appear,
His passions are calm, and his reason is clear:
An affable sweetness attends on his speech,
He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.
He has promis'd to love me—his word I'll believe,
For his heart is too honest to let him deceive;
Then blame me, ye fair ones, if justly you can,
Since the picture I've drawn is exactly the man.

CXXIX. *Sung by Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.*

GEntle gales, in pity bear
My sighs, my tender sighs away;
To my cruel Strephon's ear
All my soft complaints convey.

Near

Near some mossy fountain's side,
Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,
Where bubbling streams in murmurs glide,
You will the dear deluder find.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
To my cruel Strephon's ear
All my soft complaints convey.

Tell the false one how I mourn,
Tell him all my pains and woes ;
Tell, ah ! tell him to return,
And bring my wounded heart repose.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
To my cruel Strephon's ear
All my soft complaints convey.

CXXX. SONG.

Gentle maid, ah ! why suspect me ?
Let me serve thee—then reject me.
Canst thou trust, and I deceive thee ?
Art thou sad—and shall I grieve thee ?
Gentle maid, ah ! why suspect me ?
Let me serve thee—then reject me.

CXXXI. SONG.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good-humour to make her
his toast ;
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.
Whate'er her complexion—I vow I don't care ;
If brown—it is lasting—more pleasing if fair :

And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see,
 Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.
 Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
 And her eyes—may be e'en any colour—but green;
 For in eyes, tho' so various the lustre and hue,
 I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.
 'Tis true, I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
 And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
 A little round chin too's a beauty, I've heard,
 But I only desire—she mayn't have a beard.

CXXXII. SONG.

Give me but a wife, I expect not to find
 Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd.
 No goddess for me; 'tis a woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more, is more curious than wife.
 Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mould;
 Or she claims my respect, like a mother, if old:
 Thus either can please me, since woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more, is more curious than wife.
 Like Venus she ogles, if squinting her eye;
 If blind, she the roving of mine cannot spy:
 Thus either is lovely; for woman I prize,
 And he who seeks more, is more curious than wife.
 If rich be my bride, she brings tokens of love;
 If poor, then the farther from pride my remove:
 Thus either contents me; for woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more, is more curious than wife.
 I ne'er shall want converse, if tongue she possess;
 And if mute, still the rarity pleases no less:
 I'm suited to either; for woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more, is more curious than wife.
 Then

Then cease, ye profane, on the sex to descant ;
If you've wit to discern, of charms they've no
want :

Each fair can make happy, if woman we prize ;
And he that seeks more, is more curious than wife.

CXXXI. I. SONG.

GO, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along :
The bird- shall cease to tune their evening song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing ;
Ye trees that fade, when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

CXXXIV. SONG.

GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace ;
My Chloe's bosom grace ;
How happy should I prove,
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never fading love,
With never-fading love !

There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die,
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there,
More fragrant roses there :
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair,
With envy and despair.

One common fate we both must prove ;
You die with envy, I with love,
You die with envy, I with love.

CXXXV.

CXXXV. SONG.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song;
 Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear
 To Damon's native plaints belong.
 Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely, partial maid,
 What are his notes, compar'd to thine?
 Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
 And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

CXXXVI. SONG.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me,
 Send to me the swain I love;
 Cupid, with thy bow direct me!
 Help me, all ye pow'rs above!
 Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes;
 Tell him I love, and I despair;
 Tell him, for him I grieve,
 Say 'tis for him I live;
 O may the shepherd be sincere!
 Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night;
 Near the brink of yonder fountain
 First Leander bless'd my sight;

Witness, ye groves and falls of water,
Echoes, repeat the vows he swore :

Can he forget me,
Will he neglect me,
Shall I never see him more ?

Does he love, and yet forsake me
To admire a nymph more fair ?

If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,
And esteem the happy pair.

Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
Ne'er more the cares of life pursue :

The lark and philomel
Only shall hear me tell

What makes me bid the world adieu.

CXXXVII. SONG.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you :

For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong :

But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,

They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong :

For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

CXXXVIII.

CXXXVIII. *Sung in Elfrida.*

HAil to thy living light,
 Ambrosial morn ! all hail thy roseate ray,
 That bids gay nature all her charms display,
 In varied beauty bright !
 Away, ye goblins all !
 Wont the traveller to daunt,
 Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your haunt,
 Beside some lonely wall !
 Away, ye elves, away,
 Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray.

CXXXIX. SONG.

HAppy, harmless, rural pair,
 Void of jealousy or care ;
 Emblems of the bless'd above,
 Sharing pure seraphic love !
 By the brook, beneath the shade
 Of the lofty poplar laid,
 Cheerful strains awake the grove,
 Dulcet notes of peace and love !
 Say, ye proud, ye rich, and great,
 Circled round with noise and state ;
 Real pleasures can ye prove ?
 No, 'tis found in rural love.

CXL. SONG.

HAppy's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover :

Ye

Ye registers of heav'n, relate,
 If, looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile;
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

But hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks that dwell above the sky;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow
 We'll make a paradise on Yarrow

CXLI. SONG.

HAppy the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air

In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire;

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

In Winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find

Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,

In health of body, peace of mind,

Quiet by day.

Sound

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mix'd, sweet recreation !
And innocence, which most doth please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

CXLII. *Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the Wedding
Ring.*

HAppy the nymph who ne'er can know
Distractions which from riches grow !
Remov'd at distance from the great,
Who willing lives in low estate !
One fountain is her mirror, and her drink ;
And if she's pleas'd, what others think
It matters not—of joy secure,
Blest in the little Heav'n has sent,
Her only pride is that she's poor ;
Poor, but content.

CXLIII. SONG.

HArk, Daphne, from the hawthorn-bush
The spotted finches sing ;
In artless notes the merry thrush
Salutes the blooming spring :
On verdant bed the violet lies,
To woo the western gale ;
While tow'ring lilies meet our eyes,
Like love-sick virgins pale.
The rill that gushes o'er the shore,
Winds murmur'ing thro' the glade ;

So heart-struck Thyrsis tells his moan,
 To win his clay-cold maid :
 The golden sun in fresh array,
 Flames forward on the sphere ;
 Around the May-pole shepherds play,
 To hail the flow'ry year.

Say, shall we taste the breezy air,
 Or wander through the grove ;
 There talk of Sylvia's wild despair,
 The prey of lawless love ?
 Ah, no ! she cries ; o'er Sylvia's fall
 Exult not, though 'twas just ;
 Dash not the sinner's name with gall,
 Nor triumph o'er her dust.

True virtue scorns to fling the dart,
 Herself above all fear ;
 When justice stings the guilty heart,
 She drops the gen'rous tear :
 Then own, ye nymphs, this godlike truth
 Is on your hearts impress ;
 On brightest patterns form your youth,
 And be for ever blest.

CXLIV. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

HArk ! the birds begin their lay,
 Flow'rets deck the robe of May :
 See the little lambkins bound,
 Playful o'er the clover ground ;
 While the heifers sportive low,
 Where the yellow cowslips blow.
 While the heifers sportive low,
 Where the yellow cowslips blow.

K

Now

Now the swains and nymphs advance
 O'er the lawn in perfect dance ;
 Garlands from the hawthorn bough
 Grace the happy shepherds brow ;
 While the lasses, in array,
 Wait upon the queen of May.
 While the, &c.

Innocence, content, and love,
 Fill the meadows and the grove ;
 Mirth, that never wears a frown,
 Health, with sweetness all her own :
 Labour puts on pleasure's smile,
 And pale care forgets his toil.
 Labour puts, &c.

Ah ! what pleasures shepherds know !
 Monarchs cannot such bestow ;
 Love improves each happy hour,
 Grandeur has not such in store.
 Learn, ambition, learn from hence,
 Happiness is innocence.
 Learn, ambition, learn from hence,
 Happiness is innocence.

CXLV. SONG.

Hark ! the hollow woods resounding
 Echo to the hunter's cry ;
 Hark ! how all the vales surrounding,
 To his chearing voice reply.
 Now so swift o'er hills aspiring
 He pursues the gay delight ;
 Distant woods and vales retiring,
 Seem to vanish from his sight.
 Hark ! the hollow woods resounding,
 Echo to the hunter's cry ;

Hark

[III]

Hark ! how all the vales surrounding
To his chearing voice reply.

Flying still, and still pursuing,
See the fox, the hounds, the men ;
Cunning cannot save from ruin,
Far from refuge, wood, and den.
Now they kill him, homeward hie him,
For a jovial night's repast :
Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them,
Health continues to the last.

CXLVI. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away ;
Come the grave, come the gay ;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

A I R.

From the east breaks the morn,
See the sun-beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountains so high,
The wild heath, and the mountains so high ;
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the vallies reply,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers so good
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the pard and the boar,
By encount'ring, &c.

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar,
And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Where the, &c.

Though in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field,
Still let ours, &c.

With the chace in full sight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mortal sensations refine!
How our, &c.

Where is care, where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear;
And the man's lost in something divine,
And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys;
Lo! each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole,
That anon shall enliven the whole;
Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

CXLVII. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in the Maid of the Mill.*

HArk! 'tis I, your own true lover,
After walking three long miles;
One kind look at least discover,
Come, and speak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on,
Ah! you little cunning vixen!
I can see your roguish smiles.

Adds!

Addslids ! my mind is so posselt,
 'Till we're sped I shan't have rest ;
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here an you like it,
 Ready to strike it,
 There's at once an end of arguing :
 I am her's, she is mine ;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

CXLVIII. SONG.

He.

HAste, haste, ev'ry nymph, and each swain, to
 the grove ;

For Venus is there, 'tis the season for love :
 Obey the kind summons ; for if she's defy'd,
 Your boldness she'll conquer, and punish your

She. [pride.

Oh hear me, ye fair ones, nor heedlessly run ;
 The path to delight is the road you should shun :
 Fly far from the grove, if Venus be there ;
 Her summons is cruel, her smiles are a snare.

He.

Sure nature was never averse to delight ;
 Where pleasure is present, fear soon takes its
 flight ; [warm'd,
 Proud nymph, if by kindness you cannot be
 Remember that Venus her Cupid has arm'd.

She.

I fear not his vengeance, his bow, nor his darts ;
 'Tis credulous folly that softens our hearts :
 But virtue's the shield those hearts can secure,
 And passion's a sickness discretion can cure.

He.

Discretion ! why Venus would laugh at the name :
 If once in your bosom she kindles a flame,

In spite of yourself, you would hie to the grove;
For reason can't struggle 'gainst nature and love.

She.

Go, leave me, deceiver, let reason prevail;
'Gainst nature and passion let fear turn the scale.

Both.

Nay, traitor, forbear; I'm to honour a slave.
Nay, fairest, be kinder; to love I'm a slave.

CXLIX. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.*

Hence with cares, complaint, and frowning;
Welcome jollity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ.
Let's to friendship do our duty,
Laugh and sing some good old strain;
Drink a health to love and beauty,
May they long in triumph reign!

CL. SONG.

Here attend, all ye swains,
And ye nymphs of the plains,
Quit your flocks and your herds for a while;
Hither quickly repair,
In our mirth a part share,
And each let her love meet with a smile.
Hark, the drum Hymen beats,
Hark, how echo repeats
The sweet sound, as it flies swift away;
O'er hills, and o'er dales,
Ev'ry ear it assails,
And mocks their long, tedious delay.

O!

O! how happy is he,
 That contented can be,
 To enjoy the best treasure of life ;
 All he'd wish e'er to gain,
 He'll be sure to obtain,
 In a prudent and sensible wife.

Should the rover pretend
 That these joys will soon end,
 And that love will expire with the moon ;
 Mark how pain and disease
 The lewd libertine seize,
 Ere he reaches the height of life's noon.

But how wretched indeed,
 He whom fate has decreed
 From the arms of his fair-one to part !
 All endeavours are vain
 To assuage the sharp pain
 Which is felt in a love-troubled heart.

Though life's busy scene,
 May oft help to serene,
 And disperse the dark clouds of despair ;
 Yet when night's silent noon
 Helps to add to its gloom,
 Who can say what the mind suffers there ?

Haste this day to employ,
 Thus devoted to joy,
 And with innocent mirth let's abound ;
 Thus in chorus we'll sing,
 While the forest shall ring
 With the burthen of music's soft sound.

May all present attain
 A life free from pain,
 Ever strangers to discord or strife ;

May

May the single soon find,
In the maiden that's kind,
The joys of an amiable wife!

CLI. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the School for Scandal.*

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
Likewise to her that has none, sir;
Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And here's to her that's but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be thin,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass, &c.

CLII. *Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the Maid of the Mill.*

Hist, hist! I hear my mother call!
Pr'ythee be gone,
We'll meet anon.—

Catch

Catch this, and this—
 Blow me a kiss,
 In pledge of promis'd truth, that's all.
 Farewell!—and yet a moment stay,
 Something beside I have to say;
 Well, 'tis forgot;—
 No matter what.
 Love grant us grace,
 'The mill's the place,
 She calls again, I must away.

CLIII. SONG.

H Opeless lovers, who sue in vain,
 Whose hearts are frozen with cold disdain,
 Learn of Jockey love's pleasing art,
 To quell a beauty's insolence, and melt her heart:
 He, like you, would sigh and pine,
 From Phœbus' rise to his decline:
 I deny'd, and reply'd, with scornful brow,
 Ah, Jockey 'twill not do, pr'ythee leave me now.
 Gazing, advancing, his eyes love darting,
 Jenny, said he—one kiss at parting;
 Clasping then my slender waist,
 With eager arms he me embrac'd,
 Kiss'd me, call'd on Heav'n above,
 To reward his faithful love.
 Partially I ey'd him,
 Faintly I deny'd him,
 My tongue bely'd my heart;
 His shape, his face,
 And manly grace,
 Strongly took my lover's part.
 I his suit approving,
 He my doubts removing,

With

With ardour reply'd,
 I'll haste to bring
 The wedding ring,
 Lovely Jenny is my bride.
 Hopeless lovers, mind what I sing,
 No cure for disdain like a kiss and a ring.

CLIV. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto and Mrs. Mattocks
 in Love in a Village.*

Mrs. Pinto.

HOPE! thou nurse of young desire,
 Fairy promiser of joy,
 Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
 Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy.

Mrs. Mattocks.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
 Softest soother of the mind,
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
 Surest friend the wretched find.

Both.

Kind deceiver, flatter still;
 Deal out pleasures unpossess;
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,
 And in wishes make me blest.

CLV. SONG.

HOW blest has my time been! what days have
 I known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain;
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.
 Through walks grown with woodbines, as often
 we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
 How

How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me ;
And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper oft-times am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green ;
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and smiles ;
And meets, &c,

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year thro':
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her
And gives, &c. [youth ;

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to insnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair ;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam !
To hold it for life, you must find it at home ;
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

CLVI. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.*

HOW blest the maid whose bosom
No headstrong passion knows !

Her days in joy she passes,

Her nights in sweet repose :

Where'er her fancy leads her,

No pain, no fear, invades her,

But pleasure

Without measure

From ev'ry object flows.

CLVII. *Sung by Mrs. Clive, in the Miser.*

HOW brimful of nothing's the life of a beau !
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing
to do ;

And

And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know;
Such, such is the life of a beau,
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air;
Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their
hair; [stare.

And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter, and
Such, such is the life of a beau,
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing at night to the playhouse they crowd,
To mind nothing done there, they always are proud,
But to bow and to grin, and talk *nothing* aloud:
Such, such is the life of a beau,
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball:
And for nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call;
For they still must be basted, who've nothing at all:
Such, such is the life of a beau,
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear;
They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to
fear; [here:
They can be nothing no where, who nothing are
Such, such is the life of a beau,
Such, such is the life of a beau.

CLVIII. *Sung by Signor Giustinelli, in Almena.*

HOW can I my heart surrender,
And not most unfaithful prove?
Yet 'tis grateful to be tender,
When from pity rises love.

But, can honour prove ungrateful,
And the vows of love suppress?

'Tis unmanly, if, deceitful,
When we're blest we cease to blefs.

CLIX. HYMN.

HOW chearful along the gay mead,
The daisy and cowslip appear ;
The flocks as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.
The myrtles that shade the gay bow'r,
The herbage that springs from the sod ;
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my God.
Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove ?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it, devotion and love.
The Lord who such wonders cou'd raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My soul shall be rapt in my God.

CLX. SONG.

HOW easy was Colin, how blithe, and how gay !
Ere he met the fair Chloris, how sprightly
his lay !
So graceful her form, so accomplish'd her mind,
Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must be
join'd, [join'd.
Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must be
Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,
How just was her motion ! how sweet was her
tongue !

L

And

And when the youth told her his passionate flame,
 She allow'd him to fancy her heart felt the same.
 She allow'd him, &c.

With ardour he press'd her to think him sincere;
 But, alas! she redoubled each hope and each fear:
 She would not deny, nor she would not approve,
 And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her
 And she neither, &c. [love.

Now cheer'd by complacence, now froze by disdain,
 He languish'd for freedom, but languish'd in vain;
 Till Thyrlis, who pity'd so helpless a slave,
 Eas'd his heart of its pain by the counsel he gave,
 Eas'd his heart, &c.

Forsake her, said he, and reject her awhile;
 If she loves you, she soon will return with a smile:
 You can judge of her passion by absence alone,
 And by absence will conquer her heart,—or your
 And by absence, &c. [own.

This advice he pursu'd; but the remedy prov'd
 Too fatal, alas! to the fair one he lov'd;
 Which cur'd his own passion, but left her in vain
 To sigh for a heart she could never regain,
 To sigh for a heart she could never regain.

CLXI. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Comus.*

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air!
 Like sunny beams his golden hair;
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales:
 How hard such beauties to resign!
 And yet that cruel task is mine.
 How hard, &c.

A I L.

A I R.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme ;
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain ;
 The hills, &c.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled ;
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more ;
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head ;
 All nature does my loss deplore :
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain ;
 All, all, &c.

CLXII. SONG.

HOW happy a state does a miller possess,
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less !
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court :
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau :
 A clown in his dress may be honester far
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star ;
 Than a courtier, &c.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be
 seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal :
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal :
 Gold in handling, &c.

L 2

What

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks;
 In this a right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other men's bags:
 Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this too he'd mimic the tools of the state,
 Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill;
 And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill:
 And all, &c.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's
 dry,
 And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;
 Then rises up chearful, to work and to sing:
 If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?
 If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

CLXIII. *Sung by Miss Davies, in Love in a
 Village.*

HOW happy were my days till now!
 I ne'er did sorrow feel;
 With joy I rose to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning-wheel.
 My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.
 O the fool, the silly, silly fool,
 That trusts what man may be!
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

CLXIV.

CLXIV. SONG.

HOW heavy the time rolls along;
 Now Julia is out of my sight!
 How dull is the nightingale's song,
 That formerly gave such delight!
 The meadows that seemed so green,
 Now lose all their verdure of May;
 The cowslip and violet are seen
 To droop, fade, and wither away.
 Bright Phœbus no longer can please,
 Gay prospects no longer can charm;
 E'en music affords me no ease,
 Tho' wont ev'ry passion to calm:
 My flocks too disorderly stray,
 And bleat their complaints in my ear;
 No more they leap, frolic, and play,
 But sad, like their master, appear.
 But, ah! if my Julia were seen,
 My lambs they'd rebound on the plain;
 Each flow'ret wou'd spring on the green,
 And nightingales charm me again:
 Return then, my fair-one, return,
 Your coming no longer delay;
 O leave not your shepherd to mourn,
 But hasten, my charmer, away!

CLXV. *Sung by Mrs. Abington, in Twelfth-Night.*

HOW imperfect is expression,
 Some emotions to impart!
 When we mean a soft confession,
 And yet seek to hide the heart;

When our bosoms, all complying,
 With delicious tumults swell,
 And beat what broken, falt'ring, dying,
 Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror
 Quite expressive paints my cheek;
 Ask no more—behold your error!
 Blushes eloquently speak.
 What tho' silent is my anguish,
 Or breath'd only to the air,
 Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
 Read what yours have written there.

Oh ! that you could once conceive me,
 Once my soul's strong feeling view:
 Love has nought more fond, believe me;
 Friendship nothing half so true.
 From you I am wild, despairing;
 With you, speechless as I touch:
 This is all that bears declaring,
 And perhaps declares too much.

CLXVI. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in the Fair Quaker
 of Deal.*

HOW little do the landmen know
 Of what we sailors feel,
 When waves do mount, and winds do blow!
 But we have hearts of steel.
 No danger can affright us;
 No enemy shall flout:
 We'll make the Monsieurs right us:
 So tofs the can about.
 Stick stout to orders, messmates;
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink:

Then,

Then, France, have at your first rates;

For Britons never shrink:

We rummage all we fancy;

We'll bring them in by scores;

And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,

Shall roll in Louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying

With our noble commodore,

We'll spend our wages freely, boys,

And then to sea for more.

In peace we'll drink and sing, boys;

In war we'll never fly:

Here's a health to George our king, boys,

And the royal family.

CLXVII. SONG.

HOW oft, Louisa, hast thou said,
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)

Thou wouldst not lose Anthonio's love,

To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind!

And by this hand I prest'd to mine!

To gain a subject nation's love,

I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,

Who own what kingdoms could not buy!

Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,

And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroll'd, in mutual bliss,

And rich in love's exhaustless mine,

Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,

And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

CLXVIII.

CLXVIII. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in the Royal Chace.*

HOW pleasing we find the gay sports of the field!
 While thro' the vales we're bounding,
 The hills our cries resounding,
 The musical chace all its pleasure does yield.
 How delightful the pause when the stag stood at bay!
 But when his flight renewing,
 Again we were pursuing,
 'Till we crown'd with success the sport of the day.

CLXIX. SONG.

HOW sweet are the roses of June,
 The pink and the jessamine gay;
 But stripp'd of their blossoms, how soon,
 How sudden those sweets will decay!
 Just such is the maid in her prime,
 Adorn'd with the bloom of fifteen;
 But robb'd of her beauty by time,
 No traces of youth can be seen.
 Then, Phillis, be wise whilst you may,
 To Damon's addresses prove kind,
 Relent, or believe what I say,
 Too late you will alter your mind.
 When next the fond youth shall declare
 The passion which glows in his breast,
 With him to the altar repair,
 Nor longer refuse to be blest.

CLXX. SONG.

I AM marry'd, and happy; with wonder hear
 Ye rovers, and rakes of the age; [this,
 Who

Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
 And whom only loose pleasures engage :
 You may laugh, but believe me you're all in the
 When you merrily marriage deride ; [wrong,
 For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
 And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
 Are fugitive ; never sincere ;
 Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
 Interrupted by doubts and by fear :
 But those which in legal attachments we find,
 When the heart is with innocence pure,
 Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
 And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that
 True love is with sentiment join'd ; [name,
 But yours is a passion, a feverish flame,
 Rais'd without the consent of the mind.
 When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
 With this and with that ye are cloy'd ;
 Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
 And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me, from whence my felicity flows ?
 My answer is short,—“ From a wife ;
 “ Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature,
 I chose,
 “ Which are beauties that charm us for life.”
 To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
 Ev'ry hour each studies to seize ;
 And we find ourselves happy from morning to
 By our mutual endeavours to please. [night,

CLXXI. *Sung by Miss Poitier, in the Maid of the Mill.*

I AM young, and I am friendless,
And poor, alas ! withal ;
Sure my sorrows will be endless,
In vain for help I call.

Have some pity in your nature,
To relieve a wretched creature,
Though the gift be ne'er so small.
May you, possessing every blessing,
Still inherit, sir, all you merit, sir,
And never know what it is to want ;
Sweet Heaven, your worship all happiness grant !

CLXXII. *Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.*

I Do as I will with my swain ;
He never once thinks I am wrong :
He likes none so well on the plain,
I please him so well with my song.
A song is the shepherd's delight,
He hears me with joy all the day ;
He's sorry when comes the dull night,
That hastens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once oppress'd,
He ask'd me to sooth him the while ;
My voice set his mind all to rest,
And the shepherd would instantly smile :
Since when, or in mead, or in grove,
By his flocks, or the clear river side,
I sing my best songs to my love,
And to charm him is grown all my pride.

No

No beauty had I to endear,
 No treasure of nature, or art ;
 But my voice, which had gain'd on his ear,
 Soon found out the way to his heart :
 To try if that voice would not please,
 He took me to join the gay throng ;
 I won the rich prize with much ease,
 And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not jealousy raise,
 I wish to enchant but my swain ;
 Enough then for me is his praise,
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.
 When youth, wealth, and beauty may fail,
 And your shepherds elude all your skill,
 Your sweetness of song may prevail,
 And gain all your swains to your will.

CLXXIII. SONG.

IF a kiss you would gain,
 Am I bound to explain ?
 Ah! could you not guess by my eyes ?
 When they, without guile,
 So twinkle and smile,
 A glance is enough to the wise.

CLXXIV. *Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the Golden Pippin.*

IF I have some—little—beauty—
 Can I help it?—No, not I ;—
 Some good luck, too—'tis my duty
 Gifts so precious to apply.
 Nature—fortune—gave 'em freely,
 And I'll use 'em—quite genteelly.

If

If the smarts of the sky
Cringe, ogle, and sigh,
Whene'er I pass by ;

And cry,
Look y' there !

What an air !

Gods, how fair !

Pray, why
(To feed your starch'd pride)
Must I go and hide,
'Till you're made a bride ?

Who, I ?

No, no—If I do, may I die.

CLXXV. *Sung in the Ephesian Matron.*

IF I was a wife,
And my dearest dear life
Took it into his noddle to die ;
Ere I took the whim
To be bury'd with him,
I think I'd know very well why.
If poignant my grief,
I'd search for relief,
Nor sink with the weight of my care ;
A salve might be found,
No doubt, above ground,
And I think I know very well where.
Another kind mate
Should give me what fate
Would not from the former allow ;
With him I'd amuse
The hours you abuse,
And I think I know very well how,

'Tis true, I'm a maid,
And so't may be said
No judge of the conjugal lot;
Yet marriage, I ween,
Has a cure for the spleen,
And I think I know very well what.

CLXXVI. *Sung by Mrs. Scott, in the Conscious Lovers.*

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment ?
If bitter, O tell me, whence comes my content ?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I com-
plain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known :
But, oh ! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love ;
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare
name !

How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are the charms !
How delightful embraces ! how peaceful her arms !
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must
yield, [field.
For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair

CLXXVII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.*

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, love,
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error cease to prove ;
O ! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create ;
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

CLXXVIII. *Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in the Maid
of the Mill.*

IF that's all you want, who the plague will be
sorry ?

'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry ;
For my share, I'm weary of what is got by't :
'Sflesh ! here's such a racket, such scolding and
coiling,

You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,
And drudging like horses from morning till
night.

You think I'm afraid, but the diff'rence to shew
you, [you ;

First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks, too, I throw
Henceforward, take care of your matters who
will : [need 'em,

They're welcome to slave for your wages that
Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

CLXXIX.

CLXXIX. SONG.

IF the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises our spirits, and charms our ears:
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those.

Press her,
Cares her,
With blisses,
And kisses,

Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

CLXXX. SONG. *In Alfred.*

IF those who live in shepherds bow'r,
Press not the gay and stately bed;
The new-mown hay and breathing flow'r
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherds board,
Sooth not their taste with wanton art;
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherds bowl,
No high and sparkling wine can boast;
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherds sport,
Dancing on the daisy'd ground,
Have not the splendor of a court;
Yet love adorns the merry round.

CLXXXI. SONG.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim ;
 He feels the passion, void of art,
 The pure, the constant flame.
 Though sighing swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love contemn ;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.
 Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire ;
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.
 By age your beauty will decay,
 Your mind improves with years ;
 As, when the blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning fruit appears.
 May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
 And bless the future hour,
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flow'r !

CLXXXII. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

IF tyrant love, with cruel dart,
 Transfix the maiden's tender heart,
 Of easy faith and fond belief,
 She hugs the dart, and aids the thief ;
 But, left her hapless state to mourn,
 Neglected, loving, and forlorn,
 She finds, whilst grief her bosom stings,
 The god has darts as well as wings.
 The god has, &c.

Thus

Thus when the eyes do look and like,
 In vain for help the heart doth call;
 Wit proves itself a very toy,
 And reason is but passion's thrall:
 For who can blame a tender heart,
 Whom love and fortune force to yield?
 Poor virtue! she would fain resist,
 But, Cupid, thou dost win the field.
 But, Cupid, &c.

CLXXXIII. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

IF you're not too proud for a word of advice,
 In your choice of a husband, girls, be not too
 nice: [shore,
 What with manning our ships, and protecting our
 You cannot have lovers, as once, by the score:
 If you wish to be married, your pride must come
 down;
 What a smile can procure do not lose by a frown.
 The time it has been, it will ne'er be again,
 When a legion of lovers I had in my train;
 They were pleas'd with my sing-song—I laugh'd
 at them all,
 For one was too short, and another too tall,
 Or too plump, or too slender, too young or too old,
 And this was too bashful, and that was too bold.
 All you who're in bloom, and who Hymen im-
 plore,
 Since love may not wait till the wars are all o'er,
 Resemble the willow, be gentle, and bend,
 Take pains for a lover, as you would for a friend;
 Look once at his person, but twice at his mind,
 Take him soon at his word—tho' you blush, yet
 be kind.

M 3

Expect

Expect not a crowd of admirers to see,
Rich, handsome, and courtly, and all they should be;
The times are so bad, and so chang'd is our lot,
That a man that's worth having is hard to be got;
Chuse quick, or you'll rue it the rest of your lives,
You may flourish as toasts, but you'll never be
wives.

CLXXXIV. *Sung in the Quaker.*

I Lock'd up all my treasure !
I journey'd many a mile ;
And by my grief did measure
The passing time the while.
My business done and over,
I hasten'd back amain,
Like an expecting lover,
To view it once again.
But this delight was stifled
As it began to dawn,
I found the casket rifled,
And all my treasure gone.

CLXXXV. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in the Jovial Crew.*

I Made love to Kate,
Long I sigh'd for she,
Till I heard of late,
She'd a mind for me :
I met her on the green,
In her best array ;
So pretty she did seem,
She stole my heart away.

Oh !

Oh ! t

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Again

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CLXX

I Met

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Upo

With a

Pray

Oh! then we kifs'd and prefs'd; were we much
to blame? [same.]

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
As I fonder grew,
She began to prate,
Quoth she—I'll marry you,
And you shall marry Kate;
But then I laugh'd and swore,
I lov'd her more than so;
Ty'd each to a rope's end
Is tugging to and fro.

Again we kifs'd and prefs'd; were we much to
blame? [same.]

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
Then she sigh'd, and said
She was wond'rous sick,
Dicky Katy led,
Katy she led Dick:
Long we toy'd and play'd
Under yonder oak,
Katy lost the game,
Tho' she play'd in joke;

For there we did, alas! what I dare not name;
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
same.

CLXXXVI. *Sung by Miss Plenius, at Marybone
Gardens.*

I Met young Damon t'other day;
And, near me as he drew,
No swain methought e'er look'd so gay;
Upon my word 'tis true.

With ardent blifs my lips he prest:
Pray, what could Phillis do?

I frown'd

I frown'd—but only frown'd in jest ;
Upon my word 'tis true.

The shepherd sigh'd, and talk'd of love,
A theme to me quite new ;
Of angels, heav'n, and pow'rs above ;
And vow'd that all was true.

My bosom throb'd, I knew not why,
As still more fond he grew ;
I listen'd to his tale with joy ;
Upon my word 'tis true.

" Let Damon now be blest," he cry'd,
And fondly to me flew :

I strove, but vainly strove, to chide ;
Upon my word 'tis true.

With blushes spread, I look'd consent,
Felt joys but known to few ;
For then I found what Damon meant,
And all he said was true.

CLXXXVII. SONG.

IN airy dreams soft fancy flies
My absent love to see,
And with the early dawn I rise,
Dear youth, to think on thee.
How swiftly flew the rosy hours,
While love and hope were new ;
Sweet as the breath of op'ning flowers,
But, ah ! as transient too !

CLXXXVIII. *Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.*

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
The sons of error urge their chace,

The

The wondrous to pursue ;
And, both in country and in town,
The curious courtier, cit, and clown,
Solicit something new.

The poets still from nature take,
And what is ready-made they make ;
Historians must be true :
How therefore shall we find a road,
Thro' dissertation, song, or ode,
To give you something new ?

They say virginity is scarce
As any thing in prose or verse,
And so is honour too :
The papers of the day imply,
No more than that we live and die,
And pay for something new.

We see alike the woeful dearth,
In melancholy, or in mirth ;
What then shall ladies do ?
Seek virtue as th' immortal prize ;
In fine, be honest, and be wise,
For that is something new.

CLXXXIX. SONG.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill, and some meadows—(a freehold
estate,)

A well-meaning miller, by labour supplies
Those blessings that nature to grand ones denies ;
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are health and content ;
Their lordships in lace may take note, if they will,
For he's honest—though daub'd with the dust of
his mill. Ere

Ere the lark's early carol salutes the new day,
 He springs from his cottage, as jocund as May;
 He chearfully whistles, regardless of care,
 Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair:
 While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
 Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great;
 No fraud, nor ambition, his bosom doth fill,
 Contented he works if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
 At church he's the loudest to chant, or to pray;
 Sits down to a dinner of plain English food;
 And, tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good:
 At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
 He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John;
 Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
 —No monarch's more blest than the man of the mill.

CXC. *Sung by Mrs. Arne.*

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go,
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn
 trees grow;

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvens and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus said, "Tho' young Molly be
 fair,

Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
 But Susy is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
 Her breath, like the breeze, gives perfumes to the
 spring: There's

There's Jenny, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon is inconstant, and never speaks truth;
 But Susy is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.
 My lady's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
 Is awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
 But Susy, who knows neither riches nor scorn,
 Is mild as the blushes that paint the new morn.
 Ah! friends, how delighted, how blest should I be,
 Would my Susy but smile, and her parents agree!
 What more could I wish for? my Susy's the whole,
 The joy of my eyes, and the pride of my soul."

CXCI. SONG.

IN fabulous pages, where grave tutors train us,
 The salt-water sov'reign is call'd Oceanus;
 His spouse was deliver'd, by man-midwife Triton,
 Of this sea-girt island, his fav'rite Britain.

The Najads were nurses; old Trident declar'd,
 To embellish his offspring no pains shou'd be spar'd:
 By flying-fish drawn, to Olympus he drove,
 And petition'd the gods, that his suit they'd approve.

I'll make it, quoth Jupiter, king of the sea;
 Avast! reply'd Neptune, pray leave that to me:
 I'll guard it with shoals, and I'll make their lads
 seamen. [men.

Strong Hercules holla'd—I'll make 'em all free—
 And what will you make? Venus whisper'd to
 Mars;— [tars.

I'll make them all soldiers, that Nep. don't make
 Momus

Momus smil'd; as that droll always merrily means,
He begg'd they'd go partners, and make 'em ma-
rines.

Quoth Saturn, much time I'll allow 'em for thinking;
Buck Bacchus reply'd, no, allow it for drinking:
But Mercury answer'd, a fig for your wine,
The art of time-killing by card-playing's mine.

By Styx, quoth Apollo, but, Hermes, you're bit;
'Gainst gaming I'll send 'em an antidote,—wit:
In England, laugh'd Momus, wit no one regards,
Save that sort of wit that's in—playing your cards.

Well, well, replies Phœbus, I'll mend their condi-
tions,

I'll teach 'em to fiddle, and send 'em physicians.
'Mong fiddlers, quoth Momus, true harmony's
scarce;

And as to your doctorship,—physic's a farce.

Says Venus, I'll people this island with beauties,
And tempt married men to be true to their duties.—
You to married-men's duty a friend! bawl'd out

Juno, [you know,
You're a strumpet, you slut, and that I know and

Then turning to Jove, who look'd pale, she began,—
I'll spoil your Olympical gift-giving plan:

Herself not consulted, she vow'd she wou'd wrong us,
Blew a scold from her mouth, and sent Party
among us.

God Bacchus, to counterpoise Juno's rash action,
Commanded Silenus to seize upon Faction;
Swift flitted the fiend, the old toper outsped,
Whilst Semele's son sent a flask at his head.

The imp, by the blow, speechless fell to the ground;
 May wine thus for ever foul faction confound:
 Unanimity ! that, that's the toast of our hearts,
 Though no party-men here, here's to all men of
 parts.

CXCII. *Sung by Mr. Squibb, in Artaxerxes.*

I N infancy our hopes and fears
 Were to each other known ;
 And friendship, in our riper years,
 Has twin'd our hearts in one :
 O ! clear him then from this offence :
 Thy love, thy duty prove ;
 Restore him with that innocence
 Which first inspir'd my love.

CXCIII. *Sung by Mrs. Cargill, in the Carnival of Venice.*

I N my pleasant native plains,
 Wing'd with bliss each moment flew ;
 Nature there inspir'd the strains,
 Simple as the joys I knew ;
 Jocund morn and evening gay
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
 All that health and joy impart ;
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,
 Faithful echoes to the heart !
 Happy hours, for ever gay,
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove ;

N

Who,

Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Wou'd not join the song of love?
 Your sweet notes and chaunting gay
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

CXCIV. SONG. *The Pilgrim.*

IN penance for past folly,
 A pilgrim blithe and jolly,
 Sworn foe to melancholy,
 Set out strange lands to see;
 With cockle-shells on hat-brim,
 Staffs, beads, and scrip, in that trim
 Befitting of a pilgrim,
 Begging for charity.

With unshod feet he traces
 His way thro' wilds and chafes,
 And sundry dismal places,
 In hopes some roof to see;
 But when that he could find no
 House nor hut to go to,
 Was ever pilgrim put so
 To it for charity?

But now, when most dejected,
 Kind Heaven, when least expected,
 A maiden's steps directed;
 Whence come you, sir? says she.
 Full many a weary step, sweet,
 And all with these poor bare feet,
 O could I, by your help, meet
 Lodging for charity.

With courteous voice and accent,
 Says she, I see your quite spent,
 Yet what I say is well meant,
 Pray lodge to-night with me.

This favour is excessive :
 No speeches, sir ; while I live,
 If I have aught I can give,
 'Tis given in charity.

He ey'd her charms whilst eating,
 And call'd her love and sweeting,
 And many a tender greeting,
 So kind a heart had he.
 Kind sir, says she, you're tired,
 'Tis time you were retired,
 Nor beds nor rooms are hired,
 But lent in charity.

My tenement is brittle,
 And is, I fear, too little.
 It fits me to a tittle,
 So in at once went he.
 Through many a town and city
 I've been, and O ! the pity,
 Ne'er met a room so pretty,
 Nor so much charity.

Nine days he past in clover,
 So well he play'd the lover :
 She thought it too soon over,
 And will you go ? said she.
 But, gentle pilgrim, should you
 Return, you know I would do
 As much as woman could do,
 To shew my charity.

CXC. SONG.

IN story we're told
 How our monarchs of old
 O'er France spread their royal domain ;

But no annals can shew
 Their pride laid so low [boys!
 As when brave George the Second did reign, brave
 As when brave George the Second did reign.

Of Roman and Greek
 Let Fame no more speak,
 How their arms the old world did subdue ;
 Thro' the nations around
 Let our trumpets now sound,
 How Britons have conquer'd the new, brave boys!
 How Britons have conquer'd the new.

East, west, north, and south,
 Our cannons loud mouth
 Shall the right of our monarch maintain :
 On America's strand
 Amherst limits the land,
 Boscawen gave law on the main, brave boys!
 Boscawen gave law on the main.

Each port and each town
 We still make our own ;
 Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar,
 Guadeloupe, Senegal,
 Quebec's mighty fall,
 Shall prove we've no equal in war, brave boys!
 Shave prove we've no equal in war.

Though Conflans did boast,
 He'd conquer our coast,
 Our thunder soon made Monsieur mute :
 Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
 Then pounc'd on his prey,
 And gave him an English salute, brave boys !
 And gave him an English salute.

At

At Minden, you know,
How we conquer'd the foe,
While homeward their army now steals;
Tho', they cry'd, British bands
Are too hard for our hands,
Begar we can beat them in heels, morbleu!
Begar we can beat them in heels.

While our heroes from home
For laurels now roam,
Should their flat-bottom'd boats but appear;
Our militia shall shew
No wooden-shoe foe
Can with freemen in battle compare, brave boys!
Can with freemen in battle compare.

Our fortunes and lives,
Our children and wives,
To defend is the time now or never;
Then let each volunteer
To the drum-head repair;
King George and Old England for ever, brave boys!
King George and Old England for ever.

CXCVI. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

IN the social amusements of life let me live,
Prove ev'ry delight love and friendship can give;
Where easy good-nature gives converse a zest,
Where sense in the light robe of humour is drest;
Where harmony, beauty, and reason combine,
Our souls to improve, and our tempers refine.
At the festival board, where my Phœbe can share
The jest—which her pureness unsully'd may hear,
Unblushing enjoy, unrepining approve,
While Damon toasts freely to friendship and love;
While

While harmony, beauty, and reason combine
Our souls to improve, and our tempers refine.

Time was meant for a blessing, not dealt for a curse;
The troubles of life are by pining made worse;
The sullen recluse may disrelish my plan, [can,
But I'll live, and I'll love, and I'll laugh while I
While harmony, beauty, and reason combine,
Our souls to improve, and our tempers refine.

CXCVII. *Sung by Mrs. Clive, in the Chaplet.*

IN vain I try my ev'ry art,
Nor can I fix one single heart,
Yet I'm not old or ugly;
Let me consult my faithful glass—
A face much worse than this might pass,
Methinks I look full smugly.
Yet bless'd with all these pow'rful charms,
The young Palemon fled these arms,
That wild unthinking rover:
Hope, silly maids, as sure to bind
The rolling stream, the flying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.
But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty riot:
Like madmen, how they rave and swear!
A while they shake their chains, and stare—
But then lie down in quiet.

CXCVIII. *Sung by Mr. Dodd, in the Gentle Shepherd.*

Jockey said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a whit, quoth Jenny, for my fortune good,
For

For my fortune good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quoth Jockey, ye may let me be.

I ha'e gold and gear, I ha'e land enough,
I ha'e seven good oxen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and wand'ring o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I've ain geud house and barn, and eke a bire,
A pea-stack 'fore the door will make a ranting fire;
I'll make a ranting fire, and merry we will be,
And gin you will not ha'e me, ye may let me be.

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

CXCIX. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

I See it, Myra, know it well,
That love has reach'd your heart;
For what your tongue denies to tell,
Your willing eyes impart.

When Damon wrestles on the green
Your looks your passion prove;
For in your eyes are plainly seen
The partial joy of love.

When Suky gave her lily hand
To Damon of the vale,
Say, could you then your fears command,
Did not your cheeks turn pale?
Cease then, dear maid, to tease the youth,
But plainly own your flame;
For love consists in honest truth,
And will itself proclaim.

CC. SONG.

I Seek my shepherd, gone astray ;
 He left our cot the other day :
 Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,
 Pass'd the dear rebel through your plains ?
 Oh ! whither, whither must I roam,
 To find, and charm the wand'rer home ?

Sports he upon the shaven green,
 Or joys he in the mountain scene ?
 Leads he his flocks along the mead,
 Or does he seek the cooler shade ?
 Oh ! teach a wretched nymph the way
 To find her lover gone astray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant swain ;
 A manly softness crowns his mien ;
 Adonis was not half so fair ;
 And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear !
 But oh ! the soothing poison shun ;
 To listen is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame ;
 To me the perjur'd swore the same :
 Too fondly loving to be wise,
 Who gave my heart an easy prize ;
 And when he tun'd his syren voice,
 Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But sated now, he shuns the kiss
 He counted once his greatest bliss ;
 Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
 And pant and die for his return.
 Oh ! whither, whither shall I rove,
 Again to find my straying love ?

CCI. *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

I Seek not at once in a female to find
The form of a Venus, with Pallas's mind ;
Let the fair one I love have but prudence in view,
That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true :
Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and
clean ;

Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mien :
By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,
Nor indebted to paint,—nor indebted to paint,
For white or for red,—for white or for red.

May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of
the sex,

Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex ;
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest ;
May her humour the taste of the company hit,
Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit :
Go, find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,
And I'll love her for ever,—I'll love her for ever,
—I mean, if I can,—I mean, if I can.

CCII. SONG.

I Strove, but in vain,
To chase away pain,
Which had taken deep root in my heart ;
My rest me forsook ;
Betray'd in my look,
What I felt from fly Cupid's keen dart.

CCIII. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few ;
While

While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold ;
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
And was not Flavia then sincere ?

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind :
She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear ;
And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress :
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains ;
Go reap the plenty of your plains :
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love's sincere.

CCIV. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Wedding
Ring.*

I Will have my humour, I'll please all my senses,
I'll neither be stinted in love nor expences ;
I'll dress with profusion, I'll game without mea-
sure, [sure.

You shall have the bus'ness, and I'll have the plea-
By every incentive I'll rouse inclination,
More changing, capricious, and vain, than the
fashion ;

In short, I'll take care, by the bent of my carriage,
To shew you the sweets and the comforts of
marriage.

CCV. SONG.

I Winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the lee;
I winna ha the Dominee, for geud he canna be;
But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee.

For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

I will not have the minister, for all his godly looks;
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily
crooks: [miller;

I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the
But I will have my Sandy lad, without one penny
filler.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to the
war;

I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells of tar:

I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their
mickle gear; [meir.

But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

CCVI. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

L Aft week, in the grove,
I met with my love,

Who hastily bid me be gone;

I ask'd for a kiss,

She took it amiss,

Her answer was, Let me alone.

Fye, fye, Phillis, fye,

What makes you so thy?

I answer'd, in passionate tone;

But still she reply'd,

"You must be deny'd,

"So leave me, and let me alone,

" I know that you men
 " Are false, nine in ten,
 " I never reflected till now ;
 " No longer pursue,
 " But cease to subdue,
 " You shall not deceive me, I vow."

I told her, for life
 I'd make her my wife,
 And swear to be true, o'er and o'er ;
 That I'd virtue and youth,
 Love, honour, and truth,
 And what could she wish to have more ?

" If that's your intent,
 " I give my consent,"
 She cry'd, " To the priest let's be gone."
 I led her away,
 She's happy and gay,
 Nor longer cries, Let me alone.

CCVII. SONG.

LET ambition fire thy mind ;
 Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd :
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.
 Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet ;
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread ;
 Joys incircling joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led.
 Let not toils of empire fright ;
 Toils of empire pleasures are ;
 Thou shalt only know delight ;
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd,

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize
 For the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

CCVIII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul,
 Who, Aristippus-like, can his passions con-
 Of wisest philosophers wisest was he [troul :
 Who, attentive to ease, let his mind still be free.
 The prince, peer, or peasant, to him was the same,
 For pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he came;
 But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,
 And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end :
 He found fault with none, if none found fault with
 him,

If his friend had a humour—he humour'd his whim;
 If wine was the word—why, he bumper'd his glass,
 If love was the topic—he toasted his lass ;
 But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,
 He found fault with neither ; for this was his creed,
 That, let them be guided by folly or sense,
 'Twould be *semper eadem* a hundred years hence.
 He thought 'twas unsocial to be mal-content,
 If the tide went with him—with the tide too he
 went ;

But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

O

Was

Was the nation at war—he wish'd well to the sword,
 If a peace was concluded—a peace was his word;
 Disquiet to him, of or body or mind,
 Was the latitude only he never could find;
 The philosopher's stone was but gravel and pain,
 And all who had sought it, had sought it in vain;
 He still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow Aristippus's rules,
 And deem his opponents both asses and mules;
 Let those, not contented to lead or to drive,
 By the bees of their sects be drove out of their hive;
 Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease,
 May they never find out the blest art to please;
 While our friends and ourselves, not forgetting
 our wives,

By these maxims may live all the days of our lives.

CCIX. *Sung by Mr. Beard, and Mrs. Pinto, in*
 Thomas and Sally.

Thomas.

LET fops pretend in flames to melt,
 And talk of pangs they never felt;
 I speak without disguise or art,
 And with my hand bestow my heart.

Sally.

Let ladies prudishly deny,
 Look cold, and give their thoughts the lye;
 I own the passion in my breast,
 And long to make my lover blest.

Thomas.

For this, the sailor on the mast
 Endures the cold and cutting blast;

All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

Sally.

For this the virgin pines and sighs,
With throbbing heart and streaming eyes,
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

Duetto.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind ;
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

CCX. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.*

LET gay ones, and great,
Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run ;
Well, who cares a jot ?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.
For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light ;
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.

CCXI. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

LET misers hug their darling store,
And kiss each guinea o'er and o'er,
I'm richer with a shilling ;
It brings me out to chearful air,
To meet my lovely, cruel fair,
Oh ! that she was but willing.

O 2

To

To make her such, I point to groves,
And bid her mark the heart sick doves,
How sweetly they are billing ;
But all in vain (as yet) my art,
For, oh ! I feel across my heart,
Love's god his poison spilling.

The streams which flow, like my sad eye,
Will leave, at last, their channels dry,
Unless the springs are filling ;
And softest rain, on hardest stone,
Will wear (tho' drops fall one by one)
A hole, by constant drilling.

But, oh ! my springs will ne'er again
Replenish, but with fresher pain,
Her frowns are still so killing ;
Nor will my tears her marble pierce,
Though constant drops bedew my verse,
From eyes like limbeck's stilling.

I sung the song, it pleas'd her too,
" How Sue loves I, and I loves Sue,"
While neighbour's grist was milling ;
But all was vain, if you must know :
So I resolv'd to let her go,
Because she was not willing.

CCXII. SONG.

LET misers starve over the wealth they possess,
And as it grows greater still fancy it less :
Give me but my bottle, my pipe, and my glass,
And heighten my bliss with a sweet blooming lass,
I'll despise
Being so wise.

As

As the wind blows,
So the world goes,

I'll ne'er quit my bottle until the sun rise.

Let lawyers, physicians, and parsons pretend,
That the good of mankind is their principal end:
Law, phylic, divinity, soon would expire,
Were Bacchus and Plutus from hence to retire.

Life at best
Is but a jest,
E'en a bubble,
Noise and trouble;

Give me but my bottle, I'll give up the rest.

Let fond foolish lovers whine over the fair,
And, in love disappointed, yield up to despair;
No fickle, coy maiden, my mind shall perplex,
No female inconstancy me e'er shall vex.

Thus let me,
Easy and free,
Void of all care,
Hope or despair,

Sit down to my bottle, or rove like a bee.

CCXIII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.*

LET not rage thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove:
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.
Each ungentle thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
Nor with rancour never ending,
Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress.

Let not rage thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove:

Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
I, alas! at once have lost
Father, brother, lover, friend!

Let not rage thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove:
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

CCXIV. SONG.

LET others Damon's praise rehearse,
Or Colin's at their will;
I mean to sing, in rustic verse,
Young Strephon of the hill.

As once I sat beneath the shade,
Beside a purling rill;
Who should my solitude invade,
But Strephon of the hill:

He tapt my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss;
I could not take it ill;
For nothing sure is done amiss
By Strephon of the hill.

Consent, O lovely maid! he cry'd,
Nor aim thy swain to kill;
Consent this day to be the bride
Of Strephon of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
See how they sit and bill;
So sweet your time shall pass away
With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
 Be love propitious still !
 May every nymph be blest, like me,
 With Strephon of the hill !

CCXV. SONG.

LET poets praise the pasture mead,
 The moss-clad hill, the dale ;
 The shepherd piping on the reed,
 The maid with milking pail.
 The lark who soars on pinions high,
 With mellifluous note ;
 The sheep the herd, the butterfly,
 The frisky fawn, the goat.
 The bubbling brook, the grot, the grove,
 The blooming flow'rs so gay ;
 The wood, the brake, the sweet alcove,
 Or smiling dawn of day.
 While I a loftier theme rehearse,
 And think on these no more :
 But praise, in fond and faithful verse,
 The object I adore.
 Her skin is like the lily white,
 Her cheeks red roses are ;
 Her eyes outshine the sun-beams light,
 Her shape most debonair.
 Her manners mild as turtle-dove,
 In ringlets flow her hair ;
 She looks—she is the queen of love,
 And fairest of the fair.
 Her breath like spicy odours sweet
 That scent the eastern clime ;

Her

Her mind, her ways, are all compleat,
And source of all sublime.

To dwell with her through life's short space,
And view her heavenly charms,
Are all the joys I wish to trace,
Then die within her arms.

CCXVI. *Sung by Mr. Dyer and Mrs. Mattocks,
in Love in a Village.*

Mr. Dyer.

LET rakes and libertines, resign'd
To sensual pleasures, range :
Here all the sex's charms I find,
And ne'er can cool or change.

Mrs. Mattocks.

Let vain coquettes and prudes conceal
What most their hearts desire :
With pride my passion I reveal ;
Oh ! may it ne'er expire !

Duetto.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
The stars their orbits leave,
And fair creation sink in night,
When I my dear deceive.

CCXVII. *Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.*

LET the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the
swain,

Who in transports of passion affects to complain ;
For his rage, not his love, in his frenzy is shown ;
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown :
But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the
heart,

Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart ;

Or

Or in plaintive soft murmurs his bosom-felt woe
Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will
flow.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs :
But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is so tender—he cooes like a dove.

CCXVIII. *Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Thomas
and Sally.*

Life's a garden, rich in treasure,
Bury'd like the seeds in earth :
There lie joy, contentment, pleasure ;
But 'tis love must give them birth.

That warm sun its aid denying,
We no happiness can taste ;
But in cold obstruction lying,
Life is all one barren waste.

CCXIX. *Sung by Mr. Vernon,*

Like a wood-nymph in form, and Diana in mind,
To rural delights lovely Daphne inclin'd :
Sequester'd from man, from the gay and polite,
Groves, fountains, and meadows could only invite :
How strange, that a virgin so model'd for love
Should thus frown averie, and its joys disapprove,
And vow she would never be married !

When Sol drove his chariot through morn's golden gate,

Or when, clad in purple, the sun sat in state ;
With exercise grac'd, she'd ascend the tall hill,
And looking a goddess, trace nature's vast skill ;

By innocence guarded, contented and free,
Then homeward she'd sing, O how happy are we
That never, that never were married!

But once as the charmer her pleasure began,
A satyr in mind, though in form 'twas a man,
Surpriz'd her alone—and began to be rude,
Till Strephon advanc'd, and the monster subdu'd;
Her guardian at least must her gratitude move,
And she said to herself—(but the hint was from
love)

Methinks, I could like to be married.

Then Strephon, who lov'd the dear creature before,
His passion avow'd.—Could the shepherd do more?
Yes he could—and he did—but what? you will say:
Why, he led her to church—and not led her
astray.

Now friendship and love all their pleasures prolong,
She sings like a wood-lark, and this is her song,
I'm glad to my heart that I'm married.

CCXX. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, Miss Poitier, and
Mr. Beard, in Comus.*

Live and love, enjoy the fair:
Banish sorrow, banish care;
Mind not what old dotards say,
Age has had his share of play;
But youth's sport begins to-day.
From the fruits of sweet delight
Let no scare-crow virtue fright;
Here, in pleasure's vineyards, we
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, and free.

CCXXI.

CCXXI. *Sung by Mr. Gawdry.*

L Ong at thy altar, god of love,
 I paid a double duty;
 A slave to Celia's voice and wit,
 To Chloe's taste and beauty:
 Fain would I fix my restless heart,
 While they, with awkward feature,
 Disguis'd, in affectation's mask,
 The genuine gifts of nature.

CCXXII. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

L Ong time my heart had rov'd,
 Inconstant as the wind;
 Each girl I saw, I swore I lov'd,
 'Till one my heart confin'd,
 'Till one my heart confin'd.
 The maid was blithe, was young, was fair,
 From affectation free;
 The maid was blithe, was young, was fair,
 From affectation free;
 No imperfection did appear,
 While she look'd kind on me;
 No imperfection did appear,
 While she look'd kind on me.
 When her my pain I told,
 And all my grief confess'd,
 The insolence of female pride
 Her cold disdain express'd,
 Her cold, &c.
 The beauty I esteem'd before,
 Appear'd deformity;
 The beauty, &c.

Each

Each charm I thought a charm no more,
 She was unkind to me :
 Each charm, &c.

Forbear, fond youth, no more
 The sex's weakness scan ;
 'Twas not inconstancy, or pride,
 But trial of the man,
 But trial of the man :

When time had prov'd my flame sincere,
 She own'd the same to me ;

When time, &c.

Not love alone can win the fair,
 But love and constancy ;

Not love, &c.

CCXXIII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

Lovely maid, fair beauty's pride,
 Do not thus my bliss deny ;

Cease my tender love to chide,
 Why so cruel, Daphne, why ?

Kindly to my wish incline ;
 Why will Daphne faithless prove ?

Know, my soul is wholly thine,
 And my heart is form'd for love.

Why thus slight a faithful swain,
 Who to love was ever true ?

Why thus give that bosom pain,
 Which so long hath sigh'd for you ?

CCXXIV. SONG.

Lovely maid, now cease to languish,
 Yield not thus my mind to woe ;

Look ! behind the clouds of anguish,
 Chearing beams of comfort glow.

Let

Let enliv'ning hope elate thee,
 Hope, that points to fairer skies ;
 Think the transient ills that wait thee,
 Are but blessings in disguise.

Be not by distress dejected ;
 Shrink not from affliction's hand :
 Falsehood is from truth detected
 By the kind enchantress' wand.

Sage instructress, she shall train thee,
 Steady virtue teach thy heart ;
 Sharp, but short liv'd pains await thee,
 Endless blessings to impart.

CCXXV. *Song in Midas.*

L Ovely nymph, assuage my anguish,
 At your feet a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish ;
 One kind look wou'd ease his pain.

Did you know the lad that courts
 You, he not long need sue in vain ;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports,
 You scarce will meet his like again.

CCXXVI. *Sung by Signora Giordani.*

RECITATIVE.

L Ovely virgins in your prime,
 Mark the silent flight of time ;
 Fortune's gifts should she disclose,
 Quickly chuse what she bestows ;
 Bloom and beauty soon decay,
 Love and youth fly swift away.

A I R.

Let not age thy bloom ensnare,
 You can find no pleasure there ;

P

Transient

Transient joys you'll seek in vain,
 Joys that ne'er return again.
 Ev'ry minute then improve,
 Fleeting are the joys of love ;
 Wisely think the young and gay
 But the tenants of a day.

CCXXVII. SONG.

Love's a gentle, gen'rous passion,
 Source of all sublime delights ;
 Which, with mutual inclination,
 Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
 If compar'd with true content ?
 That false joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation,
 But a chaste and constant love
 Is a glorious emulation
 Of the blissful state above.

CCXXVIII. SONG.

Love's a vain deluding joy,
 Join'd with pain it takes the heart ;
 Ever meeting with annoy,
 Cupid sends a venom'd dart :
 Gentle shepherds, cease to wooe me,
 All your arts I can defy ;
 You but flatter to undo me,
 And deceive when most you sigh.

Men are fickle, ever changing,
 Seldom constant, seldom true ;
 All their pleasure is in ranging,
 And their fav'rite is the new.

Cupid, I defy thy pow'r,
O'er my heart thou shalt not reign;
Dian, I thy aid implore,
To reject each flatt'ring swain.

CCXXIX. SONG. *In Acis and Galatea.*

L Ove sounds the alarm,
And fear is a flying;
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treasure
I'll bleed at each vein;
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

CCXXX. *Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.*

M Aidens, let your lovers languish,
If you'd have them constant prove;
Doubts and fears, and sighs and anguish,
Are the chains that fasten love.

Jockey woo'd, and I consented
Soon as e'er I heard his tale:
He, with conquest quite contented,
Boasting, rov'd around the vale.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,
Who rejects him with disdain:
Love's a strange bewitching folly,
Never pleas'd without some pain.

CCXXXI. SONG.

M Aidens ne'er should prove unkind,
Nor in doubts long tarry,
When the swain is in the mind
Both to love and marry.

P z

Seize

Seize the time,
 'Tis a crime,
 In a single life to spend our prime.
 Youth and beauty soon will fade,
 Like flowers in the spring,
 Which, alas! when once decay'd,
 We from our bosoms fling.
 Let the old
 Rave and scold,
 While we love enjoy, let them their gold.

CCXXXII. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

More bright the sun began to dawn,
 The merry birds to sing,
 And flow'rets dappled o'er the lawn,
 In all the pride of spring,
 When for a wreath young Damon stray'd,
 And smiling to me brought it;
 Take this, he cry'd, my dearest maid,
 And who, who, aye, aye, who'd have thought it?
 I blush'd, the present to receive,
 And thank'd him o'er and o'er;
 When soft he sigh'd, Bright fair, forgive,
 I must have something more:
 One kind sweet kiss will pay me best;—
 So earnestly he sought it,
 I let him take it, I protest,
 And who—aye, who'd have thought it?
 A swain that woo'd with so much art,
 No nymph could long disdain;
 A secret flame soon touch'd my heart,
 And flush'd through ev'ry vein:

'Twas

'Twas love inspir'd the pleasing change,
From his my bosom caught it ;
'Twas strange indeed, 'twas passing strange,
And who,—aye, who'd have thought it ?

Hark ! Hymen calls, the shepherd cry'd ;
Let us, my dear, comply :
We instant went, with love our guide,
And bound the nuptial tie :
And ever since that happy day,
As muttial warmth has taught it,
We fondly kiss, and sport and play,
And who, who, aye, aye, who'd have thought it ?

CCXXXIII. *Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.*

MUST peace and pleasure's melting strain
For ever in this circle reign :
Awhile the muse with ardour glows,
To pay the debt that Britain owes.
O wave awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.
For freedom, &c.

The soldier seeks the distant plain ;
The sailor ploughs the boisterous main ;
Their toil domestic ease secures,
The labour theirs, the pleasure yours.
Then change awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

Ye wealthy, who domestic sweets
Enjoy within your gay retreats,

Think, think on those who guard the shore,
 Whence unmolested springs your store ;
 And change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

Ye swains who haunt the shady grove,
 And tranquil breathe your vows of love ;
 Who hear not war's tremendous voice,
 But in the arms of peace rejoice ;
 Change, change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

And ye who in this frolic train,
 Inspir'd with music's sprightly strain,
 And wild with pleasure's airy round,
 Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd ;
 Amid your social dear delights,
 Remember him who boldly fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

CCXXXIV. SONG.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep :
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed :
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue,
 Such tenderness, &c.

But where does my Phillida stray ?
 And where are her grotts and her bow'rs ?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle, as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

CCXXXV. *Sung by Mrs. Thornton, at Vauxhall.*

MY bonny sailor's won my mind,
 My heart is now with him at sea ;
 I hope the summer's western wind
 Will bring him safely back to me :
 I wish to hear what glorious toils,
 What dangers he has undergone ;
 What forts he's storm'd, how great the spoils,
 From France and Spain my sailor's won.
 A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,
 When fancy brought the foe in view ;
 And day and night I've had no rest,
 Left ev'ry gale a tempest blew :
 Bring, gentle gales, my sailor home,
 His ship at anchor may I see ;

Three

Three years are sure enough to roam,
 Too long for one who loves like me;
 His face by sultry climes is wan,
 His eyes by watching shine less bright;
 But still I'll own my charming man,
 And run to meet him when in sight:
 His honest heart is what I prize,
 No weather can make that look old;
 Though alter'd were his face and eyes,
 I'll love my jolly sailor bold.

CCXXXVI. SONG.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 With careless ease, from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest as I.
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream;
 Or ask the gentle gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.
 But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught;
 The tender chains of soft desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought;
 And eager hope, within my breast,
 Does ev'ry doubt controul,
 And lovely Nancy stands confess
 The fav'rite of my soul.
 Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love;

With

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design !
 O ! teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair ;
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her :
 'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress ;
 Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

But if she treats me with disdain,
 And slights my well-meant love,
 Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
 A pain she won't remove ;
 Farewell, ye birds, ye lonely pines,
 Adieu to groans and sighs ;
 I'll leave my passion to the winds ;
 Love, unreturn'd, soon dies.

CCXXXVII. SONG.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
 When with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes she did enslave me :
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Wounding pleasures, killing blisses ;

She

She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses ;
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
 But my jealous heart would break
 Should we live one day asunder.

CCXXXVIII. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in
 a Village.*

MY Dolly was the fairest thing,
 Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring;
 And if for summer you would seek,
 'Twas painted in her eye and cheek :
 Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
 Of fruitful autumn was the type ;
 But when my tender tale I told,
 I found her heart, like winter, cold:

CCXXXIX. *Sung by Miss Dawson, at the
 Grotto Garden.*

MY father and mother for ever they chide,
 Because I young Colin approve,
 Though witty and manly, they can't him abide,
 But I'm alone guided by love.
 My father, I warrant, when at Colin's age,
 No doubt but pursu'd the same plan ;
 My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage,
 At once to make sure of her man.
 And why should not I the same maxim pursue ?
 I wonder she angry should be,
 When I, in my turn, the same thing but do
 As she has done long before me.
 But first when the shepherd my favour address'd,
 Like others I threw o'er a veil,

He'd

He'd sigh, and he'd kiss, when so closely he press'd,
I cou'd not but hear his fond tale.

I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by,
I've all I can wish in my view ;

Nor will I, like other coy maids, pish and fye,
The deuce shall take me if I do.

Cool streams to the heart, nor flow'rs to the bee,
Such pleasure they each cannot gain,
As Colin's lov'd presence is always to me,
For sure he's the pride of the plain.

And tho' he should show all the arts of his sex,
Or faithless, as others, might prove,

It would not my mind by half so perplex,
As knowing none else worth my love :

That thought I will banish, lay fifty to ten,
The licence he soon will procure ;

Perhaps you will say, Well, and pr'ythee what
I'll wed him, my dears, to be sure. [then ?

CCXL. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Thomas and Sally.*

MY former time, how brisk and gay !
So blithe was I as blithe could be ;
But now I'm sad, ah ! well-a-day ;
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
Their wheedling arts are lost on me ;
For I, to death, shall love but one,
And he, alas ! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,
As mourns the dove its absent she ;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true love returns from sea.

CCXLI.

CCXLI. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.*

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 'Till first he's made my choice.
 Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey;
 And is there then no saving clause
 Against tyrannic sway?

CCXLII. SONG.

MY Nancy quits the rural train,
 A camp distress to prove;
 All other ill she can sustain,
 But living from her love:
 But, dearest, though your soldier's there,
 Will not your spirits fail,
 To mark the hardships you must share,
 Dear Nancy of the dale?
 Or should your love each danger scorn,
 Ah! how shall I secure
 Your health, 'midst toils which you were born
 To sooth, but not endure?
 A thousand perils I must view,
 A thousand ills assail,
 Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
 Dear Nancy of the dale.

CCXLIII. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His brow is never cloudy;

His

His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy;
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his walking;
 The shining of his een surprise,
 'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on the bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing;
 There many a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing;
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And lov'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O corn riggs are bonny!

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafely should be granting:
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cokernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

CCXLIV. *Sung by Mrs. Cargill, in the Gentle Shepherd.*

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay;
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld:
 Yet weel I like to meet her at
 The waking of the fauld.

Q

My

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare :
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld,
 But she makes a' my spirits glow
 At waking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And nothing gives me sic delight
 As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest it is confess'd,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 Wi' innocence the sweetest sense,
 At waking of the fauld.

CCXLV. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

MY pride is to hold all young men in my chain,
 The conquest I prize, though the slaves I
 disdain ;
 I'll tease them, and vex them,
 I'll plague and perplex them,
 Since men try all arts our weak sense to betray,
 I'll shew them a woman as artful as they.
 I'll tease them, &c.

Young

Young Damon pursu'd me, and Strephon, vain
youth!

They meant to deceive, yet they boasted of truth;
They knelt and they trembled,
I smil'd and dissembled,
I saw all their arts were but meant to betray,
And prov'd there were women as artful as they.
They knelt, &c.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counsel believe,
Resist all their wiles, the deceivers deceive;
Their canting and whining,
Their sighing and pining,
Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray:
Then prove there are women as artful as they.
Their canting, &c.

CCXLVI. SONG.

MY roving heart has oft, with pride,
Dissolv'd love's silken chains,
The wanton deity defy'd,
And scorn'd his sharpest pains.
But from thy form, resistless, stream
Such charms as must controul;
In thee the fairest features beam,
The noblest, brightest soul.
Pleas'd in thy converse all the day,
Life's sand unheeded runs;
With thee I'd hail the rising ray,
And talk down summer's suns.
Our loves congenial, still the same,
With equal force shall shine,
No cloy'd desires shall damp the flame,
Which friendship will refine.

Q²

CCXLVII.

CCXLVII. *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
 And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
 The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
 Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her head,
 And Poverty listens, well-pleas'd, from her shed;
 While Age, in an ecstasy, hobbling along,
 Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest that stands on the board;
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
 'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

CCXLVIII. *Sung by Mr. Beard.*

RECITATIVE.

NEara thick grove, whose deep embow'ring shade
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose:
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove;
 He

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought:
But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd:
And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
Completes the rural scene,
Completes the rural scene;
But in thy bosom, charming maid,
All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
Too lovely Iphigene,
Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes, and starts—poor Cymon trembling
stands;
Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands:
Bright excellence! said he, dispel all fear;
Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
Half-rai's'd, with gentle accent she replies,
Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;
Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain:
Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
The clown, transported, was not silent long,
But thus with ecstasy pursu'd his song:

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
In wanton ringlets down thy neck;
Thy love-inspiring mien,
Thy love-inspiring mien:

Q3

Thy

Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, enchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene,
 I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense :
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gait;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead;
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate, and elevate the human soul :
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
 Had made our lives of too long date :
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 Blest with beauty and with love,
 We taste what angels do above,
 What angels do above.

CCXLIX. SONG.

NO more the festive train I'll join :
 Adieu, ye rural sports, adieu !
 For what, alas ! have griefs like mine
 With pastimes or delights to do ?
 Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove,
 But I am all despair and love.
 Ah, well-a-day ! how chang'd am I !
 When late I seiz'd the rural reed,

So soft my strains, the herds hard by
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed ;
 But now my strains no longer move,
 They're discord all, despair, and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,
 The fairest once upon the lea ;
 No swain to guide, no dog to keep,
 Unhorn they stray, nor mark'd by me :
 The shepherds mourn to see them rove ;
 They ask the cause, I answer, Love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes
 With tears of anguish to o'erflow ;
 'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
 And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe ;
 Love has occasion'd all my smart,
 Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

CCL. SONG.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains,
 With Sally can compare ;
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,
 And rivals all the fair.
 The beams of Sol delight and chear,
 While summer seasons roll ;
 But Sally's smiles can all the year
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the god of day
 With emulation glow :
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Birds sweeter notes prepare ;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice :
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora she'll perfume,
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim
 From morn to eve their tale ;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame
 Make vocal every vale ;
 The stream meandring through the mead
 Her echo'd name conveys ;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blythsome lads or swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport ;
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

CCLI. *Sung by Miss Poitier, in Comus.*

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
 Nor with swains in syren bow'rs,
 Will true pleasure long reside :
 On awful-virtue's hill sublime,
 Enthroned, sits th' immortal fair ;
 Who wins her height must patient climb ;

The

The steps are peril, toil, and care :
 So, from the first, did Jove ordain
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

CCLII. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

NO shepherd was like Strephon gay,
 No swain to me so dear ;
 'Twas rapture all the live-long day
 His song, his pipe, to hear,
 His song, his pipe, to hear :
 Yet when he sigh'd, and talk'd of love,
 His passion I'd forbid ;
 For what I felt, to hide I strove
 Upon my word I did.
 Upon my word I did.

The spring, when nature wakes to youth,
 And looks all life and joy,
 The summer's sun saw Strephon's truth,
 Saw Chloe still was coy,
 Saw Chloe, &c.

At length he vow'd, Thou cruel fair,
 Disdain my heart has freed :
 He spoke, and left me in despair ;
 Upon my word he did,
 Upon, &c.

How sad, how penitent was I !
 My pride has caus'd my pain :
 From morn to eve I us'd to sigh,
 Oh ! Strephon, come again,
 Oh ! Strephon, &c.

It chanc'd, he sought a tender lamb,
 That in the grove lay hid ;
 When, thoughtless, there I breath'd his name ;
 Upon my word I did,
 Upon, &c.

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd my well-known voice to hear,
In sounds of soft delight,
With eager steps the youth drew near,
And met my raptur'd sight,
And met, &c.

No pow'r had I, all art was vain,
Of Strephon to get rid;
My panting heart confess'd the swain;
Upon my word it did,
Upon, &c.

O nymph! he cry'd, whose eyes to meet
My soul with joy o'erflows!
'The bee, that roves from sweet to sweet,
Like me, prefers the rose,
Like me, &c.

Ye maids, with whom I've tripp'd the green,
Let other youths succeed;
My Chloe welcom'd me again;
Upon my word she did,
Upon, &c.

While blushes crimson'd o'er my cheek,
My hand with warmth he prest;
Oh! speak, he sigh'd, my Chloe, speak,
Shall Strephon now be blest?
Shall Strephon now be blest?

Ah! who that lov'd so well, so long,
The shepherd could have chid?
Perhaps you think I held my tongue?
Upon my word I did,
Upon my word I did.

CCLIII. *Sung by Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh.*

NOT on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart;

Nor

Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,
Did I fix my youthful heart.

'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature
Did the fickle wand'rer bind ;
Nor her form, the boast of nature ;
'Twas alone her spotless mind.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart ;
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure
Did I fix my youthful heart.

Take, ye swains, the real blessing,
That will joys for life ensure ;
The virtuous mind alone possessing,
Will your lasting bliss secure.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart ;
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,
Did I fix my youthful heart.

CCLIV. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

NOW Flora resumes her gay reign,
The meadows to pastime invite ;
The wood-nymphs all joyful are seen,
New verdure cheers sweetly the sight :
Quit the dust, and the noise of the town,
Leave the playhouse, the op'ra, and ball ;
May's goddesses your pleasures shall crown,
In the echoing shades of Vauxhall.

Be song, love, or wine your desire,
Each separate enjoyment you'll find ;
Sweet songs shall new rapture inspire,
And the nymphs will be prudently kind :

In the catch merry Momus shall laugh,
 Blithe Bacchus attends on your call;
 While your mistress in nectar you quaff,
 In the echoing shades of Vauxhall.

For life's but a jest, and a span,
 As your poets and moralists sing;
 So enjoy it, ye youths, while ye can,
 Remember, old Time's on the wing:
 Then haste to this pastoral scene,
 Where harmony charms with her call;
 While pleasure presides as the queen
 O'er the echoing shades of Vauxhall.

CCLV. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the Jovial Crew.*

NO woman her envy can smother,
 Though never so vain of her charms;
 If a beauty she spies in another,
 The pride of her heart it alarms.

New conquests she still must be making,
 Or fancies her power grows less;
 Her poor little heart is still aching
 At sight of another's success.

But nature design'd, in love to mankind,
 That different beauties should move;
 Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever should reign
 Sole monarch in empire of love.

Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,
 And leave to your neighbours their due;
 If one cannot please, you'll find, by degrees,
 You'll not be contented with two;
 No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

CCLVI. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in Cornus.*

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest ;
 Midnight shouts and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity :
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine ;
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrup'ulous head ;
 Strict age, and sour severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

CCLVII. SONG.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
 Sing, and love, and laugh with me ;
 Cupid is my theme of story :
 'Tis his godship's fame and glory,
 How all yield unto his law !
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
 O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
 Cupid takes his share of play :
 He makes heroes quit their glory :
 He's the god most fam'd in story ;
 Bending them unto his law !
 Ha ! ha ! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
 Without pity—piercing hearts :
 Cupid triumphs over passions,
 Not regarding modes or fashions.

R

Firmly

Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law!

Ha! ha! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,
But they're facts—'twixt me and you:

Then, ye maids and men, be wary,

How you meet before you marry:

Cupid's will is solely law!

Ha! ha! &c.

CCLVIII. *Sung by Mr. Lowe, and Mrs. Lampe.*

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betsey is my charming bride,
Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul.
Who so fair as lovely Bet!
Who so blest'd as Colinet!
Who so fair, &c.

Now adieu to maiden arts,
Angling for unguarded hearts;
Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,
Lisping wanton girls and boys,
Girls as fair as lovely Bet,
Boys as sweet as Colinet.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn,
Now my plenteous barn adorn;
Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs
With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs;
Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
Are the charms of lovely Bet.

Tho' on Sundays I was seen
Dress'd like any May-day queen;
Tho' six sweethearts daily strove
To deserve thy Betty's love,

Them

Them I quit without regret,
All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic lay,
Crown with sports the bridal day ;
May each lad a mistress find,
Like my Betsy, fair and kind,
And each lass a husband get
Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul :
May the Sun ne'er rise or set,
But with joy to happy Bet,
And her faithful Colinet.

CCLIX. *Sung by Mr. Hudson.*

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,

As wilder'd and wearied I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,

And leads me o'er lawns to her home :

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ;

Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
round,

And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,

Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best ;

Whilst thrown from my guard, by some glances

Love silently stole into my breast. [she cast,

I told my soft wishes ; she sweetly reply'd,

(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)

I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,

Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

R 2

Her

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, yet sweet, were her charms,
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if on the banks by the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views;
 Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distils,
 And mark out new themes for my muse.
 To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent;
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
 And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

CCLX. *Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Wedding
 Ring.*

O F woman to tell you my mind,
 And I speak from the experience I've had,
 Not two out of fifty you'll find,
 Be they daughters or wives,
 But are plagues of our lives,
 And enough to make any man mad.
 The wrong and the right,
 Being set in their sight,
 They're sure to take hold of the wrong;
 They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
 They'll whine and they'll snivel,
 They'll coax, and they'll simper—
 In short, they're the devil;
 And so there's an end of my song.

CCLXI.

CCLXI. SONG.

O H, how vain is ev'ry blessing !
 How insipid all our joys !
 Life how little worth possessing,
 But when love its time employs !
 Love, the purest, noblest pleasure,
 That the gods on earth bestow,
 Adding wealth to ev'ry treasure,
 Taking pain from ev'ry woe.

CCLXII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the Maid of the Mill.*

O H! leave me in pity; the falshood I scorn;
 For slander, the bosom untainted defies;
 But rudeness and insult are not to be borne,
 Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sense to despise.
 Of woman, defenceless, how cruel the fate!
 Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way,
 Ill-nature and envy lurk always in wait,
 And innocence falls to their fury a prey.

CCLXIII. *Sung by Miss Thornton, at Vauxhall.*

O H! let me unreserv'd declare
 The feelings of my heart;
 My Strephon reigns unrivall'd there,
 No other swain has part;
 Such worth and truth my heart does move,
 To give my shepherd love for love.
 When absent from my longing sight,
 He is my constant theme;
 His shadowy form appears by night,
 And shapes the morning dream;

R 3

For,

For, ah! his worth my heart does move
To give the shepherd love for love.

Ye spotless virgins of the plain,
Deem not my words too free;
For ere my passion you arraign,
You must have lov'd like me;
And to his worth my heart does move
To give the shepherd love for love.

CCLXIV. A DUET. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

Damon.

O H! Phillis, shame on' you, to serve a swain so!
You promis'd last Lammas, you very well
know,

If I'd stay but till Christmas our hands should
be join'd; [kind?

And 'tis Midsummer now—Phillis, why so un-
Why, why, Phillis, why so unkind?

Phillis.

True, Damon, I promis'd—I own it—What then?
My mind has since alter'd—how faithless are men!
You vow'd to be constant, and yet t'other day
You swore that young Lucy was sweet as the May;
Sweet, sweet, was sweet as the May.

Damon.

When Phillis grew coy, when she left me forlorn,
And was singing to Colin beneath the green
thorn; [blame,

Mad, jealous, and fretting, pray, who was to
If with Lucy I strove to make Phillis the same?
Strove, strove to make Phillis the same.

Phillis.

Like the bee that goes roving to rifle the spring,
You pip'd to each damsel, to me you would sing:
I lik'd

I lik'd the sweet lay, for I thought it sincere,
But why does Pastora so oft drop the tear?
Why, why, so oft drop the tear?

Damon.

From my heart, let me tell thee, I proudly essay'd
To conquer each beautiful, insolent maid:
The garlands they wreath'd at thy feet are resign'd,
This, this was my pride—then is Phillis unkind?
Then, then, then is Phillis unkind?

Phyllis.

How frail the disguise a fond lover would try!
How weak the thin snare that the soul would belie!
Hence, hence, with suspicion! away from the grove,
And prove at the church that truth waits upon
Prove, prove, that truth waits upon love. [love:

CCLXV. *Sung by Miss Poitier, in the Maid of the Mill.*

OH! what a simpleton was I,
To make my bed at such a rate!
Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack!

Will call him back,

No tender words his heart allure:

I could bite

My tongue thro' spite——

Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

CCLXVI. SONG.

OH! wouldst thou know what sacred charms
This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
What kind of nymph the Heav'n's decree,
The maid that's made for love and me;

Who

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender tear,
 From each ungen'rous passion free;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
 Who feels the blessings she bestows,
 Gentle to all, but kind to me;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,
 Are all the natives of her heart;
 A gentle train from falsehood free;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt! ye light coquettes, retire,
 Where flatt'ring fops around admire;
 Unmov'd your tinsell'd charms I see;
 More genuine beauties are for me.

CCLXVII. DUET. *In* Judas Maccabæus.

O Lovely peace! with plenty crown'd,
 Come spread thy blessings all around;
 Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
 And valleys smile with wavy corn:
 Let the shrill trumpet cease, nor other sound,
 But nature's songsters, wake the cheariul morn.

CCLXVIII. SONG.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town:
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 'The lowly cot and russet gown?
 No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,

Say,

Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?

Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?

O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go,
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe ?

Say, should disease or pain betal,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear ;
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

CCLXIX. SONG.

O Nce more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
But burns for thee my Peggy.

You, greater bards, your lyre should hit ;
For say, what subject is more fit,

Than

Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy.

And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the daisies rose,
It does not half the sweets disclose,
As does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,
And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.

With her a cottage would delight;
All's happy when she's in my sight;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the water love,
So long shall I love Peggy.

And

And when death lifts his pointed dart,
 To strike the blow that rends my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy!

CCLXX. SONG.

Once the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
 Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest,
 Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing.
 This happen'd 'fore chaos was fix'd into form,
 While nature disorderly lay;
 While elements adverse engender'd the storm,
 And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.
 On ev'ry olympic the humourist droll'd,
 Hence none cou'd his jokes disapprove;
 He sung, repartee'd, many sage stories told,
 And at length thus address'd father Jove:
 Sire,—mark how yon matter is heaving below,
 Were it settled 'twou'd please all your court;
 'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know;
 Pray people it, just for our sport.
 Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,
 At his fiat creation took birth;
 The cloud-mantled deity smil'd on his throne,
 And announc'd the production was earth.
 To honour their sov'reign each god gave a boon;
 Apollo afforded it light;
 The goddess of child-bed presented a moon,
 To silver the shadow of night.
 The queen of soft wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride,
 Leering wistful on her man of war,

Took

Took pity on beings who wanted a guide,
 So she sparkled the morn and eve star.
 From her cloud, all in spirits, the goddess up sprung,
 In ellipsis each planet advanc'd ;
 The tune of the spheres the nine sisters sung,
 As round Terra Nova they danc'd.
 E'en Jove himself could not insensible stand,
 Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind,
 The expounder of fate grasp'd the globe in his hand,
 And laugh'd at those mites call'd mankind.
 From the hand of great Jove into space it was hurl'd,
 He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,
 Bid his daughter, Attraction, take charge of the
 And she hung it up high in his hall. [world,
 Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
 round,
 Saw with rapture hills, vallies, and plains ;
 The self-balanc'd orb, in an atmosphere bound,
 Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,
 What was fit for each clime, on each clime she
 bestow'd,
 And freedom she found flourish'd here.
 That blue ey'd celestial, Minerva the wise,
 Ineffably smil'd on the spot ;
 My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize,
 But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.
 Licentiousness freedom's destruction may bring,
 Unless prudence prepares its defence ;
 The goddess of sapience bid Iris take wing
 And on Britons bestow'd common-sense.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians to cherish the root;
The blossoms of liberty gaily 'gan smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,
Oh! preserve it as pure as 'twas giv'n;
We will while we've breath, nay, we'll grasp it
And return it untainted to heav'n. [in death,

CCLXXI. SONG.

ONE day at her toilet as Venus began
To prepare for her face-making duty,
Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her
plan

Would not help it, but hinder her beauty.

A bottle young Semele held up to view,
And begg'd she'd observe his directions—
This burgundy, dear Cytharea, will do,
'Tis a rouge that refines all complexions.

Too polite to refuse him, the bumper she sips;
On his knees, the buck begg'd she'd encore;
The joy-giving goddess, with wine-moisten'd lips,
Declar'd she would hob nob once more.

Out of window each wash, paste, and powder,
she hurl'd,

And the god of the grape vow'd to join;
Shook hands, sign'd and seal'd, then bid Fame tell
the world,

Of the union 'twixt Beauty and Wine.

CCLXXII. SONG.

ONE ev'ning alone in the grove,
Miss sat on the side of the green,

S

She

She wonder'd at what they call love,
 And what it was marry'd folks mean.
 " All night how I tumble and tofs,
 " Yet neither want manner nor means ;
 " Alas! must I live to my los,
 " And wither away in my teens ?"

Young Rhodophil ran up the slope,
 As if he some sport had in view ;
 She trembled betwixt fear and hope,
 Irresolute what she shou'd do.
 She saw him advance to her seat,
 She saw him, but cou'd not away ;
 Love fix'd a large weight to her feet,
 Curiosity told her to stay.

Desire gave grace to his tongue,
 As lovers to lovers will speak ;
 Enamour'd, he over her hung,
 Then bow'd down his lips to her cheek,
 He knelt, she attempted to rise,
 Though 'twas but a feeble essay ;
 The wildness he wore in his eyes
 So scar'd her she fainted away.

CCLXXIII. SONG.

ONE morning young Roger accosted me thus,—
 Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a buss.
 Lord! fellow, said I, mind your plough and
 your cart ;
 Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for no-
 thing, thank you for nothing with all my
 heart.

Well, then, to be sure, he grew civil enough,
 He gave me a box, with a paper of snuff ;

I too

I took it; I own, yet had still so much art
To cry, Thank you for nothing with all my heart.

He said, If so be he might make me his wife—
Good Lord! I was never so dash'd in my life;
Yet could not help laughing to see the fool start,
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent,
And with him, on Sunday, to chapel I went;
But said, 'twas my goodness more than his desert,
Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The parson cry'd, Child, you must after me say,
And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey;
But faith, when his reverence came to that part,
There I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

At night our brisk neighbours the stocking would
throw,—

I must not tell tales, but I know what I know;
Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his smart,
And I thank'd him for something with all my heart.

CCLXXIV. SONG.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair
Sat spinning in the shade,
While soaring sky-larks shook the air
In warbling o'er her head;

In tender cooes the pigeons woo'd,
(Love's impulse all must feel,)
She sung, but still her work pursu'd,
And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

“ While thus I work with rock and reel,
“ So life by time is spun;

S 2

“ And

" And as runs round my spinning-wheel,
 " The world turns up and down :
 " Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
 " While I no changes feel,
 " But get my bread by sweat of brow,
 " And turn my spinning-wheel.
 " From me let men and women too
 " This home-spun lesson learn,
 " Not mind what other people do,
 " But eat the bread they earn :
 " If none were fed, were that to be,
 " But what deserv'd a meal,
 " Some ladies then, as well as me,
 " Must turn the spinning-wheel."

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
 Thus sung her witless strain,
 When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
 And brought home Nancy's swain :

" Come," cries the dame, " Nance, here's thy
 " Away throw rock and reel : " [spouse ;
 Blithe Nancy, with the bonny news,
 O'erlet her spinning-wheel.

CCLXXV. *Sung in Comus.*

ON ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my swain I oft have sung,

Well

Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,

As o'er the airy steep they hung:
The mossy cave, the goats remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the trembling vale I pass,
And sigh to see the well-known shade;

I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
Where love and Damon fondly play'd:
The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
Each flow'r in pity droops its head,
All nature does my loss deplore.
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

CCLXXVI. *Sung in Solomon.*

ON his face the vernal rose,
Blended with the lily, glows:
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets waving down his back.
His eyes with milder beauties beam
Than billing doves beside the stream;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs.
His lips are of the rose's hue,
Still dropping with a fragrant dew;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.

CCLXXVII. *Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.*

ON pleasure's smooth wings, how old time steals
away,

And love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray !
My days, O ye swains ! were a round of delight,
From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night ;
No care found a place in my cottage, or breast ;
But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare,
With voice or with feature, with dress or with air :
So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
That I gather'd the sweets, but I mis'd of the
smart :

I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee ;
But still all my song was, " I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield :
If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my
sight :

If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night ;
With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the stream,
And wake to new life with a rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
Alas ! what a change ! and how wretched am I !
Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade ;
Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade ;
No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in
vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see ;
On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me :

'Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft art,
Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart;
To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

CCLXXVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.*

O Sawney, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence cou'd ease me
When naething can please me;
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are
While lav'rocks are singing, [clear,
And primroses springing,

Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,

Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sawney, nae longer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,
and play.

CCLXXIX. *Sung by Mr. Wilson, in the Duenna.*

O The days when I was young!
When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then

Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown;
 Half thy malice youth could bear;
 And the rest a bumper drown:
 O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why, I vow I ne'er could see——
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me:
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falshood's mask;
 But still honest truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.
 O, the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey!
 Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.
 O, the days, &c.

CCLXXX. *Sung in Acis and Galatea.*

CHORUS.

O The pleasure of the plains!
 Happy nymphs and happy swains,
 (Harmless, merry, free and gay)
 Dance and sport the hours away,
 For us the zephyr blows,
 For us distils the dew,
 For us unfolds the rose,
 And flowers display their hue:

For

For us the winters rain,
For us the summers shine;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

RECITATIVE.

Galatea.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
Purling streams, and bubbling fountains,
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleasures which you yield;
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love.

A I R.

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir!
Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire:
Cease your song, and take your flight:
Bring back my Acis to my sight.

A I R.

Acis.

Where shall I seek the charming fair?
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains:
O tell me if you saw my dear! [tains?
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal foun-

RECITATIVE.

Damon.

Stay, shepherd, stay!
See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

A I R.

Shepherd, what art thou pursuing?
Heedless running to thy ruin?

Share

Share our joy, our pleasure share :
 Leave thy passion till to-morrow,
 Let the day be free from sorrow,
 Free from love, and free from care.

RECITATIVE.

Acis.

And see, my love !
 Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes ;
 See, at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

A I R.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
 And sheds delicious death ;
 Love in her lips is straying,
 And warbling in her breath :
 Love on her breast sits panting,
 And swells with soft desire :
 Nor grace nor charm is wanting,
 To set the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

Galatea.

O ! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
 Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

A I R.

As when the dove
 Laments her love,
 All on the naked spray ;
 When he returns,
 No more she mourns,
 But loves the live-long day.
 Billing, cooing,
 Panting, wooing,
 Melting murmurs fill the grove ;
 Melting murmurs, lasting love.

DUET.

DUET. *Acis and Galatea.*

Happy we.

What joys I feel !—what charms I see !

Of all youths, thou dearest boy !

Of all nymphs, thou brightest fair !

Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy !

Chorus. Happy we, &c.

CCLXXXI. SONG.

O True content ! secure from harms,
 What's all the world without thy charms,
 Which still allure to rest ?

Compar'd therewith, all earthly joys
 Are empty, fading, trifling toys :
 In thee mankind is blest.

Bereft of thee, no monarchs have
 Such pleasure as the meanest slave,
 To whom thou giv'st relief ;
 Tho' subjects show profound respect,
 Nor duty wilfully neglect,
 Thy absence causes grief.

Come, then, thou pleasing beauty bright !
 Reside with me both day and night,
 Display thy lovely charms ;
 Be thou diffus'd within my breast,
 And let me still securely rest
 Infolded in thy arms.

Thro' all the various scenes of life,
 Preserve me free from envious strife,
 On Heav'n still to rely
 For true protecting aid ; and when
 Time terminates in death, oh ! then
 To thee, O Heav'n ! to fly.

CCLXXXII.

CCLXXXII. *Sung by Mrs. Arne, in Cymon.*

O Why should we sorrow, who never knew fin!
 Let smiles of content shew our rapture within:
 This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!
 Each shepherdes views me with scorn and disdain;
 Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain;
 No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!

CCLXXXIII. SONG.

PArting to death we will compare;
 For sure, to those who love sincere,
 So dreadful is the pain;
 Such doubts, such horrors, rend the mind:
 But, oh! when adverse fate grows kind,
 How sweet to meet again!
 To those try'd hearts, and those alone,
 Who have the pangs of absence known,
 The blissful change is giv'n;
 And who—oh! who, would not endure
 The pangs of death, if they were sure
 To reap the joys of heav'n?

CCLXXXIV. SONG.

P Hilira's charms poor Damon took;
 How eager he for billing!
 When, lo! the nymph the swain forsook,
 To shew her pow'r of killing:
 In either eye she sheath'd a dart;
 He felt it, never doubt him:
 Odzooks! a man were through the heart,
 Ere he cou'd look about him,

But

But mark the end—with scythe so sharp

Time o'er the forehead struck her ;

And all her charms began to warp—

Then she was in a pucker :

She then began to rave and curse,

Her time she pass'd no better ;

Yet still had hopes, ere bad grew worse,

Some comely swain might get her.

Philira, ev'ry lad she meets,

Now makes an am'rous trial ;

But each with scorn her warmness treats ;

Each frowns in cold denial.

Coquettes, take warning ; change your tune,

This woeful case remember :

The bedfellow you slight in June,

You'll wish for in December.

CCLXXXV. SONG.

PHO ! pox o' this nonsense, I pr'ythee give o'er,

And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more ;

Their face, and their air, and their mien, what a
roue !

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about,

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape,

They dare not confide in the juice of the grape ;

But we honest fellows—'sdeath ! who'd ever think

Of puling for love, while he's able to drink ?

Of puling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows,

Our joys it increaseth, and lightens our woes ;

Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,

The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

The man, &c.

T

I

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;
 Anacreon's Cases, see page twenty-six;
 The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul;
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.
 Lay hold, &c.

What's life, but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
 My toast shall be this, while I've liquor to quaff,
 May mirth and good fellowship always abound,
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round,
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

CCLXXXVI. SONG.

Pursuing beauty, men descry
 The distant shore, and long to prove,
 Still richer in variety,
 The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand,
 Inviting from our golden coast
 The wand'ring rovers to our land;
 But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
 Stealing unseen into the heart;
 But by possession settled in,
 They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we resign
 In ignorance our shining store,
 Discover nature's richest mine,
 And yet the tyrants will have more.

Ye fair, take heed, forbear to try
 How men can court, or you be won;
 For love is but discovery;
 When that is made the pleasure's done.

CCLXXXVII.

CCLXXXVII. *Sung in the Chaplet.*

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,

While thus we sit round on the grafs :
The lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mafs,
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs,
Deserves, &c.

The beau, who, so smart with his well-powder'd
An angel beholds in his glafs, [hair,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs,
Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Croesus the wealth to surpass;
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on the afs,
Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well fronted with brass,
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee ;
There you, my good friend, are an afs,
There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this class ;
The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
But death proves the doctor an afs,
But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our bottle and las; ;
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

CCLXXXVIII. SONG.

Rail no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies :
 Fill 'em higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain ;
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.
 Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy :
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ :
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage ;
 And, when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

CCLXXXIX. SONG.

Says Damon to Phillis, Suppose my fond eyes
 Reveal with what ardour I glow ?
 Reveal with what ardour I glow ?
 Well, what if they do ? there's no harm, sure,
 she cries ;
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose

Suppose I should ask of those lips a sweet kiss,
 Say, would you the favour bestow ?
 Say would you the favour bestow ?
 Lord blefs me ! said she, what a question is this !
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.
 Suppose, not contented, I still ask for more ?
 For pleasure from pleasure will grow,
 For pleasure from pleasure will grow :
 Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.
 Come then, my dear love, to the wood let's re-
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go, [pair,
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go :
 No, no, with a blush, answer'd Phillis, for there
 I could not deny you, you know, you know ;
 I could not deny you, you know.

CCXC. *A DUET, in Judas Maccabæus.*

SEE the conqu'ring hero comes ;
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums ;
 Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
 Songs of triumph to him sing.
 See the godlike youth advance ;
 Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance ;
 Myrtle wreaths, and roses twine,
 To deck the hero's brow divine.

CCXCI. SONG.

SEE the pall-supporting bearers,
 All in undertaker's shew !

See the train of sable-wearers,
 Acting ev'ry mode of woe!
 Silent crowds the spot surrounding;
 Call'd the grand receiver's dome;
 Dismal-tolling tenor sounding,
 "Fellow mortals, follow home."

Lift! oh lift! ye state declaimers,
 On whose words the many dwell;
 Place-bestowing patriot-tamers,
 Hark! oh hark! 'tis grandeur's knell.
 Heralds loud proclaim the honours
 Which this once puissant past;
 Tell his titles, count his manors,
 Lord of only this at last.

View the tomb with sculpture splendid;
 View the sod with briars bound;
 There the farce of finery's ended;
 All are equal under ground.—
 Fashions there, there envy's banish'd;
 Beauties there can't plead their forms;
 There precedencies are vanish'd,
 Offals all to odious worms.

Wise folks, weak ones, poor, and wealthy,
 Tenant unremitting graves;
 Haughty, humble, sick, and healthy,
 Britain's sons, and Asian slaves,
 Gloom no more the brow with sorrow,
 Meet the moment, come what may;
 If we're all to die to-morrow,
 Let us live, myl ads, to-day.

We'll not lavish life's expences,
 Nor be niggards when we pay;

Let us please; not pall our senses,
 This is reason's holiday.
 Here to dunces bid defiance,
 Affectations disapprove;
 Here's my toast—The grand alliance,
 Friendship, freedom, wit, and love.

CCXCII. *Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.*

SHepherd, cease your soft complaining,
 I've a heart that scorns disdain;
 I no bashful meanings want,
 All that virtue asks I'll grant;
 Down-cast looks, and frequent sighing,
 Distant awe, and vows of dying,
 All are senseless: who'd believe
 He would die, who still may live?

CCXCIII. *Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.*

SHepherd, fly me, come not nigh me,
 Reason's voice I cannot hear;
 Love betrays me, passion sways me,
 For my heart 'tis time to fear.

Doubts alarm me, wishes charm me,
 In a whirl my sense is lost;
 All your suing leads to ruin;
 Say no more, or all is lost.

Don't pursue me, 'twill undo me,
 Hark! 'tis honour calls! begone;
 Leave me, leave me, looks deceive me,
 In a moment I'm undone.

CCXCIV. *Sung by Mrs. Baddeley, at Ranelagh.*

SHepherd, wouldst thou here obtain
 Pleasure unallay'd by pain,

Joy

Joy that suits the rural sphere,
 Gentle shepherd, lend an ear :
 Learn to relish calm delight,
 Verdant vales and fountains bright ;
 Trees that nod on sloping hills,
 Caves that echo, tinkling rills.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy ;
 Banish each tumultuous joy,
 All but love, for love inspires
 Fonder wishes, fiercer fires.
 Love and all its joys be thine !
 Yet ere thou the reins resign,
 Hear what reason seems to say,
 Hear attentive, and obey :

Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
 But beneath them lurks a thorn ;
 Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
 Yet it hides the vengeful snake :
 Think not she whose empty pride
 Dares the fleecy garb deride,
 Think not she who, light and vain,
 Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

Let not lucre, let not pride,
 Draw thee from such charms aside :
 Have not those their proper sphere ?
 Gentler passions triumph here.
 Seek no more, the rest is vain,
 Pleasure ending soon in pain,
 Anguish lightly gilded o'er ;
 Close thy wish and seek no more.

CCXCV. SONG.

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna ?

Pride

Pride of ev'ry shady grove
 Upon the banks of Banna.
 I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain;
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.
 Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.
 Whither is my charmer flown;
 Shepherds, tell me whither?
 Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever, and for ever.

CCXCVI. *Sung by Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.*

Shepherds, would ye hope to please us,
 You must ev'ry humour try;
 Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
 Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.
 Soft denials are but trials
 Of the heart we wish to gain;
 Though we're shy, and seem to fly,
 If you pursue, we fly in vain.

CCXCVII. SONG.

Sick of the town, fair Delia flew
 To contemplation's rural seat;
 Adieu, she cry'd, vain world adieu,
 Fools only study to be great:
 The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
 The moss-grown roof, the matted floor;
 All these she had—'twas mighty well;
 But yet she wanted something more.

Back

Back to the busy world again
 She soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary pain,
 Quiet of heart, and peace of mind :
 Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,
 By turns, her fickle fancy fill ;
 The world seem'd all within her pow'r ;
 But yet she wanted something still.
 Cities and groves, by turns, were try'd ;
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale :
 Delia, at length, became a bride,
 A bride to Damon of the vale :
 Behold, at once the gloom was clear'd ;
 Damon was kind ;—and from that hour
 Each place a paradise appear'd,
 And Delia wanted nothing more.

CCXCVIII. *Sung by Mr. Wilton, in the Giant's
 Causeway.*

Silence ! take notice ! you are my son ;
 Full on your father look, sir !
 This is an oath you may take as you run,
 So lay your hand on the horn-book, sir !
 Hornaby, Hornaby, Highgate and horns,
 And money by hook or by crook, sir.
 Hornaby, &c.

Spend not with cheaters or cozeners your life,
 Nor waste it on profligate beauty ;
 And when you are married, be kind to your wife,
 And true to all petticoat duty !
 Dutiful, beautiful, kind to your wife,
 And true from the cap to the shoe-tie.
 Dutiful, &c.

To drink to a man when a woman is near,
 You never must hold to be right fir; [beer,
 Nor, unless 'tis your taste, to drink small for strong
 Or eat brown bread when you can get white, fir.
 Mannikin, cannikin, good meat and drink,
 Are pleasant at morn, noon, or night, fir.
 Mannikin, &c.

To kiss with the maid when the mistress is kind,
 A gentleman ought to be loth, fir;
 But if the maid's fairest, your oath does not bind,
 Or you may, if you like it, kiss both, fir.
 Kiss away, both you may, sweetly smack night
 and day,
 If you like it, you're bound by your oath, fir.
 Kiss away, &c.

When you travel to Highgate, take this oath again,
 And again, like a sound man and true, fir;
 And if you have with you some more merry men,
 Be sure you make them take it too, fir.
 Bless you, son, get you gone, frolick and fun,
 Old England, and honest true blue, fir!
 Bless you, son, &c.

CCXCIX. SONG.

CHORUS.

Silver-vested, bright, and gay,
 Pleasure keeps her holiday.

AIR. Mrs. Arne.

Smiling mirth, and rosy joy,
 Youthful love, appearing coy,
 Join'd with frolick indiscreet,
 Form her train with dancing feet.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Hark ! 'tis pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

AIR. *Mrs. Weichsel.*

See ! in yonder rosy bowers,
Half reclin'd in beds of flowers,
Such a nymph as might inspire
Hoary age with soft desire !

CHORUS.

Hark ! 'tis pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

AIR. *Mrs. Pinto.*

Round the table, bold and free,
View the toppers, full of glee ;
Jest and laughter there abound,
Now the merry glass goes round.

CHORUS.

Hark ! 'tis pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

AIR. *Mr. Vernon.*

See the bumper, sparkling bright,
Urges on the sweet delight ;
None can, sure, such joys refrain,
Which give mirth, and cure each pain.

CHORUS.

Hark ! 'tis pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

CCC. *Sung by Miss Davies, in Love in a Village.*

Since Hodge proves ungrateful no further I'll
seek,

But go up to town in the waggon next week :

A service in London is no such disgrace,
And register's office will get me a place.

Bet

Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a
friend;

Folks say, in her silks she's now standing an end :
Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune, as other girls do ?

CCCI. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

Since Jenny thinks mean her heart's love to deny,
And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not by ;
I will own, without blushing, were all the world
That Willy's the lad, the lad for me, [by,
That Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

He brought me a wreath which his hand did
compose, [rose ;
Where the dale-loving lily was twin'd with the
Young myrtle in sprigs did the border inclose ;
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

By myrtle, said he, is my passion express'd ;
The rose, like your lips, in vermilion is dress'd :
And the lily, for whiteness, would vie with your
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me, [breast ;
And Willy's, &c.

These ribbands of mine were his gifts at the fair,
My mother look'd cross, and cry'd, Fanny, be-
ware !

But d'ye think I regard her ? not I, I declare ;
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

Beneath a tall beech, and reclin'd on his crook,
I saw my young shepherd ; how sweet was his
look !

He ask'd for one kiss, but an hundred he took ;

U

And

ge.
I'll

Bet

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

Then what can I do, O instruct me, ye maids,
When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
Whose silence as much as his language persuades;
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

CCCII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

Since pleasure's in fashion, and life but a jest,
In spite of misfortune I'll laugh with the best;
Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile,
Arraign my opinion, my morals revile,
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
I'll keep up the chorus of ha—ha—ha—ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,
No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;
If care or ill-nature should come in my reach,
And, foaming with rage, like a methodist preach,
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
I'll trip up their heels, and cry ha—ha—ha—ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,
Mirth! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance;
But sweeter the music will float in the air,
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there;
She, knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,
Will join the sweet tune of love's ha—ha—ha—ha.

I'll laugh thro' the world, in defiance of strife,
For laughter's an oil to the fallad of life;
I'll make daddy Time, as he passes in haste,
Look over his shoulder, and long for a taste;
Then, friends, while your bosoms are free from a
flaw,

Swell round the gay chorus of ha—ha—ha—ha.

CCCIII.

CCCIII. SONG.

Since the world is so old, and the times are so
new,

And every thing talk'd of, except what is true ;
Among other stories my fable may pass,
Of four or five sweethearts who courted a lass.

Derry down, &c.

The first was from France, à-la-mode de Paris,
All fashion, all feather, bien monsieur poudrie ;
He bow'd, he took snuff, cut a caper, and then
He bow'd, cut a caper, and took snuff agen.

A Dutchman advanc'd,—when the lady he saw,
He dropp'd down his pipe, and he blutter'd out—

Yaw ;

With hands hid in pocket, and unpolish'd leer,
As frogs sing in courtship, so croak'd out Mynheer.

From Connaught itself, another beau came,
Macfinnin Macgragh Ballinbrough was his name ;
He bow'd to the lass, and he star'd at Mounseer.
Clapp'd hand on his sword, and said, Ah!—

Arrah my dear !

The next a Meis John, of rank methodist taint,
Who thought like a sinner, but look'd like a saint,
Clos'd his hands, twirl'd his thumbs, moving
muckle his face,

Then turn'd up his eyes as about to say grace.

A neat English sailor, in holiday trim,
Who had long lov'd the lass, and the lass had
lov'd him,

Athwart them all slept, under arm tofs'd his switch,
Squar'd his hat, op'd his pouch, gave his trow-
sers a hitch ;

He along-side her fell, and he grappl'd on board ;
 She struck the first broadside of kisses he pour'd :
 Then he tow'd her to church ; and as to the rest,
 What afterwards follow'd is easily guess'd.

Derry down, &c.

CCCIV. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

Since wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,

To all batchelors, greeting, these lines are premis'd:
 I'm a maid that would marry—ah ! cou'd I but find

(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind,

(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind.

Not the fair-weather'd fop, fond of fashion and dress ;

Not the 'squire, who can relish no joys but the chace ;

Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind ;

[mind,

Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my

Neither this, &c.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world without end ;

[friend ;

Nor the drone, who can't relish his bottle and

Nor the fool that's too fond, nor the churl that's unkind ;

Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind,

Neither this, &c.

Not the rich, with full bags, without breeding or merit ;

Nor the flash, that's all fury, without any spirit :

Nor

Nor the fine master Fribble, the scorn of mankind ;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my
mind,
Neither this, &c.

But the youth whom good sense and good-nature
inspire, [admire ;
Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should
In whose heart love and truth are with honour
conjoin'd ;
This, this, and no other, 's the man to my mind,
This, this, and no other, 's the man to my mind.

CCCV. *Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.*

SOft invader of my soul !
Love, who can thy pow'r controul ?
All that haunt earth, air, or sea,
Own thy force, and bow to thee.
All the dear enchanting day
Damon steals my heart away !
All the tedious live-long night
Damon swims before my sight !
All that temptingly beguile,
Sparkling eyes, and manly smile ;
Ev'ry charm, and ev'ry grace,
Dwells in gentle Damon's face.

CCCVI. SONG.

SOft pleasing pains, unknown before,
My beating bosom feels,
When I behold the blissful bow'r
Where dearest Delia dwells.
That way I daily drive my flock ;

Ah ! happy, happy vale !
 There look, and wish ; and while I look,
 My sighs increase the gale,
 My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes at midnight I do stray
 Beneath th' inclement skies,
 And there my true devotion pay
 To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes :
 So pious pilgrims nightly roam,
 With tedious travel faint,
 To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb
 Of some lov'd fav'rite saint,
 Of some, &c.

O tell, ye shades, that fold my fair,
 And all my bliss contain,
 Ah ! why should ye those blessings share
 For which I sigh in vain ?
 But let me not at fate repine,
 And thus my grief impart :
 She's not your tenant ;—she is mine ;
 Her mansion is my heart,
 Her mansion is my heart.

CCCVII. SONG.

SOME men with artful praise,
 To girls will sigh and whine ;
 And vain ideas raise,
 To serve a base design.

The flatter'd lass
 Consults her glass,
 And on the object dwells :
 Sets all her beauties blooming,
 Fantastic airs assuming !

And, growing more presuming,
Cries, Yes, 'tis truth he tells.

Seduc'd by wheedling and sighing,
If she prove kind and complying,
How soon the delusion appears !
The subtle deceiver,
In triumph will leave her,
Nor heed her reproaches and tears.

Young maids, in time take warning,
Such fly deluders scorning ;
From flatterers turn your ear,
Disdain their tales to hear,
They never, never prove sincere.

CCCVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

Sound the fife—beat the drum—to my standard
repair,

All ye lads who will conquer or die ;
At request of my sex, as a captain I'm here,
The men's courage and valour to try.
Tis your king and your country now call for your
And the ladies command you to go ; [aid,
By me they announce it, and you who're afraid,
Or refuse, our vengeance shall know.

Then first, to the single—these things I declare,
So each maiden most firmly decrees,
Not a kiss will be granted by black, brown, or fair,
Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.
To the married—if they but look glum, or say no,
Should the Monsieur dare bluster or huff,
We've determin'd *nem. con.* that their foreheads
shall shew—

A word to the wife is enough.

These

These punishments we've, *in terrorem*, proclaim'd;
 But still, should your courage be lacking,
 As our *dernier resort*, this resolve shall be nam'd,
 Which, egad! will send you all packing:
 We'll the breeches assume—'pon my honour 'tis
 true—

So determine maids, widows, and wives:
 First we'll march—beat the French—then march
 back and beat you—
 Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

CCCIX. SONG.

CHORUS.

Sound the merry pipe and drum;
 Hither, nymphs and shepherds, come;
 Summer smiles in rich array,
 All is happy, all is gay;
 As the cheerful sun goes down
 Let sweet mirth your labours crown.
 Sound the merry pipe and drum,
 Hither, nymphs and shepherds, come.

AIR. Mrs. Weichfel.

See, see, around, from ev'ry place,
 What charms the verdant valleys grace,
 While fleecy flocks in concert rove,
 And bleat their tender tales of love.

CHORUS.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
 Hither, nymphs and shepherds, come.

AIR. Mr. Vernon.

Here rosy mirth, and Bacchus gay,
 Attend, your smiling joys to crown;
 While moderation leads the way:
 Such revelry to few is known!

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither, nymphs and shepherds, come.

AIR. *Mrs. Arne.*

The joys we taste to few are known,
Content and health our labours crown;
No jealous fears our bosoms move,
For, constant each, we truly love.

CHORUS.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither, nymphs and shepherds, come.

AIR. *Mrs. Pinto.*

Here melting music love inspires,
Here peace rewards the mid-day toil;
But far from hence are loose desires,
Here innocence and virtue smile.

FULL CHORUS.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither, nymphs and shepherds, come;
Summer smiles in rich array,
All is happy, all is gay;
As the cheerful sun goes down
Let sweet mirth your labours crown.
Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither, nymphs and shepherds, come.

CCCX. SONG.

She.

Stern winter has left us, the trees are in bloom,
And cowslips and vi'lets the meadows perfume;
While kids are disporting, and birds fill the spray,
I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May,
I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May.

He.

Then to our blithe shepherds the news I'll convey,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd queen of the
That Jenny, &c. [May,

He.

Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers, draw near ;
Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear ;
Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd betray :
Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May,
Then come, &c.

Both.

Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers, draw near ;
Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear ;
Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd betray :
Then come, my dear Jockey, and hail the new
May, [May.
Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new

CCXI. *Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.*

STill in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I fly,
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

CCCXII. SONG.

STrephon, when you see me fly,
Let not this your fear create ;
Maids may be as often shy
Out of love as out of hate ;

When from you I fly away,
It is because I cannot stay.

Did I out of hatred run,
Lest wou'd be my pain and care ;
But the youth I love, to shun,
Who can such a trial bear ?
Who, that such a swain did see,
Who could love and fly like me ?

Cruel duty bids me go,
Gentle love commands me stay ;
Duty's still to love a foe,
Shall I this or that obey ?
Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles,
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these crystal streams
I could sit and hear thee sigh ;
Ravish'd with these pleasing dreams,
O 'tis worse than death to fly :
But the danger is so great
Fear gives wings, instead of hate.

Strephon, if you love me, leave me ;
If you stay, I am undone :
Oh ! with ease you may deceive me ;
Pr'ythee, charming swain, be gone.
Heav'n decrees that we should part,
That has my vows, but you my heart.

CCCXIII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

SURE never poor shepherd was tortur'd like me,
From morning to night I could never be free ;
The charms of young Phillis so ran in my head,
I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myself dead.

Whenever

Whenever I saw her, and told her my case,
 She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my face;
 Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my wife,
 My passion was fix'd, nor could end but with life.

I found all the offers I made her of love
 Produc'd no effect, nor affection would move;
 So schem'd a contrivance her passion to try,
 And boldly resolv'd or to conquer, or die.

'Twas spread round the village I courted young
 Prue,

And Phillis had left her own schemes to pursue;
 This answer'd my wishes—she soon prov'd more
 kind,

And vow'd to be true, if I'd not change my mind.

I catch'd the occasion, and sent for a priest,
 For fear she should alter, I thought it the best;
 From hence learn, ye virgins, be blest if you can,
 And never refuse the sincere honest man.

CCCXIV. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass
 That e'er gave shepherd glee;
 Not May-day in its morning dress
 Is half so fair as she:
 Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
 And fancy'd forms adore;
 Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,
 You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
 Where bees their honey sip,
 Did ye but know the sweets that dwell
 On Sally's love-taught lip;

But, ah! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
 The ripe temptation shun;
 Or else, like me, you'll wear her chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,
 And lark-like hail'd the morn;
 More sportive than the kid I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the lawn:
 To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
 And did my truth aver;
 Yet, ere the parting kiss was cold,
 I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek
 Where love-lorn shepherds stray;
 There to the winds my grief I speak,
 And sigh my soul away:
 Nought but despair my fancy paints,
 No dawn of hope I see;
 For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
 And laughs at love and me.

Since then my poor neglected lambs,
 So late my only care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy dams,
 And stray'd, I know not where:
 Alas! my ewes, in vain ye bleat;
 My lambkins lost, adieu!
 No more we on the plain shall meet,
 For lost's your shepherd too.

CCCXV. SONG.

Sweet are the banks, when spring perfumes
 The verdant plants and laughing flowers;
 Fragrant

Fragrant the violet as it blooms,
 And sweet the blossoms after showers ;
 Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze
 That fans the golden orange-grrove ;
 But oh ! how sweeter far than these
 The kisses are of her I love.

Ye roses ! blushing in your beds,
 That with your odours scent the air ;
 Ye lilies chaste ! with silver heads,
 As my Cleora's bosom fair :
 No more I court your balmy sweets ;
 For I, and I alone, can prove
 How sweeter, when each other meets,
 The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught ;
 Her sense, her friendship, next confin'd
 The willing pupil she had taught.
 Should fortune, stooping from her sky,
 Conduct me to her bright alcove ;
 Yet, like the turtle, I should die,
 Denied the kiss of her I love.

CCCXVI. SONG.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose,
 Soft as the down of turtle dove,
 Gentle as winds when zephyr blows,
 Refreshing as descending rains
 To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains:
 True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun,
 Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;

From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,

The dam the tender kid pursues,
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers

Of verdant spring, her notes renews ;

All follow what they most admire ;

As I pursue my soul's desire,

Nature must change her beauteous face,

And vary as the seasons rise ;

As winter to the spring gives place,

Summer th' approach of autumn flies :

No change on love the seasons bring,

Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,

Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;

And marble towers, and walls of brass,

In his rude march he levels low :

But time, destroying far and wide,

Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart

The gentle godhead can remove,

And drive him from the bleeding heart,

To mingle with the blest above ;

Where, known to all his kindred train,

He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,

Twin-born, from heav'n together came :

Love will the universe controul,

When dying seasons lose their name ;

Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,

When time and death shall be no more.

CCCXVII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Comus.*

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph ! that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By slow meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?

O ! if you have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere ;
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

CCCXVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Tom Jones.*

Sweet mercy is the loveliest flow'r
 That Heav'n e'er planted in the mind,
 The queen of virtue, whose soft pow'r
 Can e'en to godhead raise mankind.

Let patriots, kings, and heroes boast
 A name that will in hist'ry live ;
 Yet he resembles Heav'n the most,
 Whose god-like bosom can forgive.

CCCXIX. *Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Positive Man.*

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear ;
 When forc'd from her to go,
 Down her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
 My heart was fraught with woe ;

Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
 The land we left behind ;
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide ;
 For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride ;
 That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true love's sake ;
 But press'd as we were homeward bound,
 I thought my heart wou'd break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain
 To let me once on shore ;
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more.
 And have they torn my love away !
 And is he gone ! she cried.
 My Polly, sweetest flower of May !
 She languish'd, droop'd, and died.

CCCXX. SONG.

SYLVIA, wilt thou waste thy prime,
 Stranger to the joys of love ?
 Thou hast youth, and that's the time
 Every minute to improve.
 Round thee wilt thou never hear
 Little wanton girls and boys
 Sweetly founding in thy ear,
 Sweetly founding in thy ear,
 Infants prate and mother's joys ?
 Only view that little dove,
 Softly cooing to his mate ;

As a farther proof of love,
 See her for his kisses wait!
 Hark! that charming nightingale,
 As he flies from spray to spray,
 Sweetly tunes an am'rous tale,
 Sweetly tunes, &c.

I love, I love, he strives to say.
 Could I to thy soul reveal
 But the least, the thousandth part
 Of those pleasures lovers feel
 In a mutual change of heart;
 Then, repenting, wouldst thou say,
 Virgin tears from hence remove,
 All the time is thrown away,
 All the time is thrown away
 That we do not spend in love.

CCXXI. *Sung in Solomon.*

TELL me, lovely shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care:
 Direct me to the sweet retreat
 That guards thee from the mid-day heat;
 Left by thy flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide, and lose my way.
 Where rest at noon thy bleating care?
 Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

CCCXXII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Vauxhall.*

TENDER virgins, shun deceivers,
 Who with base seducing arts,
 When they find you fond believers,
 Triumph o'er unguarded hearts.

If a fickle swain pursue you,
 O! beware his subtle wiles;
 All his aim is to undo ye,
 Ruin lurks beneath his smiles.

Let the youth, whose constant passion
 Scorns the meanness of deceit,
 Warm'd with mutual inclination,
 Render all your joys complete.

CCCXXIII. *Sung by Mr. Beard.*

THat Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my
 pride,

I always have boasted, and seek not to hide:
 I dwell on her praises wherever I go;
 They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no,
 They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

At ev'ning oft-times with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
 My heart how it bounds, when I hear her below!
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no.
 But say, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain;
 Again, I cry, Jenny, sweet Jenny, again:
 I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow;
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no.
 But say not, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee:
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me:
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so:
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No,
 Who knows, &c,

[no?
 From

From beauty, and wit, and good-humour, how I,
Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly :
Thy bounty, O fortune, make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No,
And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

CCCXXIV. SONG.

THat I might not be plagu'd with the nonsense
of men,

I promis'd my mother, again and again,
To say as she bids me wherever I go, [No.
And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em
I really believe I have frighten'd a score :
They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more :
And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so ;
Were the same thing to do, I again should say No.

For a shepherd I like with more courage and art,
Who won't let me alone, though I bid him depart ;
Such questions he puts, since I answer him so,
That he makes me mean Yes, tho' my words are
still No.

He ask'd, Did I hate him, or think him too plain ?
(Let me die if he is not a clever young swain.)
If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go ?
Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd,
and said No.

He ask'd if my heart to another was gone ?
If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on ?
If I meant my life long to answer him so ?
I faulter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made ;
Will Phillis live longer a virgin ? he said ;
If I press you to church, will you scruple to go ?
In a hearty good humour I answer'd, No, no.

CCCXXV.

CCCXXV. *Sung by Miss Harper, in the Silver Tankard.*

THE bark that holds our treasure,
 When at a distance seen,
 Fear mingles with our pleasure,
 For danger lies between !
 But, prosperous gales uprising
 To waft her to the shore,
 With double joy surprizing
 Confirm the danger o'er.

CCCXXVI. SONG.

THE blithest bird that sings in May,
 Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,
 Than I, ah, well-a-day !
 Than I, ah, well-a-day !
 Ere Colin yet had learn'd to sigh,
 Or I to guess the reason why,
 Oh love, ah, well-a-day !
 Oh love, ah, well-a-day !
 We kiss'd, we toy'd, we neither knew
 From whence these fond endearments grew,
 Till he, ah, well-a-day !
 Till he, &c.
 By time and other swains made wise,
 Began to talk of hearts and eyes,
 And love, ah, well-a-day !
 And love, &c.
 Kind nature now took Colin's part ;
 My eyes inform'd against my heart ;
 My heart, ah, well-a-day !
 My heart, &c.

Straight

Straight glow'd with thrilling sympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle sigh,
Each sigh, ah, well-a-day !
Each sigh, &c.

Can love, alas ! by words be won ?

He ask'd a proof, a tender one,

While I, ah, well-a-day !

While I, ah, well-a-day !

In silence blush'd a fond reply :

Can she who truly loves deny ?

Ah, no ! ah, well-a-day !

Ah, no ! ah, well-a-day !

CCCXXVII. *A favourite Song in Lethe,*

THE card invites, in crowds we fly
To join the jovial rout full cry ;
What joy—from cares and plagues all day,
To hie to the midnight hark-away !

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,

Nor drowsy husbands enter there ;

The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,

All hie to the midnight hark-away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,

And drowsy watchmen idly knock ;

Till day-light peeps we sport and play,

And roar to the jolly hark-away.

When tir'd with sport, to bed we creep,

And kill the tedious day with sleep ;

To-morrow's welcome call obey,

And again to the midnight hark-away.

CCCXXVIII.

CCCXXVIII. *Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Thomas and Sally.*

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
 To horse, my brave boys, and away !
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
 O'er hills and o'er valleys he flies !
 Then follow—we'll soon overtake him—huzza !
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.
 Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay ;
 How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day !
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours :
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

CCCXXIX. *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

THE flame of love sincere I felt,
 And skreen'd the passion long ;
 A tyrant in my soul it dwelt,
 But awe suppress'd my tongue.
 At length I told my dearest maid,
 My heart was fix'd upon her :
 But think not I can love, she said ;
 I can't, upon my honour.
 The heart that once is roving caught,
 All prudent nymphs distrust ;
 And must it for a youthful fault
 Be always deem'd unjust ?

So Celia judg'd, so sense decreed,
 And bid me still to shun her :
 Your suit, she said, won't here succeed,
 It won't, upon my honour.

Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame,
 I with a sigh confess ;
 But thou, who canst the rake reclaim,
 My new-born passion bless !
 Had ev'ry nymph like Celia prov'd,
 I could not have undone her ;
 On thee, bright maid, thou best belov'd,
 I doat, upon my honour.

Awhile the nymph my suit repress'd,
 My constancy to prove,
 Then with a blush consent express'd,
 And bless'd me with her love.
 To church I led the blooming fair,
 Enraptur'd that I'd won her ;
 And now life's sweetest joys we share,
 We do, upon my honour.

CCCXXX. SONG.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride ;
 For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness
 hide :

The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
 In a batchelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
 In settling of jointures, or making of deeds ;
 But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
 E'en took one another, for better for worse.

Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great ;
 Let love be thy jointure ; ne'er mind an estate :

Y

You

You can never be poor who have all those charms;
And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

CCCXXXI. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh.*

THE gaudy tulip swells with pride,
And rears its beauties to the sun,
With heav'n-born tints of Iris' bow;
While low the violet springs beside,
As in the shade it strives to shun
The hand of some rapacious foe.
Of worth intrinsic, small the store
That from the tulip can arise,
When parted from its glowing bed:
While hid, the violet charms the more,
Like incense in its native skies,
When cropt to grace the virgin head.
Then think, ye fair ones, how these flow'rs
Are wrought in nature's various robe,
Where pride declines, and merit thrives:
Your virgin dignity o'erpow'rs
The heroes of the conquer'd globe;
But sweet compliance makes ye wives.

CCCXXXII. *Sung by Miss Phillips, in the Carnival of Venice.*

THE gentle primrose of the vale,
Whose tender bloom rude winds assail,
Droops its meek leaves, and scarce sustains
The night's chill snow and beating rains.
'Tis past—the morn returns—sweet spring
Is come—and hills and valleys sing—
But low the gentle primrose lies;
No more to bloom, no more to rise!

CCCXXXIII.

CCCXXXIII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
 Her glossy plumage laves;
 And sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring waves:
 The silver tide that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be;
 But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung;
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,
 That held her callow young;
 Though dear to her paternal heart,
 The genial brood must be,
 They're not so dear the thousandth part,
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
 Were natives of the dale;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their hue grew pale:
 My vital blood would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found like new-fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair;
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair:
 May they of our connubial love
 A happy omen be!
 Then such fond bliss as turtles prove,
 Shall Delia share with me.

CCCXXXIV. SONG.

THE glitt'ring sun begins to rise
 On yonder hill, and paints the skies;
 The lark his warbling matin sings;
 Each flow'r in all its beauty springs;
 The village up, the shepherd tries
 His pipe, and to the woodland hies.

Oh! that on th' enamell'd green
 My Delia, lovely maid, were seen,
 Fresher than the rose's bloom,
 Sweeter than the mead's perfume!

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey:
 As some lone turtle his lost love deploras,
 And with shrill echoes fills the sounding shores,
 So I, like him, abandon'd and forlorn,
 With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along:
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
 The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Nor balmy sleep to lab'ers spent with pain,
 Nor show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me.

CCCXXXV. *Sung by Mrs. Anne, in Almena.*

THE golden radiance of the sun,
 Mild glancing thro' the cedar bow'rs,
 Renews the glories of the day:
 The beauteous scene's again begun,
 Which nature freshens and empowers,
 And ev'ry bird exalts his lay.

Sweet

Sweet is the prime of florid June,
 Sweet are the meadows as they smile,
 And sweet the rural mintrel's song ;
 But sweeter is the mind in tune,
 Sweeter the heart unknown to guile,
 And sweeter where the virtues throng.

CCCXXXVI. SONG.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me ;
 My longing eyes may hope, at last,
 Their only wish to see :
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?
 Will you in ev'ry look declare,
 Your heart is still the same,
 And heal each idle, anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame ?
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.
 But if the dream that soothes my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd at length to find,
 That you've forgot to love :
 All I of Venus ask, is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die, and think you mine.

CCCXXXVII. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love
in a Village.*

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing ;
What more than mirth would mortals have ?
The chearful man's a king !

CCCXXXVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at
Vauxhall.*

THE jocund spring again is seen,
And music wakes the grove ;
The nymphs and shepherds trip the green,
And all is joy and love.
On this gay spot I come again,
My duty to pursue,
In hopes the friendship to obtain
Of you, and you, and you.
The chearful pipe, at ev'ning hour,
The jocund throng invite
To tread the lawn, or range the bow'r,
Where music's pow'r delight :
With song to please each nymph and swain
Is still my only view,
That I the friendship may maintain
Of you, and you, and you.
If nature kindly has endued
With melody my voice,

Encouragement

Encouragement has oft ensu'd
 By making me your choice ;
 On this gay spot long may I reign
 My duty to pursue,
 And ah ! the friendship still maintain
 Of you, and you, and you.

CCCXXXIX. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh.*

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Celia made,
 And nam'd the myrtle bow'r ;
 There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd
 Beyond the promis'd hour :
 No longer able to contain
 This anxious expectation,
 With rage he sought t'allay his pain,
 And vented thus his passion.

A I R.

To all the sex, deceitful,
 A long and last adieu,
 Since women prove ungrateful
 As long as men prove true.
 The pains they give are many,
 And, oh ! too hard to bear ;
 The joys they give—if any,
 Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now Celia, from mamma got loose,
 Had reach'd the calm retreat ;
 With modest blush she begg'd excuse,
 And chid her tardy feet.
 The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
 His joy could not restrain,

But

But as each tender thought increas'd,
Thus chang'd his railing strain.

A I R.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing
After absence or despair!
Women, wise, increase desiring
By contriving kind delays;
And, advancing or retiring,
All they mean is—more to please.

CCCXL. *Sung by Mrs. Ward.*

THE las that wou'd know how to manage a
man,

Let her listen and learn it from me,
His courage to quell, or his heart to trepan,
As the time and occasion agree.

The girl that has beauty, tho' small be her wit,
May wheedle the clown or the beau;
The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,
By the use of that pretty word No.

When powder'd toupees around are in chat,
Each striving his passion to show,
With, Kifs me, and Joveme, my dear, and all that;
Let her answer to all be, O no.

When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue asleep,
A present, a treat, or a ball,
She still must refuse, if her empire she'll keep,
And No be her answer to all.

But when Mr. Dapper wit offers his hand,
Her partner in wedlock to go;
A horse, and a coach, and a jointure in land,
She's an idiot if then she says No:

But

But if she's attack'd by a youth full of charms,
 Whose courtship proclaims him a man;
 When press'd to his bosom and clasp'd in his arms,
 Then let her say No if she can.

CCCXLI. SONG.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me?
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid
 In fit retreat for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chasteely sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter:
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall center.

Sooner

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover;
 On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

CCCXLII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Almena.*

THE martial host, and tented plain,
 May fright the poor and timid swain,
 Who never felt ambition's fire;
 But nothing awes, or should controul,
 The truly great, undaunted soul,
 That dares to empire's height aspire.

CCCXLIII. *Sung by Miss Poitier, in Thomas and Sally.*

THE May-day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, for dancing, and show;
 Then why will you waste such a treasure
 In sighing, and crying—Heigho!
 Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low;
 Fly round, and coquette it as she does,
 And never sit crying—Heigho!
 Though, when in the arms of a lover,
 It sometimes may happen, I know,

That,

That, ere all our toying is over,
 We cannot help crying—Heigho!
 In age ev'ry one a new part takes;
 I find, to my sorrow, 'tis so:
 When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
 And no one will mind you—Heigho!

CCCXLIV. *Sung in the Jovial Crew.*

THE mind of a woman can never be known,
 You never can guess it aright:
 I'll tell you the reason—she know not her own,
 It changes so often ere night.
 'Twou'd puzzle Apollo,
 Her whimsies to follow,
 His oracle wou'd be a jest;
 She'll frown when she's kind,
 Then quickly you'll find,
 She'll change with the wind,
 And often abuses
 The man that she chuses,
 And what she refuses
 Likes best.

CCCXLV. SONG.

THE morning fresh, the sun in east,
 New gilds the smiling day;
 The morning fresh, the sun in east,
 New gilds the smiling day;
 The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
 The fields all round are gaily dress'd:
 Arise, my love, and play, and play,
 Arise, my love, and play.

Come

Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright maid,
And bless thy shepherd's sight ;

Come forth, &c.

Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,

Unveil the rose's blushing shade,

And give them sweet delight,

And give, &c.

Thy presence makes all nature smile,

Those smiles your charms improve ;

Thy presence, &c.

Thy strains the list'ning birds beguile,

And, as invite, reward their toil,

And tune their notes to love,

And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,

The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine ;

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,

The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine ;

Ere other eyes their beauties see,

They on my brows adorn'd shall be ;

Thy happy fate, be mine, be mine,

Thy happy fate be mine.

CCCXLVI. SONG.

THE most stately gay fabrics that art ever rais'd,

Or with wonder the eyes of beholders amaz'd,

To their primitive nothing in time have declin'd,

And e'en left us in doubt their remains where

to find.

E'en the sun, that from heaven to nature gives light,

And the pale, twinkling, luminous stars of the

night,

By time's fatal decree from their orbits shall fly,

Worlds fall upon worlds—jumble earth and the

sky.

Then

Then death shall no longer exult in his power,
 Nor time measure out the dull days by the hour :
 Swift as lightning whole ages unheeded shall fly —
 Here life's but a moment—just breathe and we die.

There the wretch shall no longer in sorrow com-
 plain,

Bid adieu to his care, bid adieu to his pain :
 'Bove the crush of this world he in triumph shall rise,
 And, cherubim like, mount on aërial skies.

CCCXLVII. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in the Maid
 of the Mill.*

THEN hey for a frolicksome life ;
 I'll ramble where pleasures are rife ;
 Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,
 And never think more of a wife.
 Plague on it, men are but asses,
 To run after noise and strife.
 Had we been together buckled,
 'Twould have prov'd a fine affair ;
 Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
 And boys, pointing, cry'd, Look there !

CCCXLVIII. SONG.

THE nightingale, who tunes
 Her warbling notes so sweet,
 'Midst flowers ne'er presumes
 To fix her mournful seat.
 Melodiously she sings,
 While hawthorns pierce her breast ;
 Her voice sweet echo rings,
 And nature lulls to rest.

'Tis thus the love-sick maid
 In pensive voice complains,

Z

Seeks

Seeks out the lonely shade
To tell her endless pains.

While there she breathes her mind,
The verdant hills around,
By purling riv'lets twin'd,
Reverberate the sound.

CCCXLIX. SONG.

THE nymph that I love was as cheerful as day,
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in
May ;

Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the mother's of love:
Tho' mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds
And receives gentle odours from flowery beds;
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the
moon.

Her mind was unfully'd as new-fall'n snow,
And as lively as tints from young Iris's bow ;
As clear as the stream and as deep as the flood;
She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful, good:
The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,
She cull'd, as the bee does the bloom of each flow'r,
Which, treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I!
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

CCCL. *Sung by Mrs. Baddeley, in the
Jubilee.*

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O;
The first of all swains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He

He sung it so rarely, did sweet Willy O,
He sung it, &c.

He melted each maid,
So skilful he play'd,
No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.
All nature obey'd him, the sweet Willy O,
All nature, &c.

Wherever he came,
Whate'er had a name,
Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Willy O.
He would be a soldier, the sweet Willy O,
He would, &c.

When arm'd in the field
With sword and with shield,
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.
He charm'd them while living, the sweet Willy O,
He charm'd, &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that sigh'd,
To part with her all in the sweet Willy O.

CCCLI. *Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.*

THE prospect clear'd, around is heard
The music of the hive;
The blossoms blow, the spirits flow,
And nature's all alive:
In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is, "Sing and play;"
From eve to morn the fages warn,
"Ye maids, beware of May!"

Each lively scheme, each am'rous theme,
Our nymphs and poets chuse;

The dance delights, the song invites,
 As mirth provokes the muse :
 The war's no more, our chief's come o'er ;
 Again the grave ones say,
 " Where'er ye tread, temptation's spread ;
 " Beware the ides of May !"

CCCLII. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.*

There was a jolly miller once
 Liv'd on the river Dee,
 He work'd, he sung, from morn to night,
 No lark more blithe than he :
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever us'd to be,
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me.

CCCLIII. SONG.

There was once,—it is said,
 When,—'tis out of my head ;—
 Aye, and where too—yet true is my tale ;
 That a round-belly'd vicar,
 Bepimpled with liquor,
 Could stick to no text like good ale.
 Tol derol, lol derol lol, &c.

He one night 'gan to dose,
 For, under the rose,
 The priest was that night *non se ipse* ;
Non se ipse, you'll say,
 What is that to the lay ?—
 In plain English then, parson was tipsey.
 When the clerk coming in,
 With his band-bobbing chin,

As

As solemn and sniv'ling as may be,
 The vicar he gap'd,
 His clerk hem'd and scrap'd,
 Saying,—Please, sir, to bury a baby.
 Now our author supposes
 The clerk's name was Moses,
 Who look'd at his master so rosy ;
 He blink'd with one eye,
 And with wig all awry,
 He hiccup'd out,—How cheers it, Mozy ?
 A child, sir, is carry'd
 For you, to be bury'd ;—
 Bury me, Moses !—no, that won't do.—
 Lord, sir, says the clerk,
 You are all in the dark,
 'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you.
 Well, Moses, don't hurry,—
 The infant we'll bury ;—
 But, master, the corpse cannot stay :—
 What—can't it—but why ?
 For once, then, we'll try
 If a corpse, Moses, can run away.
 But Moses reply'd,
 The parish will chide,
 For keeping them out in cold weather :
 Then, Mozy, quoth he,
 Pray tell 'em from me,
 I'll bury them warm, all together.
 But, sir, it rains hard,
 Pray have some regard ;—
 Regard, Moses ! that makes me stay ;
 For no corpse, young or old,
 In the rain can catch cold,
 But, Moses, faith, you or I may.

Moses begg'd to be gone,
 Saying, Sir, the rain's done;
 Please to rise, and I'll lend you my hand;—
 'Tis hard, quoth the vicar,
 To leave thus my liquor,
 And go,—when I'm sure I can't stand.

At length, though sore troubled,
 To church-yard he hobbled,
 Lamenting the length of the way;
 For, Moses, quoth he,
 Were I bishop, d'ye see,
 I neither need walk, preach, nor pray.

When he came to the grave,
 Says he, Moses—a flave;—
 Lord, where's my tobacco-box hid?
 I protest this fast walking
 Prevents me from talking;
 So, Moses, pray give me a quid.

Then he open'd his book,
 And therein seem'd to look,
 Whilst o'er the page only he squinted;
 Crying, Moses, I'm vex'd,
 For I can't see the text,
 This book is so damnably printed.

Woman of a man born—
 No—that's wrong—the leaf's torn;—
 Upon woman the natural sweil is;
 Were men got with child
 The world would run wild,
 You and I, Moses, might have big bellies.

Our guts would be press'd hard
 Were we got with bastard;

How

How wonderful are our supposes ;—

What midwife could do it ?

He'd be hardly put to it,

Lord bless us, to lay me and Moses.

So, Moses, come forth,

Put the child into earth,

And dust to dust, dust it away ;

For, Moses, I trust,

We should soon turn to dust

If we were not to moisten our clay.

Moses,—mind what I say ;—

When 'tis night 'tis not day ;—

Now in former times saints could work miracles,

And raise from the dead,—

There's no more to be said,

For, Moses, I've dropp'd down my spectacles.

Moses,—hear what I say,—

Life's, alas ! but a day,—

Nay, sometimes 'tis over at noon ;—

Man is but a flower,

Cut down in an hour,

'Tis strong ale, Moses, does it so soon.

So one pot, and then ;—

Moses answered, Amen !—

And thus far we've carry'd the farce on ;

'Tis the vice of the times

To relish those rhymes,

Where the ridicule runs on a parson.

But satire detests

Immorality's jests,

All prophane or immodest expression ;

So

So now we'll conclude,
 And drink as we shou'd,
 To the good folks of ev'ry profession.
 Tol derol, lol derol lol, &c.

CCCLIV. SONG. *In Alfred.*

THE shepherd's plain life,
 Without guilt, without strife,
 Can only true blessings impart:
 As nature directs,
 That bliss he expects
 From health, and from quiet of heart.
 Vain grandeur and pow'r,
 Those joys of an hour,
 Tho' mortals are toiling to find;
 Can titles or show
 Contentment bestow?
 All happiness dwells in the mind.

Behold the gay rose,
 How lovely it grows,
 Secure in the depth of the vale!
 Yon oak, that on high
 Aspires to the sky,
 Both lightning and tempests assail.

DUETTO.

Then let us the snare
 Of ambition beware,
 That source of vexation and smart;
 And sport on the glade,
 Or repose on the shade,
 With health and with quiet of heart.

CCCLV. *Sung by Mrs. Baddeley, at Ranelagh.*

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
 Invite the chearful birds to sing;

And,

And, while they warble on each spray,
Love melts the universal lay:

Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bee, with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Endermay.

CCCLVI. SONG.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are dress'd in all the pride of May,
The birds around in every vale
Breathe rapture on the vocal gale.

But ah! Miranda, without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me!
All lonely in the secret shade,
I mourn thy absence, charming maid.

O soft

O soft as love! as honour fair!
 More gently sweet than vernal air,
 Come to my arms, for you alone
 Can all my anguish past atone!
 O come! and to my bleeding heart
 Th' ambrosial balm of love impart!
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
 And give the year eternal spring.

CCCLVII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.*

THE soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
 And scorns the spear and shield:
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,
 He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
 And dares again the field.

CCCLVIII. *Sung by Mr. Barnshaw, at the Grotto Garden.*

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
 And bids the hunter rise;
 The op'ning hound returns the sound,
 And echo fills the skies.
 See ruddy health, more dear than wealth,
 On yon blue mountain's brow;
 The neighing steed invokes our speed,
 And Reynard trembles now.
 In ancient days, as story says,
 The woods our fathers sought,
 The rustic race adorn'd the chase,
 And hunted as they fought.

Come,

Come, let's away, make no delay,
 Enjoy the forest's charms ;
 Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,
 And rest in Chioe's arms.

CCCLIX. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in Apollo and Daphne.*

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with
 gold, [behold ;
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
 How the lark's early matin proclaims the new
 day, [delay !

And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
 can vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
 And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
 court ;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame,
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
 Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
 All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health;
 With hounds and with horns through the wood-
 lands to roam,
 And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can
 vie,
 While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, &c.

CCCLX. SONG.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
 May-morning put its beauties on;
 The warblers sung in livelier strains,
 And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains;
 When love, a soft intruding guest,
 That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
 Now whisper'd to the nymph, Away!
 For this is nature's holiday.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste;
 'The painted mead he instant pais'd,
 And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
 Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd:
 Awake, my fair, (the shepherd cries)
 To new-born pleasure ope thine eyes;
 Arise, my Sylvia! hail the May,
 For this is nature's holiday.

Forth came the maid, in beauty bright
 As Phœbus in meridian light;
 Entranc'd in rapture, all confess'd,
 The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast;
 Then gazing with a speaking eye,
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh,
 A melting sigh, and seem'd to say,
 Consider youth's our holiday.

Ah! soft, (she said) for pity's sake!
 What, kiss one ere I'm well awake!
 For this so early came you here?
 And hail you thus the rising year?
 Sweet innocence! forbear to chide,
 We'll haste to joy, (the swain reply'd;)
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,
 And this shall be love's holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
 She look'd the things she dar'd not speak;
 Consent own'd nature's soft command,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand:
 His dancing heart in transports play'd,
 To church he led the blushing maid;
 'Then bless'd the happy morn of May,
 And now their life's all holiday.

CCCLXI. *Sung by Miss Sharp, at Ranelagh.*

THE swain that I'd chuse, gentle Cupid, should
 be

In person still pleasing, good-natur'd, and free;
 Nor yet meanly low, nor vain with false pride,
 Let honour and virtue his actions still guide.

To female poor foibles he too should be blind,
 And civil to all, yet to me only kind:
 The feelings of nature should temper his wit,
 And tho' I am wrong, let him sometimes submit.

When mutual the passion no care fills the breast,
 And when my swain's happy, then doubly I'm
 bless'd.

Belov'd thus, and loving, what husband can roam,
 Or find real bliss, but with spouse and sweet home?

A a

The

The pleasures of Hymen I fain would describe,
And sketch the wish'd lover to make me a bride;
If from the faint copy the real you see,
Ah! Cupid—dear Cupid—reserve him for me.

CCCLXII. *Sung by Miss Harper, in the Agree-
able Surprise.*

THE tuneful lark, as soaring high
Upon its downy wings,
With wonder views the vaulted sky,
And mounting sweetly sings:
Ambition swells its little breast,
Suspended high in air;
But gently dropping to the nest,
Finds real pleasure there.

CCCLXIII. SONG.

THE tuneful lark on æther wings
Each morn his lofty flight;
In rapt'rous notes he sweetly sings,
And hails th' approaching light:
But I from morn no comfort know,
Nor rest from silent night;
All joys to me insipid grow,
Afford me no delight.

CCCLXIV. *Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Agree-
able Surprise.*

THE virgin lily of the night
Aurora finds in tears;
But soon in coif of native white
Her fragrant head she rears.
No longer droops, distress'd, forlorn,
But, fresh and blithe as May,

She rises to perfume the morn,
 And smiles upon the day.
 The limpid streams, of noble source,
 That miles in darkness flow,
 Emerging in their devious course
 Translucent beauties show;
 O'er golden sands they gently glide,
 Unruffled with the gale,
 Reflecting heaven with splendid pride,
 As rolling through the vale.

CCCLXV. SONG.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
 Attends to the villager's vows,
 The birds fondly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs:
 On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above;
 We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,
 Hail May as the mother of love.
 From the west as it wantonly blows
 Fond zephyr caresses the vine;
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine:
 The pinks by the rivulet's side,
 That border the vernal alcove,
 Bend downward, and kiss the soft tide,
 For May is the mother of love.
 May tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array;
 If the larks and the linnets now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May:

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And murmuring seems to repeat,
That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
Ye virgin, be sportive and gay ;
Get your pipes, oh ! ye shepherds, in tune,
For music must welcome the May :
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find,
That May is the mother of love.

CCCLXVI. *Sung by Mr. Bannister, in Summer Amusement.*

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain ;
Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
To find at last content and ease ;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders shake from pole to pole ;
Tho' deathful waves surrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home ;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
The early scenes of youth renew ;
Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast ;
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore !

CCCLXVII.

CCCLXVII. *Sung in Comus.*

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts ;
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine,
 Rosy wine, rosy wine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.
 Farewell lovers when they're cloy'd,
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd ;
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company ;
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please ;
 I love them much, but more my ease :
 No jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest ;
 Break my rest, break my rest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain ?
 All I hope of mortal man
 Is to love me while he can ;
 While he can, while he can,
 Is to love me while he can.

CCCLXVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Arne.*

THE winter its desolate train
 Of frost and of tempest may bring,
 Yet Flora steps forward again,
 And nature revives in the spring :

A a 3

Tho

Tho' the sun, of his glories decreas'd,
Of his beams in the ev'ning is shorn,
Yet he rises with joy in the east,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recall,
Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
When its leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies and is heard of no more:
The spring-time of love then employ,
'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn;
For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,
And his seasons will never return.

CCCLXIX. *Sung by Mr. Beard.*

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my
glafs;

But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own;
And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare:
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair;
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own:
But, tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine, [frown:
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime;
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time:
But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They

They tell me, my love would in time have been
cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd :
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy ;
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love :
But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no rival contends ;
For the more we love liquor, the more we are
friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life
With nurseries, and babies, and squalling, and strife :
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring ;
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage ;
It brings on diseases and hastens old age :
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the
grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She has left me to get an estate, or a lord ;
But my bumper (regarding nor title or pelf,)
Will stand by me, when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain ;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy :
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and
try.

CCCLXX. *Sung by Mr. Shuter, in Tom Jones.*

THE women attempted, some few years ago,
Their lovers to charm with a small head ;
But

But now on their noddles such bumpers they show,
 As if the whole carcase was all head:
 This fashion the sex of admirers would rob,
 Their conquests they certainly push ill,
 In striving to charm with a bolster'd-out knob,
 As large as a Winchester bushel.

CCCLXXI. *Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.*

THE woodlark is heard through the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush:
 Yet vain the delights of the spring,
 In vain bloom the flow'rets so gay;
 The birds, though melodious they sing,
 Delight not while Damon's away.

'Twas Damon that made them look bright,
 His presence enliven'd each scene,
 His absence has hid them in night,
 For he was the pride of the green:
 How vain the delights of the spring,
 In vain bloom the flow'rets so gay;
 The birds, tho' melodious they sing,
 Delight not while Damon's away.

Then come, my dear swain, to the grove,
 O come, and give joy to each scene!
 While absent from thee and from love,
 How dull seems the sports of the green!
 How vain the delights of the spring;
 How vain bloom the flow'rets so gay!
 The birds, though melodious they sing,
 Delight not while Damon's away.

CCCLXXII.

CCCLXXII. *Sung in Eliza.*

THE woodlark whistles through the grove,
 Tuning the sweetest notes of love,
 To please his female on the spray;
 Perch'd by his side, her little breast
 Swells with a lover's joy confess,
 To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair-one, let us prove
 From their example how to love:
 For thee the early pipe I'll breathe;
 And when my flock return to fold,
 Their shepherd to thy bosom hold,
 And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

CCCLXXIII. SONG.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found!
 Oh, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetner of
 life;

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend!
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.
 When fortune is smiling what crowds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

CCCLXXIV.

CCCLXXIV. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

THEY say there is an echo here,
 I'll try, I'll try, I'll try;
 Ha!—'tis not here—Ha!—nor is it there;
 You'll find it by-and-by.
 Pray try again—Ha!—try again,
 Perhaps this place more likely is;
 We'll find it by-and-by.

Ha! — — Ha!

Echo. — Ha! — Ha!

That's it—That's it;

By Jove, you've hit it to a T:

Echo. — — — Tea;

The echo calls for tea,

Echo. — — — Tea.

It calls for tea—'tis very droll.

Echo. — — — Roll.

The echo calls for tea and roll.

Echo. — — — Roll.

It seems to be in a humour to cram.

Echo. — — — Ham.

To cram — cram, cram, cram.

Echo. — Ham — — ham, ham, ham.

As I hope to live, it calls for ham.

CCCLXXV. SONG.

He. **T**HEY that would contentment find,
 Must possess a chearful mind;
 Be their fortune what it may,
 'Tis their int'rest to obey.
 'Tis a folly to despair,
 Tho' oppress'd with grief and care;
 What our fate one day denies,
 Oftentimes the next supplies.

She.

She. Mortals ne'er must hope to gain
A life secure from care and pain :
'Tis not proper, here below,
That Heaven should such gifts bestow.
Life with storms and calms abounds,
Which by turns each take their rounds :
When the one rude tempests rise,
Swift to quell them t'other flies.

He. Since the storm is now blown o'er,
Of what's past let's think no more :

She. But embrace the happy hour,
While we have it in our pow'r.

He. Youth is like the rising sun,

She. When its course is once begun :

Both. Swift he wings his joyful flight,
'Till o'ertaken by the night.

CCCLXXVI. *Sung by Mr. Dyer, in Love in a Village.*

THink, my fairest, how delay,
Danger ev'ry moment brings ;
Time flies swift, and will away,
Time, that's ever on its wings.

Doubting and suspense, at best,
Lovers late repentance cost ;
Let us, eager to be blest,
Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

CCCLXXVII. *SONG.*

THirsis, a young and am'rous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart subdue ;
Gay Celia's eyes were dazzling fair ;
Sabina's easy shape and air
With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
 Lives in a fond romance of love,
 And seems for each to die ;
 Till, each a little spiteful grown,
 Sabina Celia's shape ran down,
 And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
 Those eyes which love could only blind ;
 So set the lover free :
 No more he haunts the grove or stream,
 Nor with a true-love knot and name
 Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah, Celia ! (sly Sabina cry'd)
 Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd :
 Now, to support the sex's pride,
 Let either fix the dart.
 Poor girl ! (says Celia) say no more :
 For should the swain but one adore,
 That spite, which broke his chains before,
 Would break the other's heart.

CCCLXXVIII. *Sung by Miss Radley, in Cymon.*

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
 You waken'd my passions, my senses have
 charm'd ;

In vain against merit and Cymon I strove:
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
 From youth that is frost-nipt no raptures can flow ;
 Elysium to him but a desert will prove :
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

The

The spring should be warm, the young season be
 gay, [May ;
 Her birds and her flow'rets make blithesome sweet
 Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove,
 What's life without passion, &c.

CCCLXXIX. SONG.

THIS face observe, discerning fair,
 Observe each motion debonair !
 My Artois buckles when you view,
 In shining fable sattin shoe,
 You'll say that I'm from top to toe
 A monstrous handsome city beau !
 My humble whisky I despise,
 Like Phaeton I mount the skies !
 And as I drive away, like mad,
 They all declare that I'm the lad,
 And cry, " He's sure, from top to toe,
 " A monstrous handsome city beau !"

CCCLXXX. *Sung by Mr. Parsons, in the Car-*
nival of Venice.

THIS is a petit-maitre's day—
 Awake at noon,
 Or scarce so soon,
 See him to his sofa creep,
 Sipping his tea—half asleep—
 Curse the vapours !
 Reach the papers—
 What's the opera ?—Dem the play.
 Air my boots, I think I'll ride—
 Tho' rot it, no !
 It shakes one so—

B b

Let

Let them bring the vis-a-vis :
 Lounging there, his lordship lee,
 With vacant air,
 And sullen stare,
 Born of dullness, rais'd by pride !
 Stop at Betty's—What's the news ?—
 A battle, they say—
 Have you pines to-day ?—
 Yes, my lord—We've beat the Dutch.
 Ha—some ice—I thought as much :
 What, and nothing more ?
 That's a monstrous bore !—
 Well, drive to Issachar the Jew's.
 Last, at Brookes's—deep at play ;
 Issachar's debt,
 At faro set ;
 Win or lose, serenely sad,
 Calm he sits, nor vex'd, nor glad ;
 'Till half alive,
 He cuts at five—
 This is a petit-maitre's day.

CCCLXXXI. *Sung by Mr. Dunstall, in Love
in the City.*

THIS is to give notice, that a man about fifty,
 Healthy and vig'rous, and of humour thrifty;
 Longing to taste of a virtuous fruition,
 Wishes to change, out of hand, his condition :
 Beauty and youth little strefs will be laid on ;
 But, if he could, he would marry a maiden ;
 So, to prevent any fruitless vexation,
 Widows are pray'd not to make application.

Cath

Cash there must be, in hand, or annuity;
 For which a jointure in case of viduity.
 From principals—letters post paid—as directed:
 Honour and secrecy may be expected.

CCCLXXXII. *Sung by Miss Thornton.*

THO' by Colin I now am forsaken,
 No willow my temples shall bind;
 Tho' in one I by chance am mistaken,
 Another, I hope, will prove kind.
 Young Colin wou'd leave me in sorrow,
 Yet this I wou'd have him to know,
 From him this good maxim I borrow,
 'Tis best to have two strings to one's bow.
 I own his bright eyes were my pleasure,
 When love from their beams smil'd on me;
 I own he was once all my treasure,
 But I'll be as fickle as he.
 Young Damon can cure all my sorrow,
 And this I wou'd have you to know:
 From the men this good maxim I borrow;
 They've always two strings to their bow.
 Learn, ladies, to scorn the false rovers,
 Who shun you because you are true;
 Prove constant and kind to your lovers
 Only while they prove constant to you:
 For a false one 'tis folly to languish;
 Then attend to my counsel, and know,
 To avoid all such pining and anguish,
 I make sure of two strings to my bow.

CCCLXXXIII. SONG.

THO' Chloe's out of fashion,
 Can blush and be sincere,

I'll toast her in a bumper
 If all the belles were here.
 What tho' no di'monds sparkle
 Around her neck and waist,
 With ev'ry shining virtue
 The lovely maid is grac'd.
 In modest, plain apparel;
 No patches, paint, nor airs;
 In debt alone to nature,
 An angel she appears:
 From gay coquettes, high finish'd,
 My Chloe takes no rules,
 Nor envies them their conquests,
 The hearts of all the fools.
 Who wins her must have merit,
 Such merit as her own;
 The graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one;
 Then grant me, gracious Heav'n,
 The gifts you most approve!
 And Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Will bless me with her love.

CCCLXXXIV. *Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Ranelagh.*

TH^{O'} his passion in silence the youth would
 conceal, [reveal,
 What his tongue would not utter his eyes still
 And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove,
 That they are the tell-tales of Celadon's love.
 To the grove or the green, to the dance or the fair,
 Wherever I go, my blithe shepherd is there;
 I know the fond youth by his blush and his smile,
 And surely such looks were not made to beguile.
 Tho'

Tho' indiff'rent the subject, whatever it prove,
 He insensibly turns the discourse upon love ;
 If he talks to another, with pleasure I see, [me.
 Though his words are to her, yet his looks are to
 When he speaks, if alone, I am ever in fear
 He should say what I dread, and yet wish most
 to hear : [would deny,
 Should he mention his love, though my pride
 My heart whispers, Celia, fond Celia, comply.

CCCLXXXV. *Sung by Mr. Yates, in the Ca-
 pricious Lovers.*

THO' my dress, like my manners, is simple
 and plain,
 A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain ;
 My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
 And I'm richer than those who have thousands
 a year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting un-
 couth,

I feel no remorse for the follies of youth ;
 I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song, [long.
 And, my boys, think my age not a moment too
 Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and gri-
 mace,

Creep under, dance over, for title or place ;
 Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
 That of Honest I prize—and that title's my own.

CCCLXXXVI. *Sung by Mr. Yates, in the Ca-
 pricious Lovers.*

THO' my features, I'm told,
 Are grown wrinkled and old,

B b 3

Dull

Dull wisdom I hate and detest ;
 Not a wrinkle is there,
 Which is furrow'd with care,
 And my heart is as light as the best.

When I look on my boys,
 They renew all my joys,
 Myself in my children I see ;
 While the comforts I find
 In the kingdom my mind,
 Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,
 Oh ! I caper'd and sung,
 The lasses came flocking apace ;
 But now turn'd of threescore,
 I can do so no more—
 Why then let my boy take his place,
 Of our pleasures we crack ;
 For we still love the snack,
 And chuckle o'er what we have been ;
 Yet why should we repine ?
 You've had your's, I've had mine,
 And now let our children begin.

CCCLXXXVII. *Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the*
Deserter.

THO' prudence may press me,
 And duty distress me,
 Against inclination, O, what can they do !
 No longer a rover,
 His follies are over,
 My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true
 The bee thus, as changing,
 From sweet to sweet ranging,

A rec

A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray ;
 With raptures possessing
 In one every blessing,
 'Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

CCCLXXXVIII. *Sung in the Son-in-Law.*

THO' sweetly breathes the smiling spring,
 Tho' gentle rains the flowers bring,
 And hawthorn buds so gay ;
 In vain descend refreshing show'rs,
 In vain peep forth the infant flow'rs,
 My true love far away.

Tho' summer suns rejoice the swains,
 Or yellow autumns bless the plains,
 And sweetly-smelling hay ;
 Tho' all around be blithe and glad,
 Cecilia's heart alone is sad,
 Her true love far away.

CCCLXXXIX. *A favourite DUET in Solomon.*

THOU soft invader of the soul,
 Oh, love ! who shall thy pow'r controul ?
 To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,
 Thy burning heat shall still remain.
 In vain we trace the globe, to try
 If powerful gold thy joys can buy ;
 The treasures of the world will prove
 Too poor a bribe to purchase love.

CCCXC. SONG.

THree lads contended for my heart,
 Each boasted different charms and grace ;
 Young Hal could sing with taste and art,
 Beau Jemmy boasted frogs and lace ;

Blithe

Blithe Willy was a soldier brave,
Who fear'd not scars, or death, or wounds,
His country or his love to save,
When Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

Now fear is rous'd by war's alarms,
And threat'ning foes each hour arise,
I scorn young Harry's vocal charms,
And master Jemmy I despise :
I love my Willy bold and brave,
He heeds not scars, or death, or wounds,
His country or his love to save,
When Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

In piping times of peace a beau,
Dear girls, may idle thoughts employ ;
But now, when threaten'd by each foe,
Be wile, and throw away the toy :
Take my advice, love him who's brave,
Who fears not scars, or death, or wounds,
So may your smiles your country save,
While Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

CCCXCI. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

THrice welcome, sweet May, for the blessings
you bring, [sing;
By you the flow'rs blossom, by you the birds
What was cold and was darksome is verdant and
fair,
And warm is the sunshine, and fragrant the air.
The fond feather'd race fly away to the grove,
Spring wakes their sweet pipes to the passion of
love ;
And nymphs and their shepherds the season obey,
To meet oft together, to kiss and to play.

Ev'n

Ev'n age, tho' scarce able up May-hill to climb,
Thinks he feels the soft flame as he did in his
prime ;

He toys now, and presses to breathe out his sighs,
And pants on young bosoms, and doats on bright
eyes.

Oh love! with sweet spring, come and brighten our
And bring opportunity too in your train ; [plain,
Like the rest of the world we'll revel and play,
And all be the sons and the daughters of May.

CCCXCII. *Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Agree-
able Surprise.*

THUS, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd ;
See Britain's glorious flag display'd !
Unfurl the swelling sail !

Sound, sound your shells, ye tritons sound !
Let every heart with joy rebound !

We scud before the gale.

See Neptune quits his wat'ry car,

Depos'd by Jove's decree,

Who hails a free-born British tar

The sov'reign of the sea.

Now, now we leave the land behind,

Our loving wives, and sweethearts kind,

Perhaps to meet no more !

Great George commands ; it must be so ;

And glory calls ; then let us go !

Nor sigh a wish for shore.

For Neptune, &c.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear ;

Our canvas croud ; the chace we near :

In vain the Frenchman flies.

A broadside

A broadside pour'd through clouds of smoke,
Our captain roars—My hearts of oak,
Now draw, and board your prize !
For Neptune, &c.

The scuppers run with Gallic gore ;
The white rag struck, Monsieur no more
Disputes the British sway.
A prize ! we tow her into port,
And hark ! salutes from ev'ry fort !
Huzza, my souls, huzza !
For Neptune, &c.

CCCXCH. SONG.

THY origin divine I see,
Of mortal race thou canst not be :
Thy lip a ruby lustre shows,
Thy purple cheek outshines the rose :
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any star.
Thy fordid way of life despise ;
Above thy slav'ry, Sylvia, rise :
Display thy beauty, form, and mien,
And grow a goddess, or a queen.

CCCXCIV. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.*

'TIS not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the soul convey :
Minds possess superior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
Like the sun true merit shows,
By nature warm, by nature bright ;
With inbred flame he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

CCCXCV

CCCXCV. SONG.

'TIS now the noon of gloomy night,
 When awful silence reigns ;
 And Luna darts her borrow'd light
 Along th' enamell'd plains.

In homely cots, the sleeping swains
 Forget the toils of day,
 No longer sport in rustic games ;
 No lambkins skip and play.

But I, alas! a stranger grown
 To comfort and repose,
 In vain to Phoebe make my moan,
 And tell my heart-felt woes.

In that cold tomb my lover lies,
 (A youth so good and just)
 There, deaf to all my mournful cries,
 He moulders into dust.

CCCXCVI. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh.*

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Blithe Jocky to young Jenny came ;
 But, though she lik'd him passing well,
 She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd her fingers long and small :
 Unusual joy her heart did feel,
 But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist
 He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd ;
 To kiss her hand he down did kneel :
 But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise ;
 He bleis'd her neck, her lips, and eyes :
 Her fondness she could scarce conceal ;
 Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.
 Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
 His wanton thought she quickly guess'd ;
 Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
 And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.
 At last, when she began to chide,
 He swore he meant her for his bride :
 'Twas then her love she did reveal,
 And flung away her spinning-wheel.

CCCXCVII. *Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy, in Mother Shipton.*

TO heal the smart a bee had made
 Upon my Chloe's face,
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place.
 Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;
 Honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

CCCXCVIII. *Sung in the Merchant of Venice*

TO keep my gentle Jesse,
 What labour would seem hard !
 Each toilsome task how easy,
 Her love the sweet reward !
 Her love the sweet reward !
 The bee, thus uncomplaining,
 Esteems no toil severe ;

The sweet reward obtaining
Of honey all the year,
Of honey all the year.

CCCXCIX. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

TOM loves Mary passing well,
And Mary she loves Harry ;
But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miscarry.
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
Whilst Mary slights his passion :
So strangely freakish are the turns
Of human inclination.

Mol gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
Which he, in am'rous folly,
Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly :
Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
No turtles can be truer ;
Each loves the object they pursue,
But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal despises Mary ;
And all the flouts which Bel receives
From Tom, she vents on Harry :
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw people grimmer ;
If one has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good-humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
Throughout the British nation ;
How much 'tis every one's concern
To sinile at reformation.

And still, thro' life, this rule pursue,
 Whatever objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

CCCC. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,
 From fair to fair I rov'd;
 To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,
 Tho' all alike I lov'd:
 Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,
 My truth appear'd a jest:
 But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.
 Like other fools, at female wiles
 'Twas my delight to rail;
 Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their smiles,
 Were false, I thought, and frail:
 But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
 I see their worth confess;
 That man cannot enough adore,
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.
 The roving heart at beauty's sight
 May glow with fond desire;
 Yet though possession yields delight,
 It damps the lawless fire:
 But love's celestial faithful flames
 Still catch from breast to breast;
 While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

No solid blifs from change results,
 No real raptures flow ;
 But, fix'd to one, the soul exults,
 And tastes of Heav'n below.
 With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
 Is truth's fair form imprest ;
 And reason dictates to mankind
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

CCCCI. *Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Ar-
 taxerxes.*

TO sigh and complain,
 Alike I disdain,
 Contented my wish to enjoy :
 I scorn to reflect
 On a lady's neglect,
 Or barter my peace for a toy.
 In love, as in war,
 I laugh at a scar ;
 And if my proud enemy yield,
 The joy that remains,
 Is to lead her in chains,
 And glean the rich spoils of the field.

CCCCII. *Sung by Mr. Shuter, in the Maid of the
 Mill.*

TO speak my mind of womankind,
 In one word it is this—
 By nature they're design'd
 To say and do amils.

Be they maids, be they wives,
 Alike they plague our lives ;

C c 2

Wanton,

Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,
Born to cheat and give men pain.

Their study, day and night,
Is mischief, their delight ;
And if we should prevent
At one door the intent,
They quickly turn about,
And find another out.

CCCCIII. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

TO the conscious groves I hie me,
Where I late was blithe and gay ;
Try to fancy Colin nigh me,
So to pass the hours away.

But can scenes like those delight me,
When my swain's no longer there ?
Hill, nor dale, nor stream invite me ;
Now no more they're worth my care.

Come thyself, without delaying,
In those shades I find no ease ;
But with thee, whilst fondly straying,
Ev'ry place is sure to please.

CCCCIV. *Sung in Tamerlane.*

TO thee, O gentle sleep ! alone
Is owing all our peace ;
By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,
By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand by fraud or force
Some tyrant has possess'd,
By thee obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is blest'd.

Oh!

Oh! stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,
 The sadly-weeping fair
 Conjures thee not to lose, in day,
 The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought :
 That motion chas'd her sleep :
 Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought
 The griefs for which we weep.

CCCCV. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto.*

T'Other day as I sat in the sycamore shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along ;
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.
 Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! what a flutter is here!
 Young Damon designs you no ill ;
 The shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,
 Then pr'ythee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
 One kiss he demanded—no more!
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score.
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
 Many times as we play'd on the hill :
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still. [round,
 When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade
 For shelter I'm sure to repair ;
 And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,
 Altho' the dear shepherd be there.
 At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
 My heart may rebound if it will ;
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

CCCCVI. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the Maid of the Mill.*

TRust me, would you taste true pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
Nowhere shall you find the treasure
Sure as in the sylvan scene:
Blest, who, no false glare requiring,
Nature's rural sweets admiring,
Can, from grosser joys retiring,
Seek the simple and serene.

CCCCVII. SONG.

RECITATIVE.

'TWas at the gate of Calais, Hogaith tells,
Where sad despair and famine always
dwells.

A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandfire's cook,
As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took;
Bending beneath the weight of sam'd sirloin,
On whom he often wish'd, in vain, to dine:
Good father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd:
And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd:

A I R.

(*A lovely lass to a Friar came, &c.*)

Oh rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd,
Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd

Renown'd furloin, oft-times decreed
 The theme of English ballad;
 On thee ev'n kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-maigre, frogs, and salad!

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frightened Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

A I R.

(Foote's minuet.)

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?
 Begar, it is de roast beef from Londre;
 Oh! grant to me von letel bite.
 But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies:
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

A I R.

A I R.

(Ellen a Roon.)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy fight is,
 My joy, that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.
 While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 Ah, hard-hearted Louis !
 Why did I come to you ?
 The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me
 from starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
 But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear-lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside ;
 With lifted hand he blest'd his native place,
 Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

A I R.

(Broom of Coruden Knows.)

How hard, oh ! Sawney, is thy lot,
 Who wast so blithe of late,
 To see such meat as can't be got,
 When hunger is so great !
 O the beef ! the bonny bonny beef,
 When roasted nice and brown ;
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down !
 Ah ! Charley, hadst thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
 I would the de'il had pick'd mine ey'n
 Ere I had gang'd with thee.
 O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

But, see! my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite ;
Where smiling freedom guards great George's
throne,

And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.
Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted the size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, " Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling and straining too hard made him

O the roast beef, &c. [burst.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear,
The ox is Old England, the frog is Montieur ;
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the sirloin smoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst, like the frog in the
O the roast beef of Old England, [table.
And O the Old English roast beef.

CCCCVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto.*

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
 Pageant of an idle hour;
 Born just to bloom and fade:
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,
 Is the pride of human wit;
 The shadow of a shade.

CCCCIX. *Sung by Mrs. Vernon.*

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
 To resist the tender dart;
 For examples move us never;
 We must feel, to know the smart.
 When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view;
 Vanity, her aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
 Is the mild, deceitful strain;
 Frowning truth our sex displeases;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain:
 But, too soon, the happy lover
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive:
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe,
 Foolish woman to believe.

CCCCX. SONG.

VAINly now you strive to charm me,
 All ye sweets of blooming May;
 How should empty sunshine warm me,
 While Lotharia keeps away?

Go,

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me;
Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky;
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
Softer sunshine fills her eye.

CCCCXI. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the Beggar's Opera.*

Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.
But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring;
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, as yet sweet;
There fades and shrinks, and grows past all en-
during;
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

CCCCXII. *Sung by Mrs. Arne, in the Royal Shepherd.*

Vows of love should ever bind
Men who are to honour true;
They must have a savage mind,
Who refuse the fair their due.
Scorn'd and hated may they be,
Who from constancy do swerve!
So may ev'ry nymph agree
All such faithless swains to serve!

CCCCXIII. SONG.

WAST me, some soft and cooling breeze,
To Windsor's shady, kind retreat;
Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
Repel the raging dog-star's heat:

Where

Where tufted grafs, and mossy beds,
Afford a rural, calm repose;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
Along the smiling valley plays;
His glassy surface cheers the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadows strays:
His fertile banks with herbage green,
His vales with golden plenty swell;
Where'er his purer streams are seen,
The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
With naked arms once more divide;
In thee my glowing bosom lave,
And cut the gently-rolling tide.
Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
Beneath some osier's dusky shade;
Where water-lilies deck the ground,
And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let dear Lucinda too be there,
With azure mantle slightly drest:
Ye nymphs, bind up her flowing hair;
Ye zephyrs, fan her panting breast.
O haste away, fair maid, and bring
The muse, the kindly friend to love!
To thee alone the muse shall sing,
And warble through the vocal grove.

CCCCXIV. *Sung by Mr. Dunstal, in Love in a Village.*

WAS ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen
Zawns! Madge, don't provoke me, but
mind what I say;

You've

You've chose a wrong parson for playing your
tricks on,

So pack up your alls, and be trudging away :

You'd better be quiet,

And not breed a riot ;

'Sblood ! must I stand prating with you here all day ?

I've got other matters to mind ;

Mayhap you may think me an afs ;

But to the contrary you'll find :

A fine piece of work, by the mass !

CCCCXV. *Sung by Mrs. Arne, in the Padlock.*

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep

On yonder plains a flock of sheep,

Well pleas'd I'd watch, the live long day,

My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or wou'd some bird, that pity brings,

But for a moment lend its wings,

My parents then might rave and scold,

My guardian strive my will to hold :

Their words are harsh, his walls are high,

But spite of all, away I'd fly.

CCCCXVI. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the Maid of
the Mill.*

WAS I sure a life to lead,

Wretched as the vilest slave,

Ev'ry hardship would I brave,

Rudest toil, severest need,

Ere yield my hand so coolly

To the man who never truly

Could my heart in keeping have.

D d

Wealth

Wealth with others success will insure you,
 Where your wit and your person may please;
 Take to them your love, I conjure you,
 And in mercy set me at ease.

CCCCXVII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

WAS Nanny but a rural maid,
 And I her only swain,
 To tend her flocks in fertile mead,
 And on the verdant plain;
 Oh! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
 To please my lovely maid;
 While of all sense of care we're freed,
 Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
 And rain seems in the sky,
 Then to our oaken, safe retreat,
 We'd both together hie!
 There I'd repeat my vows of love
 Unto my charming fair,
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart would prove
 A mind like mine sincere.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
 I'd live in rural ease;
 Then grandeur, bustle, pride, and noise
 Could ne'er my fancy please:
 In Nanny ev'ry joy combines,
 With grace, and blooming youth;
 Sincerity and virtue shines,
 With modesty and truth.

CCCCXVIII. *Sung by Mr. Tenducci.*

WATER parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide,

To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or thro' fertile valleys glide.
 Though, in search of lost repose,
 Through the land 'tis free to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native home.

CCCCXIX. TRIO. *Sung by Mr. Beard, Mrs. Pinto, and Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.*

Mr. Beard.

WELL, come, let us hear what the swain must
 possess, [cess ?

Who may hope at your feet to implore with suc-

Mrs. Pinto, and Mrs. Mattocks.

He must be, first of all,
 Straight, comely, and tall ;
 Neither aukward, nor foolish ;
 Nor apish, nor mulish ;
 Nor yet should his fortune be small.

Mr. Beard.

What think'st of a captain ?

Mrs. Mattocks.

All bluster and wounds !

Mr. Beard.

What think'st of a 'squire ?

Mrs. Pinto.

To be left for his hounds.

Mrs. Pinto and Mrs. Mattocks.

The youth who is form'd to my mind,
 Must be gentle, obliging, and kind ;
 Of all things in nature, love me ;
 Have sense both to speak and to see,
 Yet sometimes be silent and blind.

D d 2

Mr.

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Mrs. Pinto and Mrs. Mattocks.

The youth who is form'd to my mind,
 Must be gentle, obliging, and kind ;
 Of all things in nature, love me ;
 Have sense both to speak and to see,
 Yet sometimes be silent and blind.

Mr. *Beard*.

*Fore George, a most rare matrimonial receipt.

Trio.

Observe it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate ;
Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate.

CCCCXX. *Sung by Mr. Dunstal, in Love in
a Village.*

WELL, well, say no more ;
Sure you told me before ;
I know the full length of my tether.
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to school ?
I can spell you, and put you together.
A word to the wife
Will always suffice :
Addsniggers ! go talk to your parrot.
I'm not such an elf,
Th'of I say't myself,
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

CCCCXXI. *Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in
a Village.*

WE women, like weak Indians, trade,
Whose judgment tinsel-show decoys ;
Dupes to our folly we are made,
While artful man the gain enjoys :
We give our treasure, to be paid
A paltry, poor return in toys.

CCCCXXII. *Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the
Duenna.*

WHAT bard, O time, discover,
With wings first made thee move ?

Ah !

Ah ! sure he was some lover
Who ne'er had left his love !

For who, that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
Though but one day
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings ?
What bard, &c.

CCCCXXIII. SONG.

WHAT beauteous scenes enchant my sight !
How closely yonder vine
Does round that elm's supporting height
Her wanton ringlets twine !
That elm (no more a barren shade)
Is with her clusters crown'd ;
And that fair vine, without his aid,
Had crept along the ground.

Let this, my fair one, move thy heart
Connubial joys to prove ;
Yet mark what age and care impart,
Nor thoughtless rush on love :
Know thy own bliss, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy charms,
The youthful god that rules the year,
And keeps thy groves from harms.
While some with short-liv'd passion glow,
His love remains the same ;
On him alone thy heart bestow,
And crown his constant flame :
So shall no frost's untimely pow'r
Deform the blooming spring ;
So shall the trees, from blasts secure,
Their wonted tribute bring.

CCCCXXIV. SONG.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
 Yet Moggy's, still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed :
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure do yield.
 The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.
 How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Moggy not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep ?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.
 'Tis she does the virgins excel ;
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair :
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh, tell me at noon where they feed !
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

CCCCXXV.

CCCCXXV. SONG.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear ?
 Why silent drops that crystal tear ?
 What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
 Where love and peace delight to rest ?
 What tho' thy Jockey has been seen
 With Molly sporting on the green ?
 'Twas but an artful trick, to prove
 The matchless force of Jenny's love.
 'Tis true, a nosegay I had drest
 To grace the witty Daphne's breast,
 But 'twas at her desire, to try
 If Damon cast a jealous eye :
 These flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn ;
 But in thy fragrant bosom lies
 A sweet perfume that never dies.

CCCCXXVI. *Sung in the Chaplet.*

WHAT med'cine can soften the bosom's keen
 What Lethe can banish the pain ? [singer ?]
 What cure can be met with, to sooth the fond heart
 That's broke by a faithless young swain ?
 In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
 The sports of the wake and the green !
 When Colin is dancing, I say, with a sigh,
 'Twas here first my Damon was seen.
 When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan,
 In accents so piercing and clear ;
 You sing not so sweetly, I cry, with a groan,
 As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,
 And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove;
 For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,
 And Damon pretended to love.

CCCCXXVII. *Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.*

WHAT shepherd, or nymph of the grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
 Since Phœbe no longer is here?
 My flocks, if at random they stray,
 What wonder, if she's from the plains?
 Her hand they were wont to obey;
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.
 Can I ever forget how we stray'd
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill?
 There, sweet by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold!
 How oft would I spy out a charm,
 Which before had been hid from my view!
 And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
 My lips to her lips how they grew!
 How long the sweet contest would last!
 Till the hours of retirement and rest,
 What pleasures and pain each had past,
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.
 No changes of place, or of time,
 I felt when my fair one was near;

Alike

Alike was each weather and clime,
 Each season that chequer'd the year :
 In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May ;
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask ;
 She had all the kind gods could impart ;
 She was nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair, and the envy of art :
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was dress ;
 For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,
 And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

CCCCXXVIII. DUET. *In the Oratorio of Joseph.*

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown rose,
 Or breezes from the new-mown clove ?
 What's sweeter than an April morn,
 Or May-day's silver fragrant thorn ?
 What than Arabia's spicy grove ?
 Oh! sweeter far the breath of lové.

CCCCXXIX. SONG.

WHAT though the bloom of spring is gone,
 And nature feels decay ;
 Though winter now her garb puts on,
 And casts a gloom on day :
 Tho' silent stands the lazy rill,
 And mute the sylvan throng ;
 Yet Fanny's charms, unfading still,
 Shall flourish in my song.

Tho' now no more, on sunny plains,
 The shepherds tend their care,

And

And each, in emulating strains,
 Forgets to praise his fair;
 Tho' unfrequented ev'ry shade,
 That catch'd the vernal breeze,
 Yet Fanny's smiles (enchanting maid!)
 Can charm me more than these.

When spring, in varied beauty drest,
 Does all its sweets disclose,
 Compare the lily to her breast,
 And to her lips the rose:
 Her breast the lily's white outvies,
 Tho' whitest of the vale,
 And to her lips (in Damon's eyes)
 The reddest rose looks pale.

No more shall flow'rs bedeck the mead
 Or birds frequent the spray;
 Or larks forsake their dewy beds,
 And hail the dawning day:
 No more on yonder mountain's brow
 Shall bleating lambkins rove,
 And she no more prove fair or true,
 When I forget to love.

CCCCXXX. *Sung in Damon and Phillida.*

WHAT woman could do, I have try'd, to be
 Yet, do all I can, [free;

I find I love him; and, though he flies me,
 Still—still he's the man.

They tell me, at once he to twenty will swear:
 When vows are so sweet, who the falshood can fear!
 So, when you have said all you can,
 Still—still he's the man.

I caught him once making love to a maid;
 When to him I ran,

He turn'd, and he kiss'd me ; then who could up-
So civil a man ? [braid

The next day I found to a third he was kind,
I rated him soundly ; he swore I was blind ;

So, let me do what I can,
Still—still he's the man.

All the world bids me beware of his art :

I do what I can ;

But he has taken such hold of my heart,

I doubt he's the man !

So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,

He may have his faults, but if none I can find,

Who can do more than they can ?

He—still is the man.

CCCCXXXI. *Sung by Mr. Beard, in the Maid
of the Mill.*

WHEN a maid, in way of marriage,

First is courted by a man,

Let 'un do the best he can,

She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,

'Tis with pain the suit's began.

Tho'f, mayhap, she likes him mainly,

Still she shams it coy and cold ;

Fearing to confess it plainly,

Lest the folks should think her bold :

But the parson comes in sight,

Gives the word to bill and coo ;

'Tis a different story quite,

And she quickly buckles to.

CCCCXXXII. *Sung by Mr. Beard.*

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god ! invites
To revel in his ev'ning rites,

In

In vain his altar I surround,
Though with Burgundian incense crown'd ;
No charms has wine without the las,
'Tis love gives relish to the glas.

A I R.

While all around, with jocund glee,
In brimmers toast their fav'rite she,
Though ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
My heart still whispers Chloe's name ;
And thus with me, by am'rous stealth,
Still ev'ry glas is Chloe's health.

CCCCXXXIII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Almena.*

WHEN beauty, on the lover's soul,
Imprints its first and fairest charms,
It soon does reason's force controul,
And every passion quite disarms.

'Tis beauty triumphs o'er the brave,
As ev'ry feature blooms divine ;
'Tis beauty makes the king a slave,
When in an angel's form, like thine.

CCCCXXXIV. SONG.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to re-
treat,

As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
" Trim the boat and sit quiet ! " stern Charon
reply'd ; [you dy'd."

" You may have forgot—you were drunk when

CCCCXXXV.

CCCCXXXV. SONG.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
 And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn ;
 When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,
 To hail the god of light and heat ;
 Philander, from his downy bed,
 To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,
 Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
 Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again :
 He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
 Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,
 And near forgot that his design
 Was but to be her Valentine.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone ;
 Philander, charming youth, be gone !
 For this time, to your vows sincere,
 Make virtue, not your love appear :
 No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes
 (Forgive the simple fond disguise ;)
 To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, ere setting sun,
 To join two virtuous hearts in one ;
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
 The sweet effects of mutual love ;
 And, from that hour to life's decline,
 She bless'd the day of Valentine.

E e

CCCCXXXVI.

CCCCXXXVI. *Sung in the Masque of Alfred.*

WHEN Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
Must in, &c. [free,
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
Thy cities, &c.

All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The

The muses, still with freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair:
 Bless'd isle! with beauties, with matchless beau-
 ties crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.

CCCCXXXVII. *Sung by Mrs. Clive, in As You
 Like it.*

WHEN daisies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
 And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight;
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he:
 Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks;
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he:
 Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! word of fear,
 Unpleasing, &c.

CCCCXXXVIII. SONG.

WHEN Fanny blooming fair
 First caught my ravish'd sight,
 Pleas'd with her shape and air,
 I felt a strange delight:

E e 2

Whilst

Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
 Admiring ev'ry part,
 And ev'ry feature prais'd,
 She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
 Ten thousand loves appear;
 There Cupid basking lies,
 His shafts are hoarded there.
 Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
 With colour all their own,
 Excelling far the pride
 Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
 The lucky hand of Jove;
 Her features all express
 The beauteous queen of love:
 What flames my nerves invade,
 When I behold the breast
 Of that too charming maid
 Rise, suing to be prest!

Venus, round Fanny's waist,
 Has her own cestus bound;
 Three guardian Cupids grace,
 And dance the circle round.

How happy must he be
 Who shall her zone unloose!
 That bliss to all, but me,
 May Heaven and she refuse!

CCCCXXXIX. *Sung by Mr. Dubellamy.*

WHEN Fanny I saw, as I tripp'd o'er the green,
 Fair, blooming, artless, and kind,
 Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mien,
 And warmth with modesty join'd;

With

With sudden amazement I stood,
 Fast rivetted down to the place;
 Her delicate shape, easy motion I view'd,
 And wand'red o'er every grace.
 Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty! I cry,
 What raptures must dwell in her arms!
 On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die;
 O, Fanny! how sweet are thy charms!
 Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,
 Soft transports my senses invade;
 Young Damon stepp'd up, with the substance he fled,
 And left me to kiss the dear shade.

CCCCXL. *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

WHEN first by fond Damon Flavella was seen,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mien,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mien:
 The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm as a lover, but cool as a friend;
 From friendship, not passion, his raptures did move,
 And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love,
 And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love.
 New charms he discover'd, as more she was
 known;
 Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own,
 Her face, &c.
 Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
 And ev'ry dear virtue beam'd forth in her mind:
 Still, still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
 Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was love,
 Till a sigh, &c.
 Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,
 Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her,
 Grows dull, &c.

He's mute, till his heart-strings are ready to break;
 For fear of offending forbids him to speak;
 And wanders a willing example to prove,
 That friendship with woman is sister to love,
 That friendship, &c.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence;
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense,
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense;
 His passion nor wrinkles, nor age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay;
 And time, that shall beauty's short empire remove,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love.

CCCCXLI. *A Song for two Voices.*

WHEN first I saw the graceful maid,
 Ah, me! what meant my throbbing breast?
 Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
 Those gentle smiles did first create;
 And, though you may not love again,
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

CCCCXLII. *Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.*

WHEN first the east begins to dawn,
 And nature's beauties rise,
 The lark assumes her matins sweet,
 And seeks the yielding skies:
 The rosy light that glads the muse
 Dear to her breast must be;
 But not so dear, young Cupid knows,
 As Damon is to me.

In yonder tree, two turtles bill,
 Whose sweet alternate notes
 In pretty songs of love prolong
 The music of their throats ;
 Dear to the lover's flutt'ring breast
 The fair one's notes must be ;
 But not so dear, the thousandth part,
 As Damon is to me.

A mourning bird, in plaintive mood,
 Robb'd of her callow young,
 In yonder grove observ'd her nest,
 And still her woes she sung ;
 No feather'd warbler of the wood
 More sorrowful could be ;
 But I far greater woes must share,
 Were Damon torn from me.

CCCCXLIII. *Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the Wedding Ring.*

WHEN first the youth his fears forsook,
 And that he lov'd I fondly heard,
 What sweetness was in every look !
 What eloquence in ev'ry word !
 From her whole store, to make me blest'd,
 Did fortune bid me choose,
 How gladly would I all the rest,
 For love and him, refuse !

CCCCXLIV. SONG.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 And I thought—but it might not be so—
 She was sorry to see me depart.

She cast such a languishing view,
 My path I could scarcely discern ;
 And so sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought she had bade me return.

Methinks she might like to retire
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear ;
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasted, and planted it there.
 Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,
 Come, shepherds, and tell of her ways ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 Who would sing me a song in her praise :
 While he sings, may the maids of the town
 Come flocking, and listen the while ;
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
 Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,
 Some hermit peep out of his cell ;
 How he thinks of his youth with a sigh !
 How fondly he wishes her well !
 On him she may smile, if she please,
 It will warm the cool bosom of age—
 Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,
 Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
 To deck the dear charms I approve ;
 For what can a blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so delightful as love !

I sing

I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd, and one of the throng,
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay :
 Go, poets, and envy my song.

CCCCXLV. SONG.

WHEN gentle Harriot first I saw,
 Struck with a reverential awe,
 I felt my bosom mov'd :
 Her easy shape, her charming face !
 She smil'd, and talk'd with so much grace ;
 I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

Up to the busy town I flew,
 And wander'd all its pleasures thro',
 In hopes to ease my care :
 The busy town but mocks my pain,
 Its gayest pleasures all are vain,
 For Harriot haunts me there.

The labours of the learned sage,
 The comic clamour of the stage,
 By turns my time employ ;
 I relish not the sage's lore,
 The stage's humours please no more,
 For Harriot's all my joy.

Sometimes I try'd the jovial throng,
 Sometimes the female train among,
 To chase her form away :
 The jovial throng is noisy, rude,
 Nor other females dare intrude,
 Where Harriot bears the sway.

Since, then, nor art nor learning can,
 Nor company of maid or man,
 For want of thee atone ;

O come,

O come, with all thy conqu'ring charms,
 O come, and take me to thy arms,
 For thou art all in one !

CCCCXLVI. SONG.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay !
 Content inspir'd each rural lay :
 The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung ;
 All look'd as joy could never fail
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.
 But since the good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
 Now Arno's sons must all give place
 To northern men, an iron race :
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er ;
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more ;
 The muses droop, the Goths prevail ;
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale !

CCCCXLVII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

WHEN I awake, with painful brow,
 Ere the cock begins to crow ;
 Tossing, tumbling in my bed,
 Aching heart, and aching head :
 Pond'ring over human ills,
 Cruel bailiffs, taylors bills ;
 Flush and pam thrown up at loo ;
 When these sorrows strike my view,
 I cry——
 And, to stop the gushing tear,
 Wipe it with the pillowbier.

But

But when sportive evening comes,
Routs, ridottos, balls and drums;
Casinos here—festinos there,
Mirth and pastime ev'ry where;
Seated by a sprightly lass,
Smiling with the smiling glass;
When these pleasures are my lot,
Taylors, bailiffs, all forgot,

I laugh——

Careless then what may befall,
Thus I shake my sides at all.

Then again when I peruse,
O'er my tea, the morning news,
Dismal tales of plundered houses,
Wanton wives, and cuckold spouses:
When I read of money lent,
At sixteen and a half per cent.

I cry——

But if, ere the muffin's gone,
Simp'ring enters honest John;
“Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,
“Waiting in a chaise and four,”
Instant vanish all my cares,
Swift I scamper down the stairs,

And laugh——

So may this indulgent throng,
Who now, smiling, grace my song,
Never more cry oh! oh! oh!
But join with me in ha! ha! ha!

CCCCXLVIII. SONG.

WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw play-
things aside,
I conceiv'd myself woman, and fit for a bride;
By

By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance ;
For the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond excell'd, [held!

Such a face, and such tresses, sure ne'er were be-
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and
trance ! [romance.

Oh ! the maids will believe, and the men will
Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball,
And swore to my charms he a conquest must fall ;
On his knees he intreated my hand for a dance :
Ah ! the maids will believe, and the men will
romance.

He conducted me home, when the pastime was
o'er, [fore ;

And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty be-
He ogled and sigh'd as he saw me advance :
Ah ! the maids will believe, and the men will
romance.

Then day after day I his company had :
At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad ;
But my father lov'd money, and would not advance,
And reply'd to my lover, Young men will romance.

But tho' my papa would not give us a shilling,
My Polydore swore he to wed me was willing ;
So to church we both went, and at night had a
dance ;

And, believe me, my Polydore did not romance.

CCCCXLIX. *Sung by Miss Poitier, in Thomas and Sally.*

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like
me ?

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee ;
I tattled,

I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard,—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;
'Twas, This, sir, and That, sir,—but scarce ever
Nay;

And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband—poor man!
Well, rest him—we all are as good as we can;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone;
Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own:
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is un-
tow'rd,

Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago:

This time's a sore foe; there's no shunning his
However, I keep up a pretty good heart. [dart;

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance;
I still love a tune, though unable to dance;
And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

CCCCCL. *Sung by Mrs. Bradshaw, in Cymon.*

WHEN I was young, tho' now am old,

The men were kind and true;

But now they're grown so false and bold,

What can a woman do?

Now what can a woman do?

For men are, truly,

So unruly,

I tremble at seventy-two!

F f

When

When I was fair, though now so so,
 No hearts were given to rove;
 Our pulses beat nor fast nor slow,
 But all was faith and love;
 What can a woman do?
 Now what can a woman do?
 For men are, truly,
 So unruly,
 I tremble at seventy-two!

CCCCLI. *Sung by Mr. Dodd, in the Gentle
 Shepherd.*

WHEN last the wind unroof'd the barn,
 When last the fire burnt up the yarn;
 When Wattie last was sore affright,
 And wander'd in the snow a' night;
 You, goody, you,
 I tell you true,
 You got the blame of a' fell out,
 And ilk ane dreeds ye a' about.
 If farmer's kine a' milk refuse,
 If shepherd lads their lassies lose,
 If chairs are smash'd, if stools fa' doon,
 To bump my dame, or crack her croon;
 You, goody, you,
 I tell you true,
 You get the blame of a' falls out,
 And ilk ane dreeds ye a' about.
 'Tis ye they dread when ravens croak;
 'Tis ye they curse when chimnies smoke,
 A' ills, a' crosses that betide:
 Auld Maufe (they say) is mischief's guide;
 You,

You, goody, you,
 I tell you true,
 You get the blame of a' falls out,
 And ilk ane dreeds ye a' about.

CCCCCLII. *Sung by Miss Slack, in the Capricious Lovers.*

WHEN late a simple rustic lass,
 I rov'd without constraint,
 A stream was all my looking-glass,
 And health my only paint.
 The charms I boast, (alas! how few!)
 I gave to nature's care;
 As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
 They could not want repair.

CCCCCLIII. *Sung in Thomas and Sally.*

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain
 My wild desires to rally;
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange! no longer seek to roam,
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy:
 Can love with ruin tally?
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally.

Can the weak taper's feeble rays,
 Or lamps, transmit the sun's bright blaze;
 Oh! no——then say how shall I

In words, be able to express
My love?—it burns to such excess,
I almost die for Sally.

Come then, oh! come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,
Or lilies of the valley;
O follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

CCCCLIV. *Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the
Summer's Tale.*

WHEN love at first approach is seen,
His dang'rous form he veils;
A playful infant's harmless mien
The playful god conceals:
When soon, by us fond dupes carest,
He acts his trait'rous part;
And, as we press him to the breast,
He steals into the heart.

CCCCLV. SONG.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray;
What charms can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art, her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die!

CCCCLVI. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

WHEN May-day buds on trees were seen,
And flow'rets deck'd the ground,

When

When my last birth-day told eighteen,
 And time came smiling round :
 My mother oft, with anxious care,
 With how, and where, and when,
 Wou'd tell of many a wily snare
 That she had 'scap'd from men.
 Then bade me shun young Jockey's art,
 From his embraces fly,
 Lest he should steal my simple heart ;
 But no, indeed, not I.

His hair was flaxen, and he sung
 Like any nightingale ;
 His cheeks were rosy, and his tongue
 Told many a flatt'ring tale :
 He met me here, he met me there,
 With kifs, and song, and smile ;
 At mill and meadow, wake and fair,
 And at the milking stile.
 By chance, as 'twere, at night, or noon,
 To find him I would fly ;
 Yet, if he ask'd the smallest boon,
 'Twas No, indeed, not I.

Poor Jockey, vex'd to be so teaz'd,
 Resolv'd my love to prove ;
 No more the struggling kifs he seiz'd,
 Nor sought me in the grove ;
 He toy'd with Jenny on the green,
 He gave her kisses three ;
 By Bridget of the brook 'twas seen,
 'Twas Bridget told it me !
 She bade me shun young Jockey's art,
 From his embraces fly,
 Lest he should steal my tender heart,
 But no, indeed, not I.

At length he ask'd of me to wed,
 With many a tender vow ;
 I smil'd, I simper'd, hung my head,
 And look'd, I scarce know how :
 I wish'd, I fear'd, I scarce knew what ;
 He blush'd, and begg'd, and sigh'd,
 He press'd, and said, You'll surely not
 Refuse to be my bride ?
 Lord help me ! how could I refrain ?
 'Twere sinful too to lye ;
 So when he asked that again,
 'Twas No, indeed, not I.

CCCCLVII. SONG.

WHEN once I with Phillida stray'd,
 Where rivers run murmuring by,
 And heard the soft vows that she made,
 What swain was so happy as I ?
 My breast was a stranger to care,
 For my wealth by her kisses I told ;
 I thought myself richer, by far,
 Than he that had mountains of gold.
 But now I am poor and undone,
 Her vows have prov'd empty and vain ;
 The kisses I once thought my own,
 Are bestow'd on a happier swain :
 But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem
 Her vows shall be constant and true ;
 They're as false as a midsummer dream,
 As fickle as midsummer dew.
 O Phillis, so fickle and fair,
 Why did you my love then approve ?
 Had you frown'd on my suit, thro' despair
 I soon had forgotten to love :

Yes

You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
 You spoke, and your words were so kind,
 I could not suspect the deceit,
 But gave my loose sails to the wind.
 When tempests the ocean deform,
 And billows so mountainous roar,
 The pilot, secur'd from the storm,
 Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore ;
 As soon as soft breezes arise,
 And smiles the false face of the sea,
 His art he, too credulous, tries,
 And, sailing, is shipwreck'd like me.

CCCCLVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love
 in a Village.*

WHEN once love's subtle poison gains
 A passage to the female breast,
 Rushing, like lightning, through the veins,
 Each wish, and ev'ry thought's possess.
 To heal the pangs our minds endure,
 Reason in vain its skill applies ;
 Nought can afford the heart a cure,
 But what is pleasing to the eyes.

CCCCCLIX. *Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Ar-
 taxerxes.*

WHEN real joy we miss,
 'Tis some degree of bliss
 To reap ideal pleasure,
 And dream of hidden treasure.
 The soldier dreams of wars,
 And conquers without scars ;
 The sailor in his sleep
 With safety ploughs the deep ;

So I, thro' fancy's aid,
Enjoy my heav'nly maid,
And, blest with thee and love,
Am greater far than Jove.

CCCCLX. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

WHEN Strephon the rover first Phillis address'd,
He took her to wake and to fair,
He bought her gay ribbons to wear at her breast,
And thus whisper'd the nymph in her ear :
To my passion be kind, gentle pity bestow :
But the maiden's reply to young Strephon was No;
Lud, don't you keep teasing me so !
The youth, who such coyness had oftentimes seen,
Ne'er heeded the maiden's reply,
But, returning one eve from the dance on the green,
He resolv'd t'other effort to try ;
So he kiss'd, and he press'd, crying, Pity bestow ;
But the maiden reply'd, Pray have done, Stre-
phon, do ;
Lud, don't you keep teasing me so !
Opposition like this so his passion enhanc'd,
That he swore without her he shou'd die ;
Then an offer of marriage he fairly advanc'd,
And she said in a month she'd comply :
But he begg'd her to church the next morning to
She blushing assented—the reason, I trow, [go ;
Was to keep him from teasing her so.

CCCCLXI. *Sung by Mr. Yates, in the Capricious Lovers.*

WHEN the head of poor Tummus was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake,
And

And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
 And wept for poor Tummus's sake :
 When his worship gave noggins of ale,
 And the liquor was charming and stout ;
 O these were the times to regale,
 And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
 And we all were as happy as kings ;
 Each lad in his holiday cloaths,
 And the lasses in all their best things :
 What merriment all the day long !
 May the feast of our Colin prove such ;
 Odzooks ! but I'll join in the song,
 And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

CCCCCLXII. SONG.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for beauty
 and fame,
 Bright Sylvia stood foremost in right of her claim ;
 And to crown the high transports dear conquest
 excites,
 At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's,
 At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's,
 But how shall I whisper this fair one's sad case ?
 A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face ;
 Her vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled red,
 And all the gay graces of beauty are fled,
 And all, &c.
 Take heed, all ye fair, lest you triumph in vain ;
 For Sylvia, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
 Is now more engaging, since reason took place,
 Than when she possess'd the perfections of face,
 Than when, &c.

Convinc'd

Convinc'd she no more can coquette it, and tease,
 Instead of tormenting, she studies to please ;
 Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life ;
 Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife,
 Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife,

CCCCLXIII. SONG.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And flow'rs were fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye ;
 Blithe Jockey's looks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free :
 " Gang down the burn, my gentle love,
 " And soon I'll follow thee."

Now Jockey did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn side ;
 And Mary was a bonny lass,
 Just meet to be a bride :
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her eyes were azure blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And nothing, sure, unmeet !
 For, ganging home, I heard them say
 They lik'd a walk so sweet :
 His cheek to her's he fondly laid ;
 She cry'd, " Sweet love, be true ;
 " And when a wife, as now a maid,
 " To death I'll follow you."

CCCCLXIV. *Sung by Miss Slack, in the Capricious Lovers.*

WHEN vapours o'er the meadows die,
And morning streaks the purple sky,
I wake to love with jocund glee,
To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove,
And Philomel laments her love;
Each sigh I breathe my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey
The frolic birds in am'rous play;
While fondest cares my heart employ,
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

CCCCLXV. *Sung by Miss Walpole, in the Camp.*

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
My poor heart with grief did sigh,
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on
I 'woke ere yet the morn was nigh: [me,
No other could delight him,
Ah! why did I e'er slight him,
Coldly answering his fond tale?
Which drove him far
Amid the rage of war,
And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
For ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
I will seek my absent love;
The hostile country over,
I'll fly to seek my lover,

Scorning

Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear;
Nor distant shore,
Nor cannons roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

CCCCLXVI. *Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the
Wedding Ring.*

WHEN we come to the age of threescore,
By our maxims in vain we set store;
A girl in her teens,
Will find out the means
To fret us, and plague us, and tease out our
Till our giant wit, [hearts;
Is forc'd to submit
To her puny arts.
Like bells that eternally jangle,
You may scold, you may fight, you may wrangle;
If they're set on't, you'll see
They masters will be;
Nay, though you secure them as safe as your pelf,
They'll lead you the life of the devil himself.

CCCCLXVII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in
a Village.*

WHEN we see a lover languish,
And his truth and honour prove;
Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,
And repay him love for love.

CCCCLXVIII. *Sung by Miss Harper, in the
Spanish Barber.*

WHEN with tenderness we languish,
And the soul with love runs o'er,

Think, oh think, how deep the anguish,
If constrain'd to love no more!

Can we break the sweet connection,
Burst the chains the heart that bind,
Tear up by the roots affection,
And to madness give the mind?

CCCCLXIX. *Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in the*
Maid of the Mill.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature;
Prove as kind again as she.
Happy mortal! to possess her,
In your bosom warm and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit:
Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
Then, agog when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

CCCCLXX. SONG.

WHERE shall I seek my fav'rite maid,
In valley, mead, or grove?
Or tell me, does the myrtle shade
Inclose the fair I love?
Or does she seek the shady bower,
Or haunt the silent glade,

G g

Where

Where she has oft, at ev'ning hour,
 With love and Damon stray'd ?
 Or does she doubt my ardent love,
 And seek some other swain ;
 And leave her bleating flock to rove,
 Neglected, o'er the plain ?
 But oh ! forbear, my panting breast,
 Forbear these vain alarms ;
 For see ! the fair-one deigns to rest
 In sleep's soft folding arms.
 Be hush'd awhile, ye warbling choir,
 Your tuneful notes forbear ;
 In peace, ye limpid streams, retire,
 Nor wake the sleeping fair.
 Ye flow'rets, that on yonder mound
 Such beauteous tints disclose,
 Expand your fragrances around,
 To sweeten her repose.
 Ye gentle dreams, by fancy made,
 Awhile engage the fair ;
 And be each pleasing scene display'd
 To dissipate her care.
 Then deign to make the passion known
 That rages in my breast ;
 That, waking, she her love may own,
 And make her Damon bless'd.

CCCCCLXXI. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

WHere the jessamine sweetens the bow'r,
 And cowslips adorn the gay green,
 The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the scene ;

In a cottage, retir'd, there live
 Young Colin and Phebe the fair ;
 The blessings each other receive
 In mutual enjoyments they share :
 And the lads and the lasses, that dwell on the plain,
 Sing in praise of fair Phebe, and Colin her twain.
 The sweets of contentment supply
 The splendor and grandeur of pride ;
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful bride ;
 He wishes no greater delight
 Than to tend on the lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phebe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay ;
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin who lives in the dale.
 If delighted her lover appears,
 The fair-one partakes of his bliss ;
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals all his pains with a kiss ;
 She despises the artful deceit
 That is practis'd in city and court ;
 Thinks happiness no where compleat,
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort :
 And the lads tell the lasses, they die in despair,
 Unless they are kind as Phebe the fair.
 Ye youths, who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair-one betray,
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey :
 Ye nymphs, who with beauty are blest,
 With virtue improve ev'ry grace ;

The charms of the mind, when posselt,
 Will dignify those of the face :
 And ye lads and ye lasses, whom Hymen has join'd,
 Like Colin be constant, like Phebe be kind.

CCCCCLXXII. SONG.

Where virtue encircles the fair,
 There lilies and roses are vain ;
 Each blossom must drop with despair,
 Where innocence takes up her reign :
 No gaudy embellishing arts
 The fair-one need call to her aid,
 Who kindly by nature imparts
 The graces that nature has made.
 The swain who has sense must despise
 Each coquettish art to ensnare ;
 If timely ye'd wish to be wise,
 Attend to my counsel, ye fair :
 Let virgins whom nature has blest,
 Her sovereign dictates obey ;
 For beauties by nature exprest
 Are beauties that never decay.

CCCCCLXXIII. *Sung in the Double Disappointment.*

Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,
 Abroad, or at home, or alone in a throng,
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
 That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in
 my song.
 Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Balinamone Ora, a kifs of your sweet lips for me.
 Since the first time I saw you I take no repose ;
 I sleep all the day to forget half my woes :

So

So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and
I'll stride!

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white fist for me.

CCCCCLXXIV. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

WHILE beaux to please the ladies write;
Or bards, to get a dinner by't,
Their well-feign'd passions tell,
Let me in humble verse proclaim
My love for her who bears the name
Of charming Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,
Oh—charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
That she has danc'd, that she has sung,
Alas! I know full well:
I feel, and I shall ever feel,
The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
That came from Kitty Fell,
Charming Kitty, &c,

Of late I hop'd, by reason's aid,
 To cure the wounds which love had made,
 And bade a long farewell :
 But t'other day she cross'd the green ;
 I saw, I wish I had not seen,
 My charming Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty, &c.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way ?
 'To church, she cry'd—I cannot stay :
 Why, don't you hear the bell ?
 'To church—oh ! take me with thee there,
 I pray'd ;—she would not hear my pray'r,
 Ah ! cruel Kitty Fell,
 Cruel Kitty, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
 I live to love, and to complain,
 Condemn'd in chains to dwell ;
 For though she casts a scornful eye,
 In death my fault'ring tongue will cry,
 Adieu, dear Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty,
 Adieu, sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.

CCCCLXXV. *Sung at Ranelagh,
 Philander.*

WHILE blossoms deck each verdant spray,
 And Flora breathes the sweets of May,
 I'll leave my pipe to frolic free,
 And tune my pipe alone for thee.
 And tune my pipe alone for thee.

Sylvia.

What if thy flock should leave the plain,
 While Tray is sleeping by my swain ?

Wouldst

Wouldst thou not think the minutes dear,
And rail at me that kept you here ?
And rail, &c.

Philander.

First shall the lark forget his note,
The linnet stop his liquid throat.

Sylvia.

So oft you game, some shepherds say,
And only jest, when you betray,
And only, &c.

Deck but your song with truth alone,
My virgin heart shall be your own.

Philander.

The turtle shall forsake his love,
Ere I to thee inconstant prove,
Ere I, &c.

Both.

When beauty opens all her charms,
And honour flies to beauty's arms,
Sweet peace and love take up their crown,
And virtue then ascends her throne,
And virtue then ascends her throne.

CCCCCLXXVI. *Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in the
Accomplished Maid.*

While her charms my thoughts employ,
All is rapture, all is joy ;
When she speaks, how sweet to hear !
Modest, graceful, and sincere,
In her lovely shape and face,
Center ev'ry charm and grace ;
Sure never nymph was half so fair.
Not the idle, giddy, vain,
Nor the wanton flirting train,

Did

Did my cautious heart ensnare ;
 Not their artful subtle wiles,
 Nor their soft deluding smiles,
 Charming Fanny triumphs there.

CCCCCLXXVII. *Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the
 Summer's Tale.*

WHILE on earth's soft lap descending,
 Lightly falls the feather'd snow ;
 Nature, awfully attending,
 Each rude wind forbids to blow.

White and pure awhile appearing,
 Earth her virgin mantle wears ;
 Soon, the fickle season veering,
 Her deluded bosom bares.

Thus my foolish heart, believing,
 Listen'd to his artful tongue,
 All his vows of love receiving,
 On each flatt'ring accent hung.

Fondly, for a time, mistaken,
 Love and joy conceal'd my fate :
 Now, alas ! at length forsaken,
 Sad experience comes too late.

CCCCCLXXVIII. *Sung by Mr. Beard.*

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
 And steal its fragrance from the rose,
 To dress their fancy's queen ;
 Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
 All music's power's too weak to paint
 My Jenny of the green.

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,

And

And told my tale unseen !
While, faithful in the lover's cause,
The winds would murmur soft applause
To Jenny of the green.

With joy my soul reviews the day,
When, deck'd in all the pride of May,
She hail'd the sylvan scene ;
Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to please
First strove to catch the grace and ease
Of Jenny of the green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
On me she cast her partial eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble mien :
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
That day adorn'd the lovely hair
Of Jenny of the green.

Through all the fairy land of love
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
The pride of gay fifteen ;
Tho' now she treads some distant plain ;
Tho' far apart, I'll meet again
My Jenny of the green.

But thou, old time, 'till that blest night
That brings her back with speedy flight,
Melt down the hours between ;
And when we meet, the loss repay,
On loitering wing prolong my stay
With Jenny of the green.

CCCCLXXIX. *Occasioned by seeing a Lady in
an opposite Window.*

W^Hilst on forbidden fruit I gaze,
And look my heart away ;

Behold

Behold my star of Venus blaze;
 And rise upon the day :
 Fair as the purple-blushing hours;
 That paint the morning eye ;
 Or cheek of ev'ning after show'rs,
 That flush the western sky.

I send a sigh with ev'ry glance,
 And drop a softer tear ;
 Hard fate ! no farther to advance,
 And yet to be so near :
 So Moses, from fair Pisgah's height,
 The land of Canaan ey'd ;
 Survey'd the region of delight—
 He saw, came down, and dy'd.

CCCCCLXXX. SONG.

A I R.

WHo'll buy a heart ? Myrtilla cries,
 And throws around her wanton eyes ;
 An easy shape, a graceful air,
 A face like lovely Hebe's fair ;
 A pair of eyes, that wound at sight,
 And foil the di'mond's piercing light.

RECITATIVE.

Come hither, ye that long to prove
 The soul-enchanting joys of love ;
 Quickly, quickly come ; for he
 Buys, that bids the most for me.

A I R.

But let no sordid wretch presume,
 With even Cræsus' wealth, to come ;
 Nor vainly hope, for gems or gold,
 Such charms as these can e'er be sold.
 So vile a change I scorn to make,
 For love's the only coin I take.

CCCCCLXXXI.

CCCCLXXXI. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

WHO thirsts for more knowledge is welcome to
roam,

He may seek a new clime who is wretched at home ;
Who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill,
May quit poor Old England whenever he will ;
But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt main,
For change I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.

Old England, brave boys ! good enough is for me,
Where my thoughts I can speak, where by birth-
right I'm free ;

Whatever I wish for now comes at my call,
I can sport in the field, or can roar in my hall ;
My time is my own, I can do as I will,
I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.

I feel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,
I want no exotics, so easy am I ;
I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the dead,
With party and state I ne'er trouble my head,
Contention I hate, and a bumper love most,
You'll pledge me, I'm sure, for Old England's my
toast.

CCCCLXXXII. *Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.*

WHY, Colin, must your Laura mourn,
Or longer wait your wish'd return ?

O quickly come, and bring with thee
Glad joy to all, but love for me !

No more the tenants of the grove
In concert tune their tales of love,
And nature ceases to be gay,
Whene'er my shepherd keeps away.

No

No longer fly the peaceful shade,
But haste to meet your constant maid ;
O quickly come, and bring with thee,
Glad joy to all, but love for me !

CCCCLXXXIII. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto.*

A I R.

WHY, Damon, wilt thou strive, in vain,
My firm resolves to move ?
My heart, alas ! may feel the pain,
But scorns the guilt of love !

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

Perfidious, too, like all the rest,
Is faithless Damon grown :
Ah ! canst thou seek to wound the breast,
That pants for thee alone ?

A I R.

No !—for a thought so meanly base,
Ungrateful, thou shalt find,
The heart that could admire thy face,
Can hate thee for thy mind.

CCCCLXXXIV. SONG.

WHY heaves my fond bosom ? ah ! what can
it mean ?
Why flutters my heart, that was once so serene ?
Why this sighing and trembling, when Daphne is
near ?
Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear ?
Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear ?
Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face :
Each

Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find ;
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
With thy, &c. [mind,

Untainted with folly, unsully'd with pride,
There native good-humour and virtue reside :
Pray Heav'n that virtue thy soul may supply
With compassion for him, who without thee must
die, [die.
With compassion for him, who without thee must

CCCCCLXXXV. *Sung by Mr. Shuter, in the*
Maid of the Mill.

WHY how now, Miss pert !
Do you think to divert
My anger by fawning and stroaking ?
Wou'd you make me a fool,
Your play-thing, your tool ?
Was ever young minx so provoking !
Get out of my sight !
'Twould be serving you right,
To lay a sound dose of the lash on ;
Contradict your mamma !
I've a mind, by the la—
But I won't put myself in a passion.

CCCCCLXXXVI. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the*
Capricious Lovers.

WHY should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits the chearful swain ;
Since labour oft a sweet bestows,
Which lazy splendor never knows ?
Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth ;
H h And

And spread those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.
The pride of dress, the pomp of show ;
Are trappings oft that cover woe ;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

CCCCCLXXXVII. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

WHY will Delia thus retire,
And languish all her life away ?
While the sighing crowd admire,
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea,
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea.
All those dismal looks and fretting
Cannot Damon's life restore ;
Long ago the worms have eat him ;
You can never see him more,
You can never see him more,
Long ago, &c.

Once again consult your toilette,
In the glass your face review ;
So much weeping soon will spoil it,
And no spring your charms renew,
And no, &c.

I, like you, was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean ;
The disease, alas ! is common ;
Single, we have all the spleen,
The disease, &c.

All the morals that they tell us,
Never cur'd the sorrow yet :
Chuse, among the pretty fellows,
One of humour, youth, and wit,
One of, &c.

Pr'ythee,

Pr'ythee, hear him ev'ry morning,
 At the least an hour or two ;
 Once again at night returning,
 — I believe the dose will do,
 — I believe the dose will do.
 Once again at night returning,
 — I believe the dose will do.

CCCCLXXXVIII. *Sung in the Spanish Barber.*

WINE, wine is the liquor of life ;
 The heart is consumed by care ;
 Good fellows, then end the strife
 'Twixt the bottle and despair.
 Derry down, hey down derry !
 Drink and drive care away ;
 Drink all the night and day,
 Drink and be merry !
 Brisk wine, and impertinent care,
 Dispute the controul of me ;
 Let me be thy master, despair !
 Wine, thou shalt my mistress be !
 Derry down, &c.

CCCCLXXXIX. *Lately added to Judas Mac-
 cabeus.*

WISE men, flatt'ring, may deceive you
 With their vain mysterious art ;
 Magic charms can ne'er relieve you,
 Nor can heal the wounded heart.
 But true wisdom can relieve you,
 God-like wisdom, from above ;
 This alone can ne'er deceive you,
 This alone can pains remove.

CCCCXC. *Sung by Miss Harper, and Miss Hitchcock, in the Silver Tankard.*

WITH arms across, along the strand
 A shepherd walk'd, and hung his head ;
 Viewing the footsteps on the sand,
 Which a bright nymph had made ;
 " The tide (says he) will soon erase
 " The marks so lightly here imprest ;
 " But time, or tide, will ne'er deface
 " Her image in my breast.
 " Am I some savage beast of prey,
 " Am I some monster grown,
 " That thus she flies so swift away,
 " Or meets me with a frown ?"
 This said, he took a running leap,
 A lover's leap indeed !
 And plung'd into the sounding deep,
 Where hungry fishes feed :
 The melancholy hern stalks by,
 Around the squalling sea-gulls yell ;
 Aloft the croaking ravens fly,
 And toll his passing bell.

CCCCXCI. *Sung by Signora Cremonini, in Almena.*

WITH doubts and fears, for her I love,
 My heart is still distress'd ;
 Afflicted as the plaintive dove,
 When plunder'd of her nest,
 Whence sad and moaning, all the day,
 She pines in solitude away.
 Fly, fly, oh ! fly, ye minutes, fly,
 On time's expanded wings,

'Till

'Till my Almena stops the sigh
 That for her safety springs;
 Guard her sweet innocence and charms,
 And safe conduct her to these arms!

CCCCXCII. *Sung by Miss Poitier.*

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the
 day,
 And hie to my woodland walks away;
 I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon:
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
 And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks;
 With shouting, and hooting, we pierce through
 the sky,
 And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

CCCCXCIII. *Sung by Mrs. Weichsell.*

WITH joy and mirth our vallies ring,
 On ev'ry spray sweet warblers sing,
 Whilst echo soft repeats the strain
 Of many a nymph and rustic swain;
 In all their sports I bore a part,
 When conqu'ring love first touch'd my heart.
 No maid so blithe, so blest as I,
 Nor knew of Cupid's wiles,
 Till first I met young Damon's eye,
 And mark'd his beauteous smiles.
 Ah! then, what raptures fill'd my breast,
 And rush'd thro' ev'ry vein!
 What tumults strange my soul oppress,
 Tho' first a pleasing pain!

Too soon, alas! I lost my rest,
 And, absent, now I feel,
 That love's keen wound within my breast,
 No time can ever heal.

CCCCXCIV. *Sung by Mr. Fawcett, at Ranelagh.*

WITH Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads,
 And hasten away to the plain,
 Where shepherds attend with their reeds,
 To welcome my love and her swain.
 The lark is exalted in air,
 The linnet sings perch'd on the spray;
 Our lambs stand in need of our care,
 Then let us not lengthen delay.
 The pleasures I feel with my dear,
 While game some young lambs are at sport,
 Exceed the delights of a peer,
 That shines with such grandeur at court.
 When Colin and Strephon go by,
 They form a disguise for a while;
 They see how I'm blest with a sigh,
 But envy forbids them to smile.
 Let courtiers of liberty prate,
 T' enjoy it take infinite pains;
 But liberty's primitive state
 Is only enjoy'd on the plains.
 With Phillis I rove to and fro,
 With her my gay minutes are spent;
 'Twas Phillis first taught me to know
 That happiness flows from content.

CCCCXCV. SONG.

WITH Phœbus I often arose,
 To feast on the charms of the spring,
 The

The fragrance to smell of the rose,
 Or listen to hear the birds sing:
 When linnets exalted their strains,
 The music enchanted my ear;
 My eyes too were blest'd on the plains
 With various sweet blooms of the year.

When Chloe shone smiling so gay,
 I there fix'd the scene of delight;
 My thoughts she engross'd all the day,
 I saw her in dreams all the night:
 Still musing on Chloe I walk'd,
 My harvest no more in my thought:
 Of nothing but Chloe I talk'd;
 Her smiles were the harvest I sought.

No longer the warblers could please;
 No longer the roses look'd gay;
 For music, and sweetness, and ease,
 Were lost, if my love was away:
 I tun'd to her beauties my lays,
 I study'd each art that could move;
 She took the kind tribute of praise,
 And paid it with fondness and love.

CCCCXCVI. *Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the
 Maid of the Mill.*

WITH the man that I love, was I destin'd to
 dwell,
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.
 Let the vain and the venal in wedlock aspire
 'To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
 I yield them the bliss where their wishes are plac'd;
 Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

CCCCXCVII.

CCCCXCVII. *Sung by Miss Thornton.*

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
 Young Jockey won my heart ;
 A bonnier lad you ne'er cou'd see,
 All beauty without art.
 In Aberdeen there ne'er was seen,
 A lad so blithe and gay ;
 His glancing eyn and comely mien,
 Has stole my heart away.

Young Jemmy courts with artful song,
 But vain is a' his love ;
 My Jockey blithe has lov'd me long,
 To him I'll constant prove.
 In Aberdeen, &c.

No more shall I of sorrow know,
 Nor ever more complain,
 Nor fear my mammy's threats, I trow,
 Now Jockey is mine ain.
 In Aberdeen, &c.

CCCCXCVIII. SONG.

WIT, Love, and Reputation walk'd
 One ev'ning out of town,
 They sung, they laugh'd, they toy'd, they talk'd,
 'Till night came darkling on.
 Love, wilful, needs wou'd be their guide,
 And smil'd at los of day ;
 On her the kindred pair relied,
 And lost with her their way.
 Damp fell the dew, the wind blew cold,
 All bleak the barren moor ;
 Across they toil'd, when Love, grown bold,
 Knock'd loud at Labour's door.

Awhile

Awhile within the reed-roof'd cot
 They stood, and star'd at Care,
 But long cou'd not endure the spot,
 For Poverty was there.

The twain propos'd next morn to part,
 And travel different ways :—

Quoth Love, I soon shall find a heart ;
 Wit went to look for Praise ;

But Reputation, sighing, spoke,

“ 'Tis better we agree,

“ Though Love may laugh, and Wit may joke,

“ Yet, friends, take care of me.

“ Without me Beauty wins no heart,

“ Without me Wit is vain ;

“ If, headstrong, here with me you part,

“ We ne'er can meet again.

“ Of me you both shou'd take great care,

“ And shun the rambling plan ;

“ No calling back, my friends, I'll bear,

“ So keep me while you can.”

Love stopt among the village youth,

Expecting to be crown'd,

Enquiring for her brother Truth,

But Truth was never found.

She fought in vain, for Love was blind,

And Hate her guidance crost ;

'Tis said, since Truth she cou'd not find,

That Love herself is lost.

CCCCXCIX. *Sung by Miss Cowper, at Vauxhall.*

Would you a female heart inspire
 With tender passion, warm desire ?
 Employ, employ each soothing art,

The

The god of love all force disdains :
 He only leads in pleasing chains
 The kind, consenting heart.

D. Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Comus.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where, woven with the poplar bough,
 The mantling vine will shelter you,
 The mantling vine will shelter you.
 Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murmur'ing, as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,
 Stretch'd on sunny hillocks, sleep ;
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair does all alone repose,
 The fair does all alone repose :
 All alone ; yet in her arms
 Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,
 Till, blest and blessing, you shall own,
 The joys of love are joys alone,
 The joys of love are joys alone.

DI. SONG.

WOULD you wish o'er a maid to prevail,
 In sighs you your mind must impart ;
 You must tell her some pretty love tale,
 And sigh what you feel at your heart.

When,

When, in pity, to love she's inclin'd,
 And fondly believes a' you say,
 Sure embrace her, while she's in the mind:
 There's danger in longer delay.

O how happy could I be with you,
 United in wedlock's soft chain;
 All the day we'd our pleasures pursue,
 And revel it over the plain.

Would the fates only grant me but this,
 All the cares of high life I'd defy;
 And, while thus we enjoy'd the true bliss,
 How happy my Dickey and I!

DII. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

YE chearful virgins, have ye seen
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
 To rose or jess'mine bow'r?
 To rose or jess'mine bow'r?
 Where does she seek the woodbine shade?
 For sure you know the blooming maid,
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r,
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose,
 Join'd with the lily as it grows,
 Where each in sweetness vie,
 Where each in sweetness vie;
 Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
 That warbles chearful on the spray,

Then,

To

To hail the vernal beam,
 To hail the vernal beam.
 Her heart is blither than her song;
 Her passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth-gliding stream,
 Like the smooth-gliding stream.

DIII. *Sung by Mrs. Arne.*

YE fair, be advis'd by a friend,
 Whose counsel proceeds from the heart;
 On beauty no longer depend,
 Or fly to the efforts of art;
 If a shepherd you'd gain to your arms,
 Let virtue each action approve,
 Her charms the fond bosom alarms,
 And softens the soul into love.
 To-day be not nice as a bride,
 To-morrow untimely severe;
 Let prudence and truth be your guide,
 Nor caprice nor folly appear.
 Unless you thus govern your mind,
 And banish deceit from your breast,
 Too soon, by experience, you'll find,
 Inconstancy ne'er can be blest.
 Neglected you'll wither and fade,
 Till beauty, by age, shall decay;
 Then lonely retreat to the shade,
 And mourn the sad hours away:
 How desp'rate will then be your fate!
 How great your sad loss to deplore!
 Repentance, alas! is too late,
 When the power to charm is no more.

DIV. *Sung by Miss. Pope, in the Way to Keep Him.*

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,

Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh:
But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die, as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you'd wed like your fav'rite guitar;

Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar:
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command:

Exert with your husband the same happy skill;
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;

'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

DV. SONG.

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
To captivate the will;

I i

Whose

Whose smiles can rage itself disarm ;

Whose frowns at once can kill :

Say, will you deign the verse to hear,

Where flatt'ry bears no part ;

An honest verse, that flows sincere

And candid from the heart ?

Great is your pow'r ; but, greater yet,

Mankind it might engage,

If, as ye all can make a net,

Ye all could make a cage :

Each nymph a thousand hearts may take ;

For who's to beauty blind ?

But to what end a prisoner make,

Unless we've strength to bind ?

Attend the counsel often told,

Too often told in vain !

Learn that best art, the art to hold,

And lock the lover's chain.

Gamesters to little purpose win,

Who lose again as fast ;

Though beauty may the charm begin,

'Tis sweetness makes it last.

DVI. *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

YE fair, who shine through Britain's isle,

And triumph o'er the heart,

For once attentive be a while

To what I now impart.

Would you obtain the youth you love,

The precepts of a friend approve,

And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed

The bloom of eighteen years,

And

And Isabel from school is freed,
 Then beauty's force appears :
 The youthful blood begins to flow,
 She hopes for man, and longs to know
 The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
 Within the lover's breast ;
 And you by strange persuasion melt,
 Each wishing to be blest ;
 Be not too bold, nor yet too coy—
 With prudence lure the happy boy,
 And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park, or play,
 Assume a modest pride ;
 And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
 In fewer words confide :
 The maid, who thinks to gain a mate
 By giddy chat, will find, too late,
 That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
 That bane to all the sex ;
 Nor let the arts of dear spadille
 Your innocence perplex :
 Be always decent as a bride ;
 By virtuous rules your reason guide ;
 For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
 And both its blessings share,
 To make those joys for ever last,
 Of jealousy beware ;
 His love with kind compliance meet,
 Let constancy the work complete,
 And you'll be sure to keep him.

DVII. SONG.

YE gentle gales that fan the air,
And wanton in the shady grove,
Oh ! whisper to my absent fair,
My secret pain and endless love.

When at the sultry heat of day
She'll seek some shady cool retreat,
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet,
And when she sees their colours fade,
And all their pride neglected lie,
Let that instruct the charming maid,
That sweets, not gather'd timely, die.

And when she lays her down to rest,
Let some auspicious virgin show
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what for her I'd undergo.

DVIII. *Sung in Lethe.*

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
care, [care.
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
Old maids shall forget what they wish'd for in vain,
And young ones the rovers they cannot regain;
The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd :
Obey

Now Susan and Pat sigh alone in despair—
Then learn, from their folly, this lesson, ye fair :
When a swain that is honest thinks marriage no
ill, [will.
Ne'er flight him, but wed, and do just what you

DX. SONG.

YE parents, who breathe the cool ev'ning of
life,
Who seek for your children a husband or wife,
Let reason, not riches, prevail o'er your mind,
'To mutual affection be never unkind. [young,
Remember the time when yourselves too were
When nought but of Cupid in raptures you sung.
Grey hairs may have taught you, indeed, to be
wife;
What can't be enjoy'd, you no longer can prize.
Youth, beauty, and love, now appear to you vain :
Like you, when grown old, they'll believe too the
same.
Remember the time when you otherwise thought ;
Love vanquish'd that reason which wise parents
taught.

DXI. *Sung in the Choice of Harlequin.*

YE scamps, ye pads, ye divers, and all upon the
lay, [and play;
In Tothill-fields gay sheep-walk like lambs ye sport
Rattling up your darbies, come hither at my call,
I'm jigger dubber here, and your welcome to mill
doll. With my tow row, &c.
At your insurance-office the flats you've taken in;
The game you've play'd, my kiddy, you're al-
ways sure to win:

First

First you touch the shiners—the number up—
you break, [neck.

With your insuring policy I'd not insure your
The French, with trotters nimble, could fly from
English blows,

And they've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur plainly shows :

Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd; ay, thump
away, Monsieur, [litaire.

The hemp you're beating now will make your foe—
My peepers, who've we here now! why this is
future Black Moll;

My ma'am you're of the fair sex, so welcome to
mill doll: [ken,

The cull with you who'd venture into a snoozing
Like Blackamoor Othello, should put out the
light, and then——

I think, my flashy coachman, that you'll take better care,

Not for a little bub come the flang upon your fare:
Your jazy pays the garnish, unleis the fees you tip;
'Tho' you're a flashy coachman, here the gagger
holds the whip.

CHORUS.

We're scamps, we're pads, we're divers, we're all
upon the lay.

In Tothill-fields gay sheep-walk like lambs we
sport and play ;

Rattling up our darbies, we're hither at your call,
You are jigger dubber here, and we're forc'd for
to mill doll.

With our tow row, &c.

DXII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

YES, Delia, 'tis at length too plain,
 My boasted liberty how vain !
 Thy eyes triumphant prove :
 My freedom now I cease to boast,
 But think that freedom nobly lost,
 By serving thee and love.

I talk'd, I laugh'd, with ev'ry fair ;
 No jealous pang, no anxious care,
 Did e'er my heart perplex ;
 Till I beheld, too lovely maid !
 In thee, with ev'ry grace display'd,
 The charms of all thy sex.

DXIII. *Sung by Mr. Beard.*

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me ;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me :
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel ;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates,
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil,
 Have rather been uncivil.
 'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common ;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman :
 Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm ;
 'Tis both, perhaps, or neither ;

In short, 'tis that provoking charm,
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm,
 Of Celia all together,
 Of Celia all together.

DXIV. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
 Who delight in the joys of the field;
 Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
 And no one the contest will yield:
 His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
 A hunting continually go;
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward! huzza! tally-ho!
 The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
 The husband gets up, to the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the Commons full speed;
 The patriot is thrown, in pursuit of his game;
 The poet, too, often lies low,
 Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
 With hark forward! huzza! tally-ho!
 While, fearless, o'er hills and o'er woodlands we
 sweep,
 Though prudes on our pastimes may frown;
 How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,
 And the fences of virtue break down?
 Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for show;
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward! huzza! tally-ho!

DXV. *Sung by Miss Smith, at Marybone-Gardens.*

RECITATIVE.

YE swains, who reap the ripen'd corn,
And with soft music hail the morn,
Your sickles lay aside :

Hence, labour's pressive hand, away !
In rural pastime spend the day,
To charm the new-made bride.

A I R.

With roses deck the jess'mine bow'rs ;
Bestrew the verdant mead with flow'rs,
That Phœbe pass along ;
Hark, hark ! the feather'd race, on wing,
To love's soft impulse warbling sing
Their soft melodious song.

RECITATIVE.

Then fill, ye swains, the rural reed ;
Let art with nature vie ;
Let not the shrill-ton'd lark impede
Your partial harmony.

A I R.

Whilst blithe as May morning,
When nature looks charming,
The damsels shall dance on the green,
'Tis with beauty replete,
The fair Phœbe we greet,
And hail her our pastoral queen.

DXVI. *Sung by Mrs. Arne, in Cymon.*

YET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms ;
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
 Quitting young the parent's nest,
 Find each bird a bird of prey ;
 Sorrow knows not where to rest.

DXVII. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

YE true honest Britons, who love your own
 land,

Whose fires were so brave, so victorious, and free,
 Who always beat France when they took her in
 hand ;

Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me,

Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's
 good cheer,

The profits and pleasures of stout British beer ;

Your wine-tipping, dram-sipping fellows retreat,

But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

But your, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and
 pale, [fruit ;

They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd

But we, who have nop grounds to mellow our ale,

Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.

Let us sing, &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with
 our poles, [jaws ring ;

We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern

For your beef-eating, beer drinking Britons are
 souls [and king.

Who will shed their last drop for their country

Let us sing, &c.

DXVIII.

DXVIII. *Sung by Mr. Gilson at Vauxhall.*

YE virgins, attend,
 Believe me your friend,
 And with prudence adhere to my plan;
 Ne'er let it be said,
 There goes an old maid,
 But get married as fast as you can.
 As soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man;
 Then choose out a youth
 Of honour and truth,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 For age, like a cloud,
 Your charms soon will shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span;
 Then, maids, make your hay,
 While Sol darts his ray,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 The treacherous rake
 Will artfully take
 Every method poor girls to trepan;
 But baffle their snare,
 Make virtue your care,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 And when Hymen's bands
 Have join'd both your hands,
 The bright flame still continue to fan;
 Ne'er harbour the stings
 That jealousy brings;
 But be constant, and blest while you can.

DXIX. SONG.

YE virgins of Britain, who wisely attend
 The dictates of reason, who value a friend,
 Come list to my counsel, and mark what I say—
 Ye damsels, beware of the dangers of May.
 Ye damsels, &c.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all-fostering hand;
 Tho' modesty lend you her magical wand;
 Tho' innocence deck you with spotless array,
 Ye damsels, beware of the dangers of May.

When first the gay beauties of nature appear,
 And Phœbus' bright smile cheers the juvenile year;
 When the birds chant their amorous notes from
 each spray,

Ye damsels, beware of the dangers of May.

Should Flora propose you the vernal delight,
 Her delicate paintings exhibit to sight; [play,
 In her meadows and fields should you frolick and
 Beware, oh! beware of the dangers of May.

When the blood briskly flows, the all-eloquent eyes
 Reveal ev'ry secret the heart would disguise;
 The bosom quick-panting with force seems to say,
 'Tis hard to resist all the dangers of May.

Should an amorous youth, this soft scene to im-
 prove,

With ardour implore the reward of his love;
 If Hymen attend you, his dictates obey,
 For wedlock removes all the dangers of May.

DXX. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the Jubilee.*

YE Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,
 See what at our Jubilee passes;

K k

Come.

Come, revel away, rejoice, and be glad,
 For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad,
 Warwickshire lad,
 All be glad,
 For the lad, &c.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
 Where nature has lavish'd her bounty;
 Where much she has given, and some to be spar'd,
 For the bard of all bards was the Warwickshire
 Warwickshire bard, [bard,
 Never pair'd,
 For the bard, &c.

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman;
 Their swans are all geese to Avon's sweet swan,
 For the man of all men was the Warwickshire
 Warwickshire man, [man,
 Avon's swan,
 For the man, &c.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
 And half a score more we take pride in;
 Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill,
 But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire
 Warwickshire Will, [Will,
 Matchless still,
 For the Will of all Wills, &c.

There never was seen such a creature,
 Of all she was worth he robb'd nature,
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
 For the thief of all thieves was the Warwickshire
 Warwickshire thief, [thief,
 He's the chief,
 For the thief of all thieves, &c.

DXXI. SONG.

YE young men and ye maidens, who know
 when you're well,
 Who with peace and contentment in cottages dwell,
 Where in innocent mirth and true joys you abound,
 Where you dance on the green to the tabor's sweet
 found—
 Ne'er wish to experience the noise of a city ;
 Believe me, their joys you'll not envy, but pity.
 There life's but a scene of vexation and pain :
 Like me, you would wish yourselves soon back
 again.

DXXII. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Cymon.*

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,
 Shut up in a fine golden cage ;
 Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
 Oh ! how did it flutter and rage !
 Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,
 That his wings were confin'd,
 Till I open'd the door of his den ;
 Then so merry was he,
 And because he was free,
 He came to his cage back again.

DXXIII. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Wedding Ring.*

YOU impudent man, you !
 Nay, pr'ythee, how can you ?
 Indeed, I'll assure you !
 Will nothing, then, cure you ?—
 Nay, now I declare I shall never endure you.

You tease one to death,
 I'm quite out of breath,
 I hate and abhor this horse-play;
 Besides, 'tis not right,
 To see one this fright;
 Lord, what do you think folks will say?

I own, too much room,
 You have had to presume,
 Or you ne'er with these freedoms would tease me;
 For though they might please me,
 And with patience I bore 'em;
 Yet at least in one's carriage,
 On this side of marriage,
 One ought to keep up a decorum.

DXXIV. *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

YOUNG Arabella, mamma's care,
 And ripe to be a bride,
 Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
 But beauty mix'd with pride.
 And, still to blast that happiness,
 Her pride each lover cool'd;
 The number of her slaves was less,
 And less the tyrant rul'd.
 Her sister Charlotte, tho' not blest'd
 With beauty's potent spell,
 The virtues of the mind possess'd,
 And bore away the bell:
 Knights, earls, and dukes, like summer flies,
 Around the maiden flew;
 They press'd to tell ten thousand lies,
 As men are apt to do.
 Fond Celadon address'd the fair,
 Resolv'd no time to lose;

A youth

A youth with such a shape and air,
 What female could refuse ?
 Like all the rest, he own'd his flame,
 His artless flame alone ;
 The blushing maid confess'd the same,
 The priest soon made them one.
 Poor Arabella, vex'd to find
 Her sister made a wife,
 Pretends to rail at all mankind,
 And praise a single life.
 Ye virgins, Charlotte's plan pursue,
 Shun Arabella's fate ;
 Accept the man that's worthy you,
 Before it is too late.

DXXV. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight,
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight ;
 He wants to be with me wherever I go ;
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.
 His pleasure all day is to sit by my side,
 He pipes and he sings, though I frown and I chide ;
 I bid him depart ; but he, smiling, says, No :
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The deuce, &c.
 He often requests me his flame to relieve ;
 I ask him what favour he hopes to receive ?
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow ;
 What mortal beside him would plague a maid so ?
 What mortal, &c.
 This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the
 wake,
 And softly entreated I'd wear't for his sake ;

Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow,
I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
I sure, &c.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
And meets me each morn to conduct me again ;
But what's his intention I wish I could know,
For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him
so, [so.
For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him

DXXVI. *Sung by Mrs. Lampe, at Marybone.*

YOUNG Colin seeks my heart to move,
And sighs, and talks so much of love,
(He'll hang or drown, I fear it,)
Of pangs, and wounds, and pointed darts,
Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts;
I vow I cannot bear it.

He says I'm pretty—mighty well ;
And witty too—that's better still ;
And sensible, I swear it :
But words, you know, are nought but wind ;
Unless he'll freely tell his mind,
I vow I cannot bear it.

The shepherd dances blithe and gay,
And sweetly on his pipe can play ;
I own I like to hear it :
But downcast looks, and hums and haws,
So badly plead a lover's cause,
I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain
Would bid the bashful boy speak plain,
(I wonder he should fear it) ;

I'd then take courage, like my sex,
The honest youth no more to vex,
But wed him, I declare it.

DXXVII. *Sung by Mrs. Vincent.*

YOUNG Colin was the bonniest swain,
That ever pip'd on flow'ry plain,
Or danc'd upon the lee :
The wanton kid, in gamesome round,
That frolicks o'er the flow'ry ground,
Was not so blithe as he.

Beneath the oak, in yonder vale,
You'd think you heard the nightingale,
Whene'er he rais'd his voice :
But, ah ! the youth was all deceit,
His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens sung, in willow groves,
Of Colin's false and perjur'd loves ;
Here Jenny told her woes :
And Moggy's tears increas'd the brook,
Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,
That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair, my words believe—
So shall your swain your hopes deceive,
And leave you to despair :
Ere he disclose his fickle mind,
Change first yourselves, for, ah ! you'll find
False Colins every where.

DXXVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.*

YOUNG Cupid is with me wherever I go ;
He plagues me, and teazes, and vexes me so,
To

To shun the young urchin I fly to the grove,
But soon at my elbow I find little Love ;
I meet with young Strephon, the pride of the plain,
His smiles for a moment can banish all pain ;
Then, Cupid, to teaze me, is sure to repeat,
The smiles of your Jamie are ten times more sweet.

T'other day, when reclining in Strephon's gay
 bow'r, [flow'r,
 And charm'd with the fragrance of each blooming
 The violet, the lily, the sweetest that blows,
 He had twin'd with young myrtle, the woodbine
 and rose.

I forgot the young tyrant, and own'd to the swain,
That this fragrant spot was the pride of the plain;
But Cupid stepp'd forward, and cry'd, 'Tis a cheat,
The breath of your Jamie is ten times more sweet.

Quite angry at last, I cry'd, Let me alone;
I have sense, and have ears, and I've eyes of my
own;

Your blindness, and folly, will lead me astray,
While prudence to Strephon's gay bow'r leads the
Provok'd by my answer, he presently flew, [way.
And brought my dear Jamie quite full to my view;
Instructed by Love, he knelt down at my feet,
And the vows of my Jamie are true as they're sweet.

Now Strephon in vain may exert all his pow'r ;
With Jamie contented I shun the gay bow'r ;
In a cottage more humble, contented to dwell,
With him I am happy, though humble my cell.
To revenge me on Cupid for all my past pain,
I'll bind the young rogue in a sweet rosy chain ;
I'll cut off his wings, and tie lead to his feet ;
For with love and my Jamie my joys are complet.

DXXIX. *Sung by Mr. Phillips, at Marybone.*

YOUNG Damon, with seducing art,
 His well-feign'd passion pleads;
 Bids Sylvia take his constant heart,
 She loves, and he succeeds:
 Yet he her kiss-imprinted lips
 Forfakes within the hour,
 And apes the roving bee, that sips
 The sweets of ev'ry flow'r.
 New objects now attract his eyes,
 Subdu'd by other charms;
 While hapless Sylvia vainly tries
 To lure him to her arms.
 Of this, ye blooming fair, be sure,
 If virtue once give way,
 The heart you think you hold secure,
 No longer owns your sway.

DXXX. *Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.*

YOUNG I am, and fore afraid:
 Would you hurt a harmless maid?
 Lead an innocent astray?
 Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.
 Men too often we believe;
 And shou'd you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break.

DXXXI. *Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.*

YOUNG Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for
 his bride;
 But saving a crown, he had naithing else beside;
 To

To make the crown a pound my Jamie went to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
He had nae been gane a year and a day,
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was
stole away;

My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My father cou'dna wark, my mither cou'dna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread cou'dna win;
And Rob maintain d'em baith, and, with tears in
his e'e,

Said, Janie, for their sakes, oh marry me:
My heart it said Nay, for I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wrack,
His ship was a wrack, why didna Jamie die,
And why was he spared to cry waes me?

My father urg'd me sair, my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break;

They gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was at sea,
So Auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me:

I had na been a wife a week but four,
When sitting so mournfully out at my door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,

We tuk but a kifs, and tare ourselves away;

I wish I were dead, but I am na lik to die,

Oh, why was I born to say waes me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I care not to spin,

I dare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;

So I will do my best a gude wife to be,

For Auld Robin Gray's so kind to me.

DXXXII. SONG.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so fair ;
 The lass she was lovely, the swain debonair :
 They hugg'd, and they cuddled, and talk'd with
 their eyes,

And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent ere dear Moggy came too ;
 (For maidens a decency keep when they woo :)
 At length she consented, and made him a vow ;
 And Jockey he gave, for a jointure, his cow.

They pannell'd their Dobbins, and rode to the fair,
 Still kissing and fondling until they came there ;
 They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed ;
 And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say ;
 And none were so happy and gamefome as they :
 Then home they return'd, but return'd most un-
 kind ;

For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpriz'd at this treatment, she cry'd, Gaffer Jock,
 Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock ?
 Quoth he, Goose, come on ! why, you now are
 my bride ;

And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,
 Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the
 old barn ;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
 And now live as man and wife usually do.

DXXXIII. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

YOUNG Jockey sought my heart to win,
 And woo'd as lovers woo ;

I, vers'd in all our sex's art,
 Did just as maidens do :
 Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,
 I'd study to be shy at ;
 And when he press'd his fate to know,
 'Twas, Pr'ythee, fool, be quiet.
 Month after month, of am'rous pain
 He made a mighty fuss ;
 Why if, you know, one loves a swain,
 'Tis wrong to say one does.
 He told me passion could not live
 Without more pleasing diet ;
 And, pray, what answer could I give,
 But, Pr'ythee, fool, be quiet ?
 At length he made a bold essay,
 And like a man he cry'd,
 Thy hand, my dear!—this very day
 Shall Celia be my bride.
 Convinc'd he would have teas'd me still,
 I could not well deny it ;
 And now, believe me, when I will,
 I make the fool be quiet.

DXXXIV. *Sung by Mrs. Cargill, in the Carnival
 of Venice.*

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy,
 Fair Rosalie a rustic maid ;
 They met, they lov'd ; each other's joy,
 Together o'er the hills they stray'd.
 Their parents saw, and bless'd their love,
 Nor would their happiness delay ;
 To-morrow's dawn their bliss should prove,
 To-morrow be their wedding-day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,
Where stray'd their flocks, they fat and smil'd,
One luckless lamb the current took,
'Twas Rosalie's—she started wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite save!

Too fatally the youth obey'd :

He ran, he plung'd into the wave,

To give the little wanderer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore,

When, faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies :

Ah, Rosalie ! for evermore,

In his cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank—oh ! still he seen,

Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid ;

And with sad wreaths of cypress green,

For ever sooth thy Lubin's shade.

DXXXV. *Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Ranelagh.*

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does
Of beauty is blest'd with so ample a share, [fill,
That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning, last May, when I travers'd the grove,
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare,
And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, on a green mossy bed,
A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid ;
Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear,
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid selected a dart,
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart ;

And from thence, how to win the dear maid was
my care,

For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd I
was rude.

And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude ;

I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there,

But laid all the blame on her delicate air ;

Said her heart was the prize which I fought to obtain,

And hop'd she would grant it, to ease my fond pain :

She neither rejected nor granted my pray'r,

But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit,

But still the tormentor affects to be mute ;

Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd
the fair,

How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

DXXXVI. *Sung at Sadlers-Wells.*

Young Strephon, a shepherd, the pride of the plain,

Each day is attempting my kindness to gain :

He takes all occasions his flame to renew ;

I always reply, That his courting won't do.

He spares no rich presents to make me more kind,

And exhausts in my praise all the wit of his mind :

I say I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go ;

He asks me so oft, till I rudely say No.

To Thyrsis, last Valentine's day, the dear youth,

I tell him I plighted my faith and my truth ;

That

That wealth cannot peace and contentment be-
flow,

And my heart is another's—so beg he will go :

That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold,

And the heart that is honest can never be sold ;

That I sigh not for grandeur, but look down on
show ;

And to Thyrsis must hasten, nor answer him No.

He hears me, and, trembling all over, replies,

If his suit I prefer not, he instantly dies :

He gives me his hand, and would force me to go ;

I pity his suff'ring, but boldly say No.

I try to avoid him, in hopes of sweet peace ;

He haunts me each moment to make me say Yes :

But to-morrow, ye fair-ones, with Thyrsis I go ;

And trust me, at church, that I will not say No.

DXXXVII. SONG.

Young Strephon long doated on Phœbe the fair,
Whose heart of his anguish did secretly share ;
But fearing his passion would changeable prove,
She prudently check'd the soft dictates of love.

'The beauties you fancy, the fair one would say,
Are charms of a moment, and doom'd to decay ;
Love founded so slightly can never prove true ;
'The bloom disappearing, the passion dies too.

O wrong not your beauty, reply'd the fond swain ;
Its lasting impression will ever remain :

Tho' age, like the winter, may blast thy fair prime,
Yet virtue, still blooming, gains vigour by time.

The strength of my eyes with your charms will
decline,

Nor gaze at a face that is younger than thine ;

While this faithful heart, ever true to my vow,
 Preserves thy dear image, as bright as 'tis now.
 Then banish, dear Phœbe, each doubt and each
 fear,
 That make fancy'd evils like real appear;
 The swift-flying moments with ardour improve,
 And grant the reward that is due to my love.
 Kind Phœbe, assenting, believ'd the fond youth,
 Who prov'd that his passion was founded on truth;
 And tho' envious age may her beauty impair,
 Her virtue and honour will ever be fair.

DXXXVIII. *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

YOUNG Strephon, pride of yonder plain,
 Long strove my fickle heart to gain
 With many an am'rous ditty;
 I, smiling, heard the love-sick swain
 With sigh and song express his pain,
 And told him—'twas a pity.
 With hopes to please, last Whitsun fair
 He brought me ribbons for my hair,
 With other presents pretty;
 Then, smiling, sued the same I'd wear,
 'To ease his anxious heart from care;
 I said—'twou'd be a pity.
 Next morning early, on the green,
 With Kitty toying he was seen,
 He call'd her fair and witty;
 I smil'd, tho' fit to burst with spleen,
 To see him kiss the little quean,
 And cry'd—it was a pity.
 The cunning swain the conflict ey'd,
 And, kindly gazing, while I sigh'd,

Forsook

Forsook the hand of Kitty ;
 Then, smiling, begg'd I'd be his Bride ;—
 I answer'd Yes, or sure he'd dy'd,
 And that had been a pity.

DXXXIX. *Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at Vauxhall.*

YOUNG Strephon, the artless, the dangerous
 swain,

My love and esteem has attempted to gain ;
 With the same wicked arts he so oft had betray'd,
 He thought to seduce one more innocent maid :
 But, appriz'd of his pow'r, of my weakness-aware,
 I baffled his scheme, and avoided the snare ;
 For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn,
 When I gather'd the rose, to beware of the thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd,
 For his heart by those tears, by those oaths he dis-
 guis'd ;

What presents he brought me I chose to decline
 (The prodigal bounty of art and design) :
 He coax'd and he flatter'd, but flatter'd in vain,
 And practis'd each art, on my weakness to gain :
 Protected by prudence, I laugh'd him to scorn ;
 Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,
 What credulous beauties his arts had undone ;
 He swore that his faith should inviolate be, [me :
 That his heart and those fair ones were victims to
 I told him those victims and faith I'd despise,
 And from such examples would learn to be wise ;
 That I never would prostitute virtue to scorn,
 Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer ashamed of his guilt,
 Was his passion on virtue; not wantonness, built;
 Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane;
 I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the swain:
 But experience has taught me 'tis dangerous to
 And folly to think he can ever be just; [trust,
 So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him with scorn,
 Lest I grasp at the rose, and be hurt by the thorn.

DXL. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

YOUNG Thyrsis, ye shepherds, is gone;
 I look all around for the swain:
 He's fled, and joy with him is flown;
 He leaves me to sorrow and pain.
 Where is it I madly would rove?
 Can ye tell me what's left worth my stay?
 Too late I perceive it was love
 All the while led my fancy astray.
 What avails if I tarry behind,
 Now my heart he has stole quite away?
 No comfort on earth shall I find,
 No rest or by night or by day.
 When he sung, oh! I listen'd with glee:
 When he smil'd, how I languish'd and sigh'd!
 Ne'er thought I the moment to see,
 Than to see I cou'd wish to have died.
 But who is it comes over the green?
 'Tis Thyrsis, the dear wish'd-for youth;
 Not death e'er shall part us, I ween,
 For than death is much stronger his truth.
 The Muse saw them meet in the grove;
 Saw the maid and the shepherd all blest:
 He vow'd to be true to his love;
 She dares not to whisper the rest.

DXLI. SONG.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, (I know not how
true)

And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too ;
That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in
tune :

All this has been told me by twenty before ;
But he that would win me must flatter me more,
But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I !
My ease and good-humour short raptures will
bring ; [spring :

My voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a
For charms such as these, then, your praises give
o'er ;

To love me for life, you must love me still more,
To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air ;
For Chloe the wanton can rival me there :
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good-humour, as sunshine the day.
For that if you love me, your flame may be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love, too,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love, too.

DXLII. SONG.

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.

L l 4

Let's

Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.
 Youth's the season, &c.
 Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Our's is not to-morrow;
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.
 Let us drink, &c.

DXLIII. *Sung by Mrs. Brown, at Sadlers-Wells.*

You've sure forgot, dear mother mine,
 When you was once as blithe as me;
 When vows were offer'd at your shrine,
 And lovers dropt on bended knee:
 When you could sing, and dance, and play;
 Alas! December treads on May.
 Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,
 The rich jonquil, the blushing rose,
 How short a date their beauties know,
 Surrounded by a thousand foes!
 'Till time decrees their full decay,
 And harsh December treads on May.
 The whole creation own this truth:
 Then why should wrinkled brows exact
 The mode severe, on blooming youth,
 By which themselves could ever act?
 The blood that's warm will have its way,
 Too soon December treads on May.

Then, swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
 Let's, whilst we're here, grim Care deride;
 Come, sport and frolick free with me,
 In spite of age, and prudish pride:
 The laws of love all should obey,
 Before December treads on May.

DXLIV. *Sung by Mr. Shuter, in the Maid of
 the Mill.*

YOU vile pack of vagabonds! what do ye mean?
 I'll maul you, rascallions,
 Ye tatter-demallions—
 If one of them comes within reach of my cane.
 Such cursed assurance!
 'Tis past all endurance.
 Nay, nay, pray come away.
 They're lyars and thieves,
 And he that believes
 Their foolish predictions
 Will find them but fictions,
 A bubble that always deceives.



A COLLECTION OF
TOASTS, SENTIMENTS,
HOB NOBS, &c.

A GOOD wife, and a great many of them.
A head to earn, and a heart to spend.
All fortune's daughters but the eldest.
All we wish, and all we want.
All that gives you pleasure.
All true hearts and sound bottoms.
A speedy export to all the enemies of England,
without a draw-back.
Community, unity, navigation, trade.
Confusion to those who desert the cause of liberty
in the day of trial.
Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.
Days of ease and nights of pleasure.
Decent oeconomy.
Dejection and disappointment to those who form
sanguine expectations of places and pensions on
the ruin of their country.
Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.
Disappointment to those who barter the cause of
their country for ostentation or sordid gain.
Every honest man his right, and every rogue a
halter.
Friendship without interest, and love without de-
ceit.
Frugality without meanness.
Gaiety and innocence.

Good

Good trade, and well paid.
 Great men honest, and honest men great.
 Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to meet
 again.
 Health, joy, and mutual love.
 Health in freedom, and content in bondage.
 Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and
 a guinea.
 Health, love, and ready-rino,
 To every one that you and I know.
 Honour and influence to the public-spirited pa-
 trons of trade.
 Horses strong, and foxes plenty.
 Men strong, and women healthy.
 Independency, and a genteel sufficiency.
 Liberty, property, and no excise.
 Life, love, and liberty.
 Love to one, friendship to a few, good-will to all.
 Love without fear, and life without care.
 Love for love.
 Love, fire, and frolick.
 Love and opportunity.
 May the single be marry'd, and the marry'd be
 happy.
 May a halter bind those whom honour and ho-
 nesty cannot.
 May our joy and vigour be united, and both be
 extensive.
 May our joys with the fair give pleasure to the
 heart.
 May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be
 lasting.
 May our pleasures be boundless, while we have
 time to enjoy them.

May

May contempt be the fate of such among us as strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of England.

May power ever continue in the friends of England.

May the true lovers of liberty in England be forever united in affection, as they are in interest.

May he who has neither wife, mistress, nor estate in England, never have any share in the government of it.

May we always be attached to those who persevere in generous endeavours to promote the welfare of their country.

May all those who for sordid interest endeavour to betray their country, meet the same fate with their predecessor, the grand traitor Judas.

May the enemies of England never eat the bread thereof, or, if they do, be choaked with the first bit.

May the friends of England ever have access to the throne.

May we never want spirit and resolution to protect and defend our independency, against the powerful attacks of unbridled ambition.

May all attempts to pervert and destroy our precious constitution, be frustrated and void.

May we always detest the malice of those who attempt to diunite the interest of our king and country, which are ever inseparable.

May we always be able to distinguish those who, by a steady and uniform adherence to their duty, distinguish themselves.

May our endeavours be always successful, when engaged under the banner of justice.

May

May our commanders have the eye of an Hawke,
and the heart of a Wolfe.

May we always be able to resist the assaults of
prosperity and adversity.

May our conscience be sound, though our fortune
be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship also want friends.

May our distinguishing mark be merit, rather
than money.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and
friends to nothing but merit.

May the honest heart never know distress.

May we never know sorrow but by name.

May the evening's diversion bear the morning's
reflection.

May we never seek applause from party principles,
but always deserve it from public spirit.

May ability for doing good be equalled by in-
clination.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our
fortune.

May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by
birth, deserve it by their lives.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

May we never wear a tradesman out of his dues,
nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.

May the man we love be honest, and the land we
live in free.

May we always have a friend, and know his
value.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

May

May they never want, who have spirit to spend.

May those who love truly be always believ'd,

And those who'd deceive us, be always deceiv'd.

May he that made the d—l take us all.

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give him.

May the friends we love be sincere, and the country we live in be free.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May we please and be pleased.

May we have in our arms what we love in our hearts.

Merit to gain a heart, and sense to keep it.

Money to him that has spirit to use it,

And life to him that has courage to lose it.

More friends and less need of them.

Peace and plenty.

Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of England.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

Plenty to a generous mind.

Provision to the unprovided.

Queen of joy.

Relief to all oppressed and distressed.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of Great Britain.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, of Wynnſtay, the worthy wight of Wales, his wife, his wishes, and his well-wishers.

Sucteis to the lover, and joy to the beloved.

Success to the soil, the fleece, and the flail.

Success

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our
wishes.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,

Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

Sweet briars.

The docks and yards that man the navy.

The star above the garter.

The Indian warrior.

The life we love, with whom we love.

The taylor's thimble.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

That prudence, moderation, and an invariable at-
tention to the public good, may cement the
people of England.

That freemen may never more be considered as a
property to be led to market.

The king to the laws, and the church to the
bible.

The honest north-country smith, who refused to
shoe for the man who voted against his country.

The honest patriot, and unbiass'd Briton.

The man that loves and esteems his country and
his liberty.

The steady friends of Britain.

The pleasures of imagination realized.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

The two strangers at court [*Honour and Honesty.*]

The agreeable rubs of life.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good-hu-
mour.

The friend we love, and the woman we dare
trust.

The pleasure in pleasing.

The nice house-maid.

The

The losing gamesters.
 The road to a christening.
 The female œconomist.
 The union of two fond hearts.
 What charms, arms, and disarms.
 Your love for mine, and ours for that of the
 company.

THE CONCLUSION.

To please I've taken wond'rous pains,
 And weary'd out my jaded brains;
 I've exercis'd my utmost art
 To elevate the reader's heart;
 In short, here's fun enough to win you,
 Or 'faith, good folks, the devil's in you.

F I N I S.

6 MA 50

